Jan. 6, 1986

THE NEW YORKER

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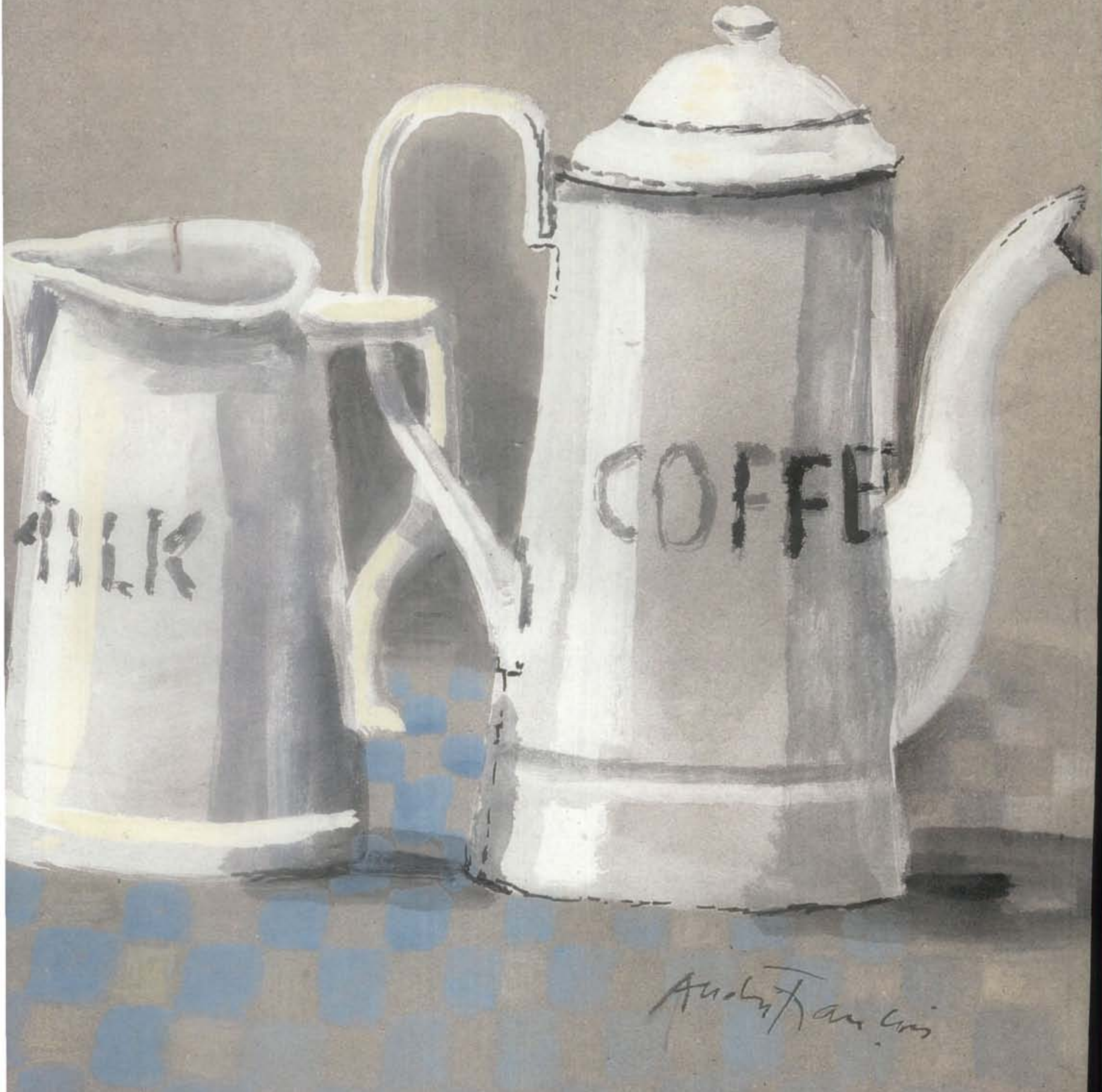

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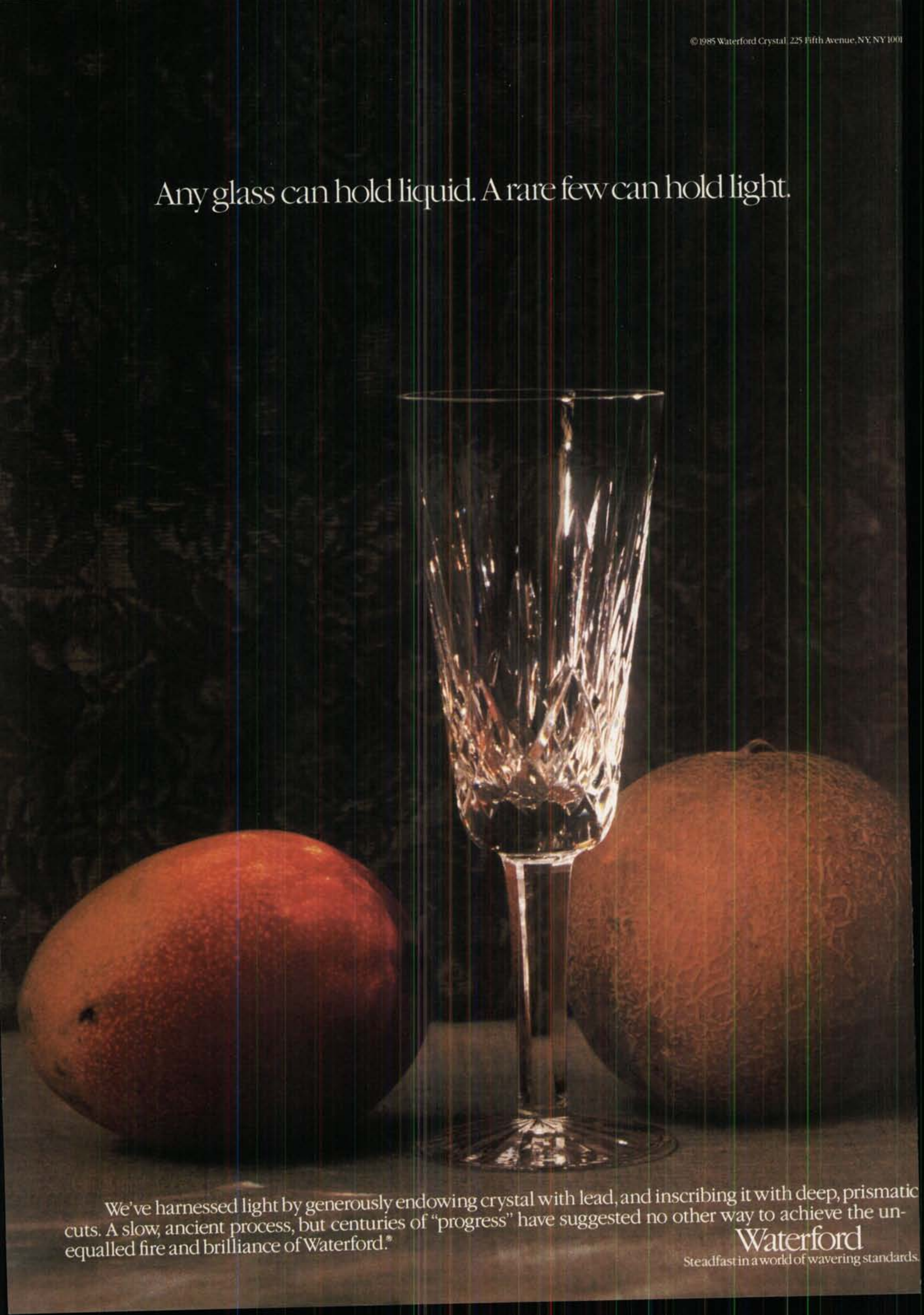
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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THE THEATRE

(This week, some theatres, as indicated below, are rearranging their schedules because of New Year's Day. There may be further changes, so it would be wise to check with the newspapers before making plans.)

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

As Is—This touching play by William M. Hoffman concerns a personable young homosexual who is afflicted with AIDS, and is also a documentary of sorts about his milieu in this city. The lively, impressionistic performance was directed by Marshall W. Mason, and the acting by the large cast, several of whom appear in multiple roles, is just right. With Jonathan Hogan and Jonathan Hadary. (Reviewed in our issue of 3/25/85.) (Lyceum, 149 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly at 8. Matinée Saturday at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Aunt Dan & Lemon—A series of extended conversations about good and evil, interspersed with melodrama. The author, Wallace Shawn, plays three roles to great comic effect; other members of the superb cast are Kathryn Pogson, Linda Hunt, Lynsey Baxter, and Linda Bassett. The admirable direction is by Max Stafford-Clark. (11/4/85) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Benefactors—A well-written, well-plotted comedy, often humorous and no less often sad. The irresistibly attractive cast consists of Glenn Close, Sam Waterston, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 719-4099. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Big River—William Hauptman and Roger Miller have drawn an agreeably sentimental musical out of "The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn" and Mark Twain in Heaven has reason to be satisfied with the results. (5/13/85) (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Biloxi Blues—A further chapter in the life story of Eugene Morris Jerome, a literary stand-in for the author, Neil Simon. The time is 1943, Eugene is in the Army, and his adventures in Biloxi are truly not to be believed. The director, Gene Saks, has worked hard to squeeze the last drop of humor out of this peculiar fruit. (4/8/85) (Neil Simon, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Thursdays, Sundays, and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Blood Knot—Zakes Mokae and Athol Fugard in what is sure to be considered the classic presentation of Fugard's classic work. (12/23/85) (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Circle Repertory Company—Nancy Donohue's romantic comedy **THE BEACH HOUSE**, which is sometimes amusing, sometimes just silly, seems to belong more to the late thirties than to the present. Its flaws are more than redeemed by the beguiling performance of Swoosie Kurtz as Her, by the splendid performance of George Grizzard as Him, and by the touching performance of Robert Leonard as his fifteen-year-old son. Melvin Bernhardt was the deft director. (12/30/85) (99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

Corpse!—A London import by Gerald Moon, with Keith Baxter and Milo O'Shea. Directed by John Tillinger. Previews through Saturday, Jan. 4. Opens officially on Sunday, Jan. 5. (Helen Hayes, 240 W. 44th St. 944-9450. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; opening-night curtain at 6:30. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Curse of the Starving Class—A revival of Sam Shepard's brilliant, humorous, passionate play. (9/2/85) (890 Theatre, Broadway at 19th St. 533-8834. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)

Dames at Sea—A revival of a musical by Jim Wise (score) and George Haimsohn and Robin Miller (book and lyrics). (Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Special performance Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7.)

Doubles—A number of coarse jokes abou Jewish husbands and Jewish wives fill ar evening that purports to be about four middle-aged tennis players in Connecticut. Written by David Wiltse and starring Keir Dullea, Cliff Gorman, Robert Reed, and Charle Repole. (5/20/85) (Ritz, 219 W. 48th St 582-4022. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Festival of One-Act Comedies—Final performances of the Manhattan Punch Line presentation of two programs of five one-ac plays each. Program B: Thursday anc Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 3 and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8. . . . ¶ Program A Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 5, a 3. (Intar, 410 W. 42nd St. 279-4200.)

The Golden Land—An extremely sentimenta musical about Jewish immigrants to th United States. The company of three mer and three women includes a fine singe named Marc Krause. (12/2/85) (Secon Avenue Theatre, 189 Second Ave., at 12th St 674-1460. Wednesdays through Saturdays a 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays a 2:30, and Sundays at 1 and 5.)

Hay Fever—Noël Coward's comedy, written a the beginning of his career, seems ligh enough for the mildest summer breeze t blow it away, but in the hands of a good cas it proves to be as strong as steel. The cast o

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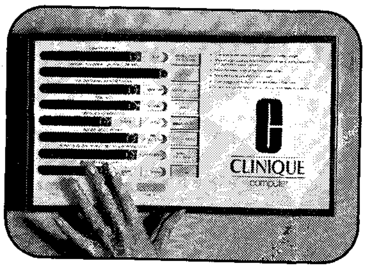

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the present production, headed by Rosemary Harris, isn't merely good—it is perfect. (12/23/85) (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, New Year's Day, and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2; special matinées New Year's Day and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

I Have a Dream—A new production of the Josh Greenfeld play adapted from the writings of Martin Luther King, Jr. With music. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. 598-0400. Thursdays through Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

I'm Not Rappaport—Herb Gardner's synthetic, though often entertaining, comedy about two old men who share a bench in Central Park is given an expert performance by Cleavon Little and Judd Hirsch. (6/17/85) (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Importance of Being Earnest—A revival of the 1895 Oscar Wilde comedy. With Dina Merrill. (Samuel Beckett, 412 W. 42nd St. 594-2826. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 3.)

In the Boom Boom Room—A newly rewritten version of David Rabe's 1973 play, with Liz McDonald. (South Street Theatre, 424 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée Friday, Jan. 3, at 2.)

Jerry's Girls—Not a play, not a musical, but a recital of Jerry Herman's songs which might better have been entitled "With Love to Jerry from Jerry." The all-woman cast stars Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams. (Reviewed in this issue.) (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Jonin'—The characters here are members of a fraternity at a black college, who ceaselessly subject one another to merciless pranks and verbal mayhem, beginning to end. The play is abrasive and tough to watch, but there is life in it, all the same. Gerard Brown makes his début as dramatist. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

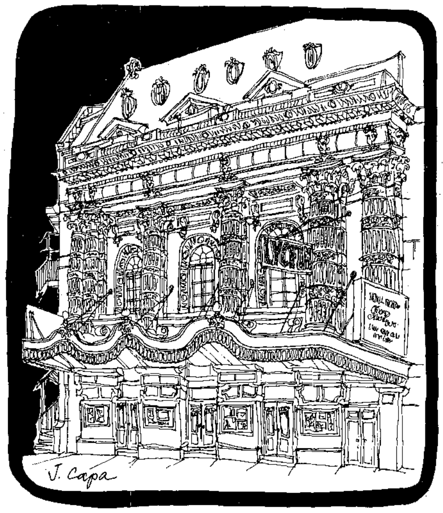
Lambs Theatre Company—A return engagement of **THE GIFTS OF THE MAGI,** a musical adapted from two short stories by O. Henry. Randy Courts composed the music and Mark St. Germain provided the book and lyrics. (Little Theatre at the Lambs, 130 W. 44th St. 997-1780. Thursday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Lemon Sky—A fine revival of Lanford Wilson's play about a man's recollections of the summer he spent, at the age of seventeen, with his father's family in California. Jeff Daniels and Jill Eikenberry (as stepmother) do very well in the leading roles. (12/23/85) (Second Stage, Broadway at 76th St. 873-6103. Nightly, except Mondays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2.)

A Lie of the Mind—Sam Shepard has devised a masterful comedy in this frightening tale of two Western families bound together by a dreadful marriage. The performances, under Mr. Shepard's direction, are extremely good, especially those by Amanda Plummer, Geraldine Page, Harvey Keitel, and Ann Wedgeworth. (12/16/85) (Promenade, Broadway at 76th St. 580-1313. Nightly, except Mondays and New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Victor Herbert's **NAUGHTY MARIETTA.** (Norman Thomas, 111 E. 33rd St. 532-6180. Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 3:30 and 8; and Sundays at 3:30.)

Mayor—A musical based on the best-seller of the same name by Edward I. Koch. With a score and lyrics by Charles Strouse and a book by Warren Leight. (Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. 586-3905. Wednesday, Friday and Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)



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Mirror Repertory Company—The first two in a series of three plays performed in alternating repertory. Mason Adams and Tovah Feldshuh in William Saroyan's **THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE.** . . . ¶ Maxim Gorky's **CHILDREN OF THE SUN,** with Michael Moriarty and Elizabeth Franz. (Theatre at St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 5 and Sundays at 3. For information about play scheduling, call 223-6440.)

Mrs. Warren's Profession—Uta Hagen gives a stunning performance, in Shaw's brilliant play, as a woman of lowly origins who has made a fortune from a string of brothels. There is distinguished acting, as well, by Pamela Reed, as her daughter, and Harris Yulin, as her business partner. (12/30/85) (Roundabout, 100 E. 17th St. 420-1883. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Jan. 19.)

The Mystery of Edwin Drood—The novel that Dickens left unfinished at the time of his sudden death has been turned into a splendidly nonsensical musical by Rupert Holmes. The big cast is headed by George Rose and the direction is by Wilford Leach. (12/16/85) (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Negro Ensemble Company—The American of **EYES OF THE AMERICAN** is a C.I.A. man who comes to a newly independent island in the West Indies. The role is portrayed by the stalwart Graham Brown, who also doubles as a dictator; the other actors—just as good—are Eugene Lee and Seret Scott. The play, by Samm-Art Williams, is always absorbing but not always clear. (11/11/85) (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 8:30; and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday at 3 and Sunday at 2:30. Closes Sunday, Jan 5.)

The Normal Heart—An interminable non-play about the victims of AIDS in the homosexual community of this city. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Nunsense—A musical by Dan Goggin. (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Odd Couple—Neil Simon has turned his comedy about a pair of ill-matched men into a non-comedy about a pair of women the like of which has never been seen on earth, much less on Riverside Drive. (6/24/85) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Orphans—A melodrama, by Lyle Kessler, about two young brothers—one a street thief and pickpocket, the other an apparent dimwit—and an older mobster who takes over their house and their lives. The first act works quite well, the second is merely serviceable, but what really counts is the performance, under the dynamic direction of Gary Sinise. The show is an import from the Steppenwolf Company of Chicago. (5/20/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Thursday and Friday at 8; Saturday at 7 and 10; and Sunday at 7. Matinée Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Jan. 5.)

Penn & Teller—A sublime combination of conjuring and comedy. Penn Jillette does the talking; Teller is silent. (5/6/85) (Westside Arts, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 1-3, at 8, and Saturday Jan. 4, at 3, 7, and 10. No performances Sunday, Jan. 5, through Tuesday, Jan. 14.)

Personals—A jaunty and romantic little revue about people looking for companionship of one sort or another in the classified ads. Talent abounds. Witty book and lyrics and tuneful score; performances by six gifted young actors. (Minetta Lane, 18-22 Minetta Lane, east of Sixth Ave., between W. 3rd and Bleecker Sts. 420-8000. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Prairie du Chien and **The Shawl**—A double bil by David Mamet. (Mitzi E. Newhouse, Lincoln Center. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2.)

The Search for Signs of Intelligent Life in the Universe—A one-person vaudeville show, starring the antic and frantic Lily Tomlin in a series of impersonations—some harsh, some tender—written for her by Jane Wagner. (10/7/85) (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8; Fridays at 7 and 10 and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 5.)

Singin' in the Rain—An unwelcome curiosity which attempts to translate an immortal movie musical into a Broadway show; everyone concerned has labored hard, always in vain. (7/15/85) (Gershwin, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.)

Song and Dance—Imported from England and tricked up for the American trade, this uneasy linking of song (first act) and dance (second act) is redeemed in part by the attractiveness of the chief performers, Bernadette Peters and Christopher d'Amboise. Starting Monday, Jan. 6, Victor Barbee will replace Mr. d'Amboise. (9/30/85) (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

What's a Nice Country Like You . . . Doing in a State Like This?—An updated version of the 1973 satirical revue by the original creators, composer Cary Hoffman and lyricist Ira Gasman. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S. at Sheridan Sq. 691-6226. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**BRIGHTON BEACH MEMOIRS:** Neil Simon looks back with fondness upon his youth in the gloomy thirties. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 221-1211. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2, and Sundays at 3; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **LA CAGE AUX FOLLES:** A musical about a pair of tenderhearted middle-aged lovers presiding over a drag-queen night club in Saint-Tropez;

the production is one of the most beautiful—and extravagant—ever to reach Broadway. Jerry Herman wrote the music and lyrics; the book is by Harvey Fierstein. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CATS:** Some twenty poems about cats by T. S. Eliot, set to music by Andrew Lloyd Webber. A mighty spectacle about mighty little, owing its effectiveness to Trevor Nunn's direction and to the sets and costumes by John Napier. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 2; special matinée New Year's Day at 3.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 10,688 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE FOREIGNER:** A very funny play by the late Larry Shue, with good performances by every single member of the company. Jerry Zaks was the admirable director. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **42ND STREET:** A musical based on the old Warner Brothers movie and by no means an improvement on it. Directed and choreographed by the late Gower Champion. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays—except New Year's Day—and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS:** Taking off from Roger Corman's 1960 horror quickie about a man-eating plant, this exuberant, jokey musical is wholly free of camp. The score is by Alan Menken, and Howard Ashman directed and wrote the book and lyrics. Martin P. Robinson designed the menacing plant. (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 239-6200. Tuesdays through Fridays, except New Year's Day, at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2 and 5.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 302-2302. Mondays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

MISCELLANY

RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL—Final performances of the annual Christmas show, with, of course, the Rockettes. (Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 2:30 and 7:30. Through Thursday, Jan. 9.)

BIG APPLE CIRCUS—Final performances of a one-ring tent circus. (Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center. Wednesday through Friday, Jan. 1-3, at 12:30 and 4; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 7:30; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 12:30 and 4. For information about tickets, call 860-7320.)

NEW YORK GILBERT AND SULLIVAN PLAYERS—Final performances of **IOLANTHE.** (Symphony Space, Broadway at 95th St. 769-1000. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 3 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

FORBIDDEN BROADWAY 1986—A musical satire of Shubert Alley denizens. The lyrics to the song parodies are by Gerard Alessandrini. (Palsson's Upstairs, 158 W. 72nd St. 595-7400. Tuesdays through Thursdays, except New Year's Day, at 8:30; Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 and 11:30; and Sundays at 8:30.)

DANCE

NEW YORK CITY BALLET—Thursday, Jan. 2, at 6; Friday, Jan. 3, at 8; Saturday, Jan. 4, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 1 and 5: "The Nutcracker." . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Cage," "Pas de Deux," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Ballo della Regina," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 8: "Divertimento No. 15," "The Cage," "Valse-Fantaisie," and "Glass Pieces." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Donizetti Variations," "In the Night," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet." . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "Apollo," "Davidsbündlertänze," and "Symphony in Three Movements." (New York State Theatre. 870-5570. Through Sunday, Feb. 23.)

TANGO ARGENTINO—A troupe of thirty dancers, singers, and musicians. (Mark Hellinger Theatre, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays at 2 and Sundays at 3.)

ANNABELLE GAMSON/DANCE SOLOS, INC.—A new company of solo performers. (Dance Theatre Workshop, 219 W. 19th St. 924-0077. Wednesday through Saturday, Jan. 1-4, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

JOYCE THEATRE DANCE FESTIVAL—Opening performances of a two-week series of appearances by eight contemporary dance companies which will run through Sunday, Jan. 19. **HANNAH KAHN DANCE COMPANY:** Tuesday, Jan. 7, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 7:30. . . . **KENNETH RINKER DANCE COMPANY:** Wednesday, Jan. 8, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8. . . . **JAZZDANCE: THE DANNY BURACZESKI DANCE COMPANY:** Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2. . . . **DIANNE MC INTYRE'S SOUNDS IN MOTION:** Friday, Jan. 10, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2. (175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800.)

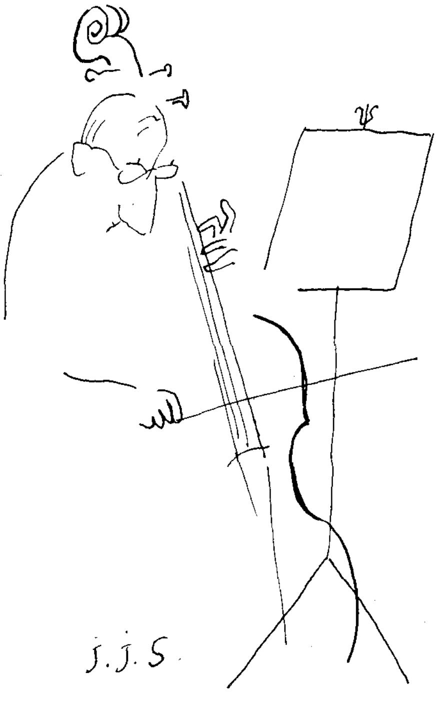
NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

ALGONQUIN HOTEL, 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800)—**JULIE WILSON,** a wonderfully convincing singer, concentrates on Kurt Weill songs until Saturday, Jan. 4. On Tuesday, Jan. 7, singer-pianist Michael Feinstein will come in. Shows run Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-fifteen and eleven-fifteen in the Oak Room. Dining.

ANGRY SQUIRE, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—A nautical bar and restaurant and music haunt. The partial lineup: Wednesday, Jan. 1, High Society; Thursday, Jan. 2, the 29th Street Sax Quartet; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, the **BILL HARDMAN** quartet; and Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, pianist **HILTON RUIZ.** Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at ten.

BALLROOM, 253 W. 28th St. (244-3005)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** is ensconced in this club, singing in her small, delicate, uncomplicated, diction-perfect voice. Early-evening concerts Wednesdays through Saturdays from six-thirty to eight-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.



BLUE NOTE, 131 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (475-8592)—The jazz: trumpeter **FREDDIE HUBBARD** is in from the Coast and leads his quintet opposite risk-taker singer **BETTY CARTER** and her trio through Sunday, Jan. 5; Monday, Jan. 6, will belong to **VLADIMIR SHAFRANOV,** and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, **CARMEN MC RAE** will begin a singing stint here. Music from nine. **TED CURSON** conducts after-hours jams Sundays through Thursdays, following the last set and lasting until about four. Dining.

BOTTOM LINE, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The oh-so-varied lineup: Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, the Fugs, with Tuli Kupferberg and Ed Sanders; Thursday, Jan. 9, **BUSTER POINDEXTER & THE BANSHEES OF BLUE;** Friday, Jan. 10, Cousin Brucie; and Saturday, Jan. 11, the moving North Carolinian guitarist and singer **DOC WATSON.** Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight and eleven, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining. Closed New Year's Day and Thursday, Jan. 2.

BRADLEY'S, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—A convivial, dark-panelled, real New York bar with live jazz. Pianist and composer **TOMMY FLANAGAN** works with bassist **GEORGE MRAZ** Mondays through Saturdays, and pianist Larry Vuckovich and bassist Harvie Swartz will drop by on Sunday, Jan. 5. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CARLYLE HOTEL, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—In the Café Carlyle pianist and occasional singer **GEORGE SHEARING** and bassist **DON THOMPSON** can be heard starting Thursday, Jan. 2. Music Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day, at ten and midnight. . . . ¶ And over in the Bemelmans Bar, you will find singer and pianist **BARBARA CARROLL** performing from ten Tuesdays through Saturdays, except New Year's Day.

CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Behind a dark, unprepossessing, easy-to-miss front door, down a corridor with industrial-strength corrugated-metal walls (the kind that would tempt any kid with a stick), and down a flight of stairs, there is this snazzy, cozy jazz room. **DIZZY GILLESPIE,** the master, performs for bebop pilgrims Thursday through Monday, Jan. 2-6, and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, guitarist **RALPH TOWNER** will arrive with his trio. Mondays are claimed by guitarist and inventor **LES PAUL,** the Thomas Edison of reverb, who was once known as Rhubarb Red. Sets begin Sundays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eight. Dining. Closed New Year's Day.

FOLK CITY, 130 W. 3rd St., near Sixth Ave. (254-8449)—Considerably more musical than Tie City or Food City. Tuesday, Jan. 7, Bill Ring, Scott Wakefield, and Steve Weinstein; Wednesday, Jan. 8, the Last Roundup and Tall Lonesome Pines; Thursday, Jan. 9, Lili Anel; Friday, Jan. 10, singer, pianist, and songwriter **MOSE ALLISON,** who manages to be rural and urbane at the same time; and Saturday, Jan. 11, Frank Christian. Shows are usually at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Sundays are comedy nights, and Mondays are hootenanny nights.

FREDDY'S, 308 E. 49th St. (888-1633)—Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, are the property of singer-pianist **RONNY WHYTE** and his trio. Music nightly, except Sundays, at nine and eleven.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Kitt Moran sings with Mike Moran and John Arbo Wednesdays through Saturdays; Sundays and Mondays belong to pianist and singer **BOB DOROUGH** and bassist **BILL TAKAS;** and Tuesdays belong to **CHUCK WAYNE** and his trio. All these groups begin about ten.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—A spiffy bar and back-room restaurant with a piano in it. Stride pianist **JUDY CARMICHAEL** plays through Saturday, Jan. 4, and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, **ROGER KELLAWAY** will take charge. Sundays, Keith MacDonald owns the keyboard, and on Mondays you can hear **DICK HYMAN.** Music Sundays through Thursdays from eight-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th

St. (228-8490)—A pleasant corner restaurant and bar that is crowded with good listeners listening to **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA** through Saturday, Jan. 4, and to **ROLAND HANNA** starting Tuesday, Jan. 7. Music from about nine-thirty.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—No, this isn't the Department of Rockabilly at the New School. It's a degentrified Schrafft's where the authentic Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Houston or Dallas. The folk, country, blues, and rock: Wednesday, Jan. 1, guitarist **JORMA KAUKONEN** and the Phantoms; Thursday, Jan. 2, the **FLESHTONES** and the Raunch Hands; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, rock-and-roll pathfinder **BO DIDDLEY**, who looks so good in black; and Thursday, Jan. 9, the Mosquitos and the Smithereens. Music after nine. Dining.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BARBARA COOK**, who possesses a clear-as-a-bell voice, sings Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine and eleven. On most Mondays, Woody Allen sits in on clarinet with a New Orleans-style outfit. Closed New Year's Day.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—The music scene here is cooler than a Columbus Avenue gelato and the music hotter than a Columbus Avenue taco. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, Mirage, featuring guitarist **DOC POWELL**. Music from about ten until two. Dining.

RITZ, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock from the fifties to the eighties in a half-century-old ballroom. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine, and Fridays and Saturdays at eleven. Dancing.

SEVENTH AVENUE SOUTH, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz, blues, and sambas upstairs in a simple, basic, music-first club. The schedule: Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 2-5, the **MIKE STERN–BOB BERG** combo; Tuesday, Jan. 7, Othello; Wednesday, Jan. 8, Dave Stryker; and Friday through Sunday, Jan. 10-12, the **BOB MINTZER** big band. Pianist **DAVID LAHM** is present on Mondays. Music from nine-thirty. Closed New Year's Day.

SOUNDS OF BRAZIL, 204 Varick St., at W. Houston St. (243-4940)—A great place to listen to Brazilian, Caribbean, and African music—Brazilian-jazz groups, samba bands, reggaeists, and all-percussion ensembles that perform *carnaval* music—and it tends to be swirling, heady, wonderful stuff. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, **LOREMIL MACHADO**. Dining. Closed Sundays, Mondays, and New Year's Day.

SWEET BASIL, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Drummer **ART BLAKEY** and his Class of '86 **JAZZ MESSENGERS** are here through Sunday, Jan. 5, and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, intense and rhythmic pianist **MC COY TYNER** will move in. Mondays are **GIL EVANS BIG BAND** nights. Shows from about ten. Dining.

VILLAGE GATE, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—The Top of the Gate jumps on Saturdays with a swing-music-and-jitterbug program performed by the **HARLEM BLUES & JAZZ BAND** and others, at nine and eleven. . . . ¶ Meanwhile, out on the Terrace, pianist **JAKI BYARD** and bassist **RALPH HAMPERIAN** play duets through Sunday, Jan. 5; and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, pianist **JOANNE BRACKEEN** will come in with bassist **CLINT HOUSTON**. Music nightly, except Mondays, from nine-thirty. And, in addition, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** plays Tuesdays with her combo.

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VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—People from all over the world are attracted to this famous, unpretentious basement establishment, fifty years old this year. Trombonist **AL GREY** and saxophonist **AL COHN** co-pilot a quintet through Sunday, Jan. 5, and on Tuesday, Jan. 7, trumpeter **WOODY SHAW** will descend the stairs with his sextet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS BIG BAND** nights. Music after ten.

WEST END, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Past the steam tables of piping-hot student food (Columbia University is just across Broadway), beyond the pinball machines is a room full of live jazz. Pianist Ram Ramirez' quartet is on the stand through Sunday, Jan. 5, and on Wednesday, Jan. 8, guitarist **JOSHUA BREAKSTONE** will bring in his quartet. Tuesdays are reserved for trumpeter Valery Ponomarev. Music nightly, except Mondays, from about nine.

ZINNO, 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182)—A spacious, airy bar connected to a spacious, airy dining room by a spacious, airy passageway with tables and chairs and pianists or guitarists and bassists in it. Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, **KIRK LIGHTSEY** and **CECIL MC BEE** will be on hand; starting Monday, Jan. 6, **RAY BRYANT** and **JIMMY ROWSER** will settle in for two weeks. Sundays are given over to guitarist **GENE BERTONCINI** and bassist **MICHAEL MOORE**. Music weeknights from eight and Sundays from seven. Closed New Year's Day.

JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

ROBERT KLEIN—With Kenny Rankin. (See review under The Theatre, page 64.) (Circle in the Square, 50th St. west of Broadway. 239-6200. Thursday and Friday, Jan. 2-3, at 8, and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 7 and 10.)

WYNTON MARSALIS QUARTET—Joyce Theatre, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. 242-0800. Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Jan. 3-4, at 8 and 11:30; and Sunday, Jan. 5, at 8.

DICK HYMAN AND THE NEW YORK SAXOPHONE QUARTET—In a program part classical and part jazz. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. 935-2200. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

JAZZ ON TELEVISION—A series of programs featuring jazz performers on TV during the past thirty years is being given at the Museum of Broadcasting, 1 E. 53rd St., through Thursday, Jan. 30. (For information about scheduling, call 752-4690.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6. They will be closed New Year's Day.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

RALSTON CRAWFORD (1906-78)—Prints. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 70th St. A retrospective is at the Whitney Museum.)

SONIA DELAUNAY (1885-1979)—Watercolors and prints. Through Jan. 31. (Rolly-Michaux, 943 Madison Ave., at 75th St.)

NANCY GRAVES—Colorful new metal sculptures, many with movable parts. Through Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St.)

OSKAR KOKOSCHKA (1886-1980)—Paintings and drawings from the early part of the artist's career. Through Feb. 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Opens at noon.)

ANDRÉ MASSON—Eighteen drawings and a handful of paintings spanning the twenties to the fifties. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Simon-Neuman, 42 E. 76th St.)

BILL TRAYLOR (1854-1947)—Drawings made on cardboard scraps by an Alabama naïf. (Hirschl & Adler Modern, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Ross, 162 W. 56th St. Through Jan. 18. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

WILLIAM WILKINS—Landscape, still-life, and figure paintings by a British artist. Through Jan. 18. (Mathes, 851 Madison Ave., at 70th St.)

GROUP SHOW—From Bolivia and Peru, devotional paintings of the Virgin and angels which initially coincided with the establishment of Christianity in Latin America. The works span three centuries. Through Feb. 9. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

ELENA BORSTEIN—Cityscapes of the Bronx, by an artist better known for her paintings of Greece. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Markel, 50 W. 57th St.)

GARY BROTMEYER—Small collages made with old portrait photographs, which are altered with, say, a wisp of human hair or part of a doll's face. Through Jan. 18. (Laurence Miller, 38 E. 57th St.)

DOUGLAS COOPER—Large-scale charcoal perspective drawings of imaginary interiors. Through Jan. 18. (Alex Rosenberg, 20 W. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

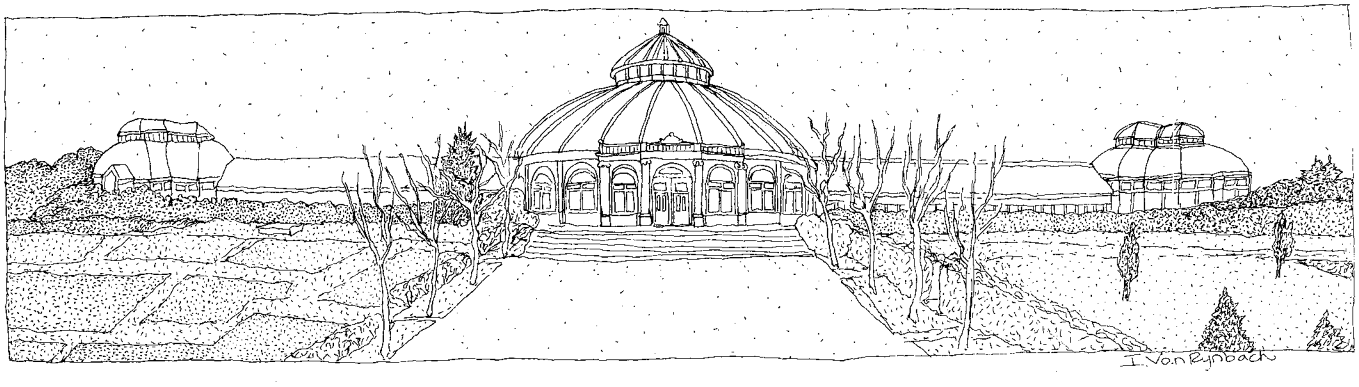
MICHAEL GRAVES—A two-gallery show of works by an architect. Drawings and models. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (Protetch, 37 W. 57th St.) . . . ¶ Drawings and models, including works made in collaboration with Raymond Kaskey and Edward Schmidt. Through Feb. 1. (Nichols, 83 Grand St. Opens at noon.)

STANLEY WILLIAM HAYTER—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper by the founder of Atelier 17 in Paris. Through Jan. 15. (Armstrong, 50 W. 57th St.)

DAVID HOCKNEY / MICHAEL STEINER—A twenty-foot painting, large-scale drawings, and prints—all recent work. / Abstract bronzes. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT M. KULICKE—Oils and monotypes, plus jewelry designed by Mr. Kulicke and Bessie Jamieson. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Davis & Langdale, which has moved to 231 E. 60th St.)

DONALD SULTAN / JOSÉ MARÍA SICILIA—Small still-lifes—pears, eggs, lemons—painted with tar and acrylics on linoleum tiles. Some of the lemons are black. / Abstract paintings on



panels, characterized by expanses of very strong colors, generously applied. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Blum Helman, 20 W. 57th St.)

William Zorach (1889-1966)—Oils the artist did before abandoning painting for sculpture, plus sculptures that include his very first piece—a wood bas-relief dated 1917. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Zabriskie, 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **herstand,** 24 W. 57th St.: Drawings and sculptures by Balthus, Klee, Noguchi, and others. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . **janis,** 110 W. 57th St.: Early-twentieth-century works—paintings (by Picasso, Braque, Gris, and others), sculptures (by Arp, Ernst, and others), and two Mondrian drawings. Through Jan. 25. (Open Mondays.) . . . **lamagna,** 50 W. 57th St.: Called "REM," after that stage of sleep, a show of dream-imagery works in various mediums by contemporary artists Jonathan Borofsky, Michael Lucero, and others. Through Jan. 25. . . . **midtown,** 11 E. 57th St.: Figurative paintings, drawings, and etchings by Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, and Bernarda Bryson Shahn. Through Jan. 18. . . . **pearl,** 38 E. 57th St.: "The Severe and the Romantic" is the title given to a selection of more than twenty abstract geometric paintings by American artists, including Fritz Glarner, Jeanne Miles, Max Coles, and Budd Hopkins. Through Saturday, Jan. 4.

Sculpture—Sondra Beal, Mark di Suvero, and David Weinrib are among the seven artists represented in this show of abstract works from the early sixties in steel, wood, and plastic. Through Thursday, Jan. 9. (Frumkin, 50 W. 57th St.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Donald Baechler—Studiedly crude paintings of heads, cookielike tree shapes, the planet Earth, ducks. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Shafrazi, 163 Mercer St.)

Jean Michel Basquiat—Paintings from 1982, some of which were executed in the basement of the Nosei gallery, the first to show the work of this art-world phenomenon. Through Wednesday, Jan. 8. (Nosei, 100 Prince St.)

Linda Bastian—Gardens of tropical flowers and plants, mostly, on paper, canvas, and silk. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. (SoHo 20, at 469 Broome St. Opens at noon Tuesdays through Sundays.)

Fred Escher—Barbed-wire enclosures, military-looking tents, unattended watch fires, and abandoned weapons stretch into the far distance of these intentionally dismal landscapes. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Kind, 136 Greene St.)

Anthony Zych—Landscape paintings that have components of the landscape itself—dirt, tar, pebbles—bound to the canvas with resin. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (Viafora, 568 Broadway.)

Group Show—Black-and-white works on paper by James Bohary, Jan Henle, Aharon Gluska, Robert Motherwell, and Antoni Tâpies. Through Jan. 14. (Phoenix, 568 Broadway. Open Sundays.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Mario Algaze—Photographs of Rufino Tamayo, Gato Barbieri, Mario Vargas Llosa, and others. Through Jan. 21. (Intar Latin American Gallery, 420 W. 42nd St. Open Mondays through Fridays.)

Richard Avedon—A two-gallery exhibit of photographs from his portrait series of common laborers, which is entitled "In the American West, 1979-1984." (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . ¶ Pace-MacGill, 11 E. 57th St. Through Saturday, Jan. 4.)

Evelyn Hofer—Dye transfers of European gardens and villas. Through Jan. 25. (Witkin, 415 West Broadway. Opens at noon on Saturdays.)

André Kertész (1894-1985)—Approximately a hundred and sixty prints of Paris and New York are on view at the Metropolitan Museum. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

Hiroji Kubota—Prints of China (a few enlarged to mural size) by a Japanese photojournalist. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Richard Prince and David Robbins—Photographs. Through Saturday, Jan. 4. (303 Gallery, 303 Park Ave. S., at 23rd St. Opens at 1.)

Group Shows—At the **hoffeld,** 1020 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Large-scale contemporary portraits by Marina Abramović, Ulay, Robert Mapplethorpe, and others. Through Jan. 18. . . . **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: An exhibit of black-and-white prints, called "Variants," brings together works that, to simplify, demonstrate the choices a photographer makes either behind the camera or in the darkroom. For instance, a farmer cropped from Dorothea Lange's 1937 "Five Tenant Farmers Without Farms" was restored by her in a print made in the sixties. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—"Costumes of Royal India," an extravaganza evoking palaces of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, when the garments on view were worn by rajas, maharajas, ranis, maharanis, nizams, and nawabs. Also, accessories, furnishings, and portraits. . . . ¶ A seventeenth-century imperial Mughal tent is the centerpiece of a wide-ranging exhibition of Indian art, numbering more than three hundred objects of religious and secular derivation. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. . . . ¶ A gilded French rococo carriage, decorated with paintings from the studio of Boucher, and Rubens' monumental painting "The Assumption of the Virgin" set the tone of an elaborate show of art works acquired or commissioned by the Princes of Liechtenstein between the sixteenth century and the nineteenth. Ornate firearms in the collection occupy one gallery. . . . **photography:** Prints by André Kertész. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Sundays, 9:30 to 5:15, and Tuesday evenings until 8:45.)

Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—An exhibit of lithographs and posters, mainly, by Toulouse-Lautrec, all from his last ten years. Through Jan. 26. . . . ¶ The Riklis collection of geometric abstract paintings, drawings, and sculptures has come the museum's way, and selections from it are the nucleus of an exhibit that follows this aspect of abstraction from European Cubism and Constructivism right up to American Minimalism. Through Tuesday, Jan. 7. . . . **photography:** A selection of prints by Americans and Europeans. Through March 11. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—A show of about a hundred and twenty sculptures representing the different styles used by American and European artists since the forties, and singling out the contributions of Giacometti, David Smith, and Cornell. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—An exhibit that examines American decorative and industrial design in this century, with examples extending from a Frank Lloyd Wright dining set to an Apple IIc personal computer. Through Feb. 16. . . . ¶ A Ralston Crawford (1906-78) retrospective of paintings, drawings, photographs, and lithographs. Through Feb. 2. A complementary show (ending Saturday, Jan. 4) is at Hirschl & Adler Galleries, 21 E. 70th St. . . . ¶ Twelve abstract painted-wood sculptures by George Sugarman, completed between 1961 and 1966. Through Feb. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 1 to 8, with no admission charge after 6; Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A retrospective of Jennifer Bartlett's work includes large-scale paintings, sculptures of objects seen in the paintings, and drawings. Through Monday, Jan. 6. . . . ¶ Sixty sculptures by ten artists who have their studios in Brooklyn, among them Judy Pfaff and Ray Rapp. Through Jan. 27. (Open daily except Tuesdays and New Year's Day. Hours: Mondays and Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Park W. at 79th St.—Seventy-six paintings by American artists who have recorded the American West, to document either its history or its natural beauty. George Catlin, Charles Russell, Georgia O'Keeffe, Chuck Forsman, and others. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Sundays, 10 to 5:45; Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5.)

Asia Society, 725 Park Ave., at 70th St.—Paintings, illustrated manuscripts, carpets, and other works from a productive period in Indian art masterminded by the sixteenth-century Mughal emperor Akbar. Through Sunday, Jan. 5. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The Festival of India has transformed the museum into a bazaarlike exhibition space filled with goods made by Indian artisans to the specifications of American and European designers—Mario Bellini's marble base for upholstery and Mary McFadden's adaptations of traditional Indian costumes and jewelry are two. Through Feb. 23. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St.—A show concerning the Ingres portrait of Comtesse d'Haussonville painted between 1842 and 1845. With the work as its focal point, the exhibit examines and documents everything from the porcelains seen in the portrait to memorabilia of the Comtesse to the artist's preparatory studies. Through Feb. 16. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—An exhibit of paintings, drawings, and sculptures by the community of immigrant Jewish artists who moved to the Montparnasse section of Paris in the first half of this century. Chagall, Modigliani, Zadkine, and Sonia Delaunay are among them. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays, Wednesdays, and Thursdays, noon to 5; Tuesdays, noon to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Morgan Library, 29 E. 36th St.—"The Golden Age of British Photography, 1839-1900," an exhibit of more than two hundred photographs from the Victoria & Albert Museum. Through Feb. 2. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

New-York Historical Society, 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.—Frederic Remington's impressions (paintings and sketches) of northern New York State, where he was born, done at the same time as the Western illustrations that earned him his reputation. Through Thursday, Jan. 9. (Open daily except Mondays and New Year's Day. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 144 W. 125th St.—Black American folk art as well as artifacts from Africa and the Caribbean. All the works—more than forty paintings and sculptures and nearly two hundred gold weights—are on loan from private collectors. . . . ¶ Paintings by Candida Alvarez and Charles Burwell and a sculptural installation by Maren Hassinger. Both shows through Jan. 19. (Open Wednesdays, except New Year's Day, through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

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ART AFTER DARK

(Performance, music, dance, video, film, and combinations thereof.)

The Kitchen, 512 W. 19th St. 255-5793—Performances, Friday, Jan. 3, at 8 (Nam June Paik, Elizabeth Streb, John Giorno, and others) and Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8 (Meredith Monk, Lester Bowie, Rat at Rat R, and others); video, Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8:30 (works by Ed Rudolph, Dale Hoyt, and Burt Barr) and 9:30 (selections from the London show "Ugly Actions"); Wendy Perron Dance Company, Thursday through Sunday, Jan. 9-12, at 8:30.

P.S. 122, 150 First Ave., at 9th St. 477-5288—Bob Beswick (dance and film), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 3-5, at 9; James Grigsby and Carmela Rago (performance), Friday through Sunday, Jan. 10-12, at 9.

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House is 362-6000; for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911; for Avery Fisher Hall 874-2424; and for Carnegie Hall 247-7800. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Wednesday, Jan. 1, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Edward Sooter, and Leif Roar; conducted by James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8: "Le Nozze di Figaro," with Kay Griffel, Kathleen Battle, Frederica von Stade, Thomas Allen, and Ruggero Raimondi; Max Epstein. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 3, at 8: The Erik Satie ballet "Parade," with Gary Chryst and the Metropolitan Opera Ballet; Poulenc's opera "Les Mamelles de Tirésias," with Barbara Daniels, Allan Glassman, and Brian Schexnayder; and Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges," with Evelyn Petros, Marvis Martin, and Gwendolyn Bradley, Manuel Rosenthal will be the conductor for all three works. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 1: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Paolo Montarsolo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 4, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Sabine Hass, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. . . . ¶ Monday, Jan. 6, at 8: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Paolo Montarsolo; James Levine. . . . ¶ Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8: "Roméo et Juliette," with Catherine Malfitano, Hilda Harris, Neil Shicoff, and Brian Schexnayder; Sylvain Cambreling. . . . ¶ Friday, Jan. 10, at 7: "Lohengrin," with Eva Marton, Leonie Rysanek, Peter Hofmann, and Leif Roar; James Levine. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 2: "Jenůfa" (in English), with Roberta Alexander, Mignon Dunn, Timothy Jenkins, and William Lewis; Vaclav Neumann. . . . ¶ Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8: "L'Italiana in Algeri," with Myra Merritt, Marilyn Horne, Douglas Ahlstedt, and Paolo Montarsolo; James Levine.

Amato Opera Company—Puccini's "La Bohème." (Amato Opera Theatre, 319 Bowery, at 2nd St. 228-8200. Saturdays and Friday, Jan. 10, at 7:30, and Sundays at 2:30.)

Mannes Camerata—The first three of seven performances of two one-act French operas: "Robin and Marion," written in the thirteenth century by Adam de la Halle, and "The City of Ladies," written in the fifteenth century by Christine de Pizan. Staged by Paul C. Echols. (Mannes College of Music, 150 W. 85th St. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 4. For information about tickets, call 580-0210, from 10 to 5, beginning Monday, Jan. 6.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

New York Philharmonic—At Avery Fisher Hall—Edo de Waart conducting an all-Wagner program Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 2-4, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 7:30 (all with Ute Vinzing, soprano). . . . ¶ A Mozart-Beethoven program Thursday through Saturday, Jan. 9-11, at 8, and Tuesday, Jan. 14, at 7:30 (with the conductor to be announced; no soloists).

Philadelphia Orchestra—Charles Dutoit conducting a Sibelius-Bartók program, with Young Uck Kim, violin; Sylvia Sass, soprano; and Aage Haugland, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Brooklyn Philharmonic—Lukas Foss conducting a Britten-Brahms-Beethoven program, with Claudio Arrau, piano. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 1-718 636-4100. Friday and Saturday, Jan. 10-11, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 2.)

Y Chamber Symphony—Vittorio Negri conducting a program of baroque music, with Thomas Nyfenger, flute, and Syoko Aki, violin. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, 92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Gregg Smith Singers—Gregg Smith directing the third in a series of four programs, this one a joint concert with the Pittsburgh New Music Ensemble. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

RECITALS

Guarneri Quartet—The third in a series of six concerts presenting the Beethoven cycle. (Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 83rd St. 570-3949. Saturday, Jan. 4, at 8.)

Louisa Jonason—Soprano. (Alice Tully Hall. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

Chester String Quartet—The first in a series of three concerts. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Sunday, Jan. 5, at 3.)

Luciano Pavarotti—Tenor, with assisting vocal artists and the New York City Opera Orchestra conducted by Emerson Buckley. (Avery Fisher Hall. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Thomas Gallant and the Group for Contemporary Music—A program of music for oboe and strings. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8.)

Robert White—Tenor, with Samuel Sanders, piano; Mark Peskanov, violin; Fred Sherry, cello; and Eugenia Zukerman, flute. The last in a series of programs honoring John McCor-

mack. (Alice Tully Hall. Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8.)

Musical Elements—With Mary Feinsinger, mezzo-soprano, and Robert Dick, composer/flutist. (Great Hall, Cooper Union, Third Ave. at 7th St. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8. Tickets at the door on the night of the concert.)

North/South Consonance—A program of new music. (Bruno Walter Auditorium, Lincoln Center Library for the Performing Arts, 111 Amsterdam Ave., at 65th St. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 4. No tickets necessary.)

Michael Lewin—Piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Boston Camerata—A program of medieval French music. (Merkin Concert Hall, Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. 362-8719. Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8.)

Gary William Friedman—Mr. Friedman conducting a chamber ensemble in the first of two performances of a program of his own music, with Joanna Simon, mezzo-soprano; Charles Pailthorpe, baritone; Brooks Tillotson, horn; Marc Goldberg, bassoon; and Robert King, clarinet. (Vineyard Theatre, 309 E. 26th St. 683-0696. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8. Following the concert, the audience is invited to a reception to meet the composer.)

Chamber Music Society of Lincoln Center—Horacio Gutiérrez, piano; Lynn Chang, violin; Robert Routch, horn; Richard Fitz, xylophone; Joseph Passaro, glockenspiel; Irene Worth, narrator; and members of the Society. (Alice Tully Hall. Friday, Jan. 10, at 8, and Sunday, Jan. 12, at 5.)

Claude Frank—Piano, in an all-Beethoven program. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 3.)

Paul Sperry—Tenor, in a one-hour all-Schubert program. (St. Peter's Church, Lexington Ave. at 54th St. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 5. For information about tickets, call 874-2990.)

Continuum—A program of contemporary music. (Alice Tully Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8.)

Alaria Chamber Ensemble—With Timothy Ward, bassoon. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Saturday, Jan. 11, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(The box-office number for Madison Square Garden is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN (all games at 7:30): Knicks vs. Washington, Thursday, Jan. 2. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Indiana, Tuesday, Jan. 7. . . . ¶ Knicks vs. Portland, Saturday, Jan. 11. . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-8888): Nets vs. Cleveland, Saturday, Jan. 4. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Milwaukee, Wednesday, Jan. 8. . . . ¶ Nets vs. Los Angeles Clippers, Friday, Jan. 10. (Games begin at 7:30.)

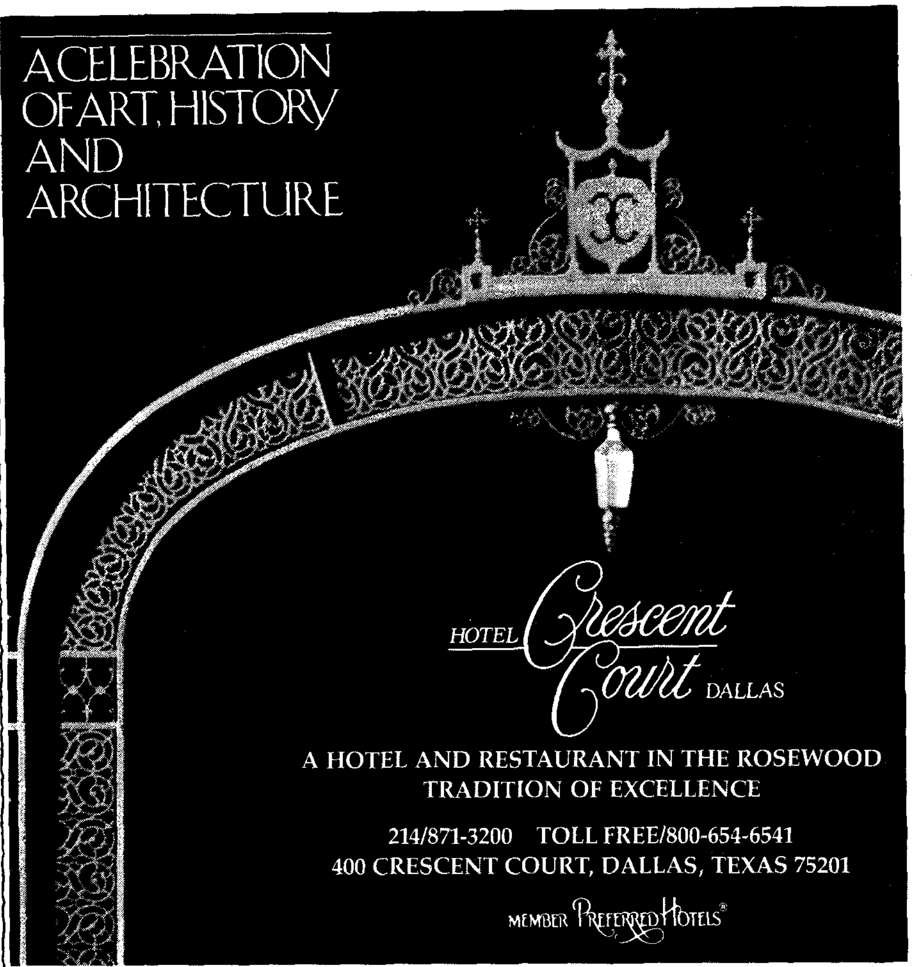
Hockey—At MADISON SQUARE GARDEN: Rangers vs. Quebec Nordiques, Sunday, Jan. 5, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Rangers vs. Montreal Canadiens, Friday, Jan. 10, at 7:35. . . . NASSAU COLISEUM: Islanders vs. Boston Bruins, Thursday, Jan. 2, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Chicago Black Hawks, Saturday, Jan. 4, at 7:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Minnesota North Stars, Tuesday, Jan. 7, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Pittsburgh Penguins, Thursday, Jan. 9, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Islanders vs. Detroit Red Wings, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 7:05. (Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. 1-516 794-9100.) . . . BYRNE MEADOWLANDS ARENA (1-201 935-3900): Devils vs. Washington Capitals, Friday, Jan. 3, at 7:35. . . . ¶ Devils vs. Philadelphia Flyers, Saturday, Jan. 11, at 1:35.

Racing—At Aqueduct: Daily, except Tuesdays, at 12:30. The Aqueduct Handicap, Saturday, Jan. 4.

Trotting—At ROOSEVELT RACEWAY, Westbury: Nightly at 8; through Monday, Jan. 6. . . . YONKERS RACEWAY: Weeknights at 8, from Tuesday, Jan. 7, through Saturday, March 22. . . . MEADOWLANDS: Weeknights at 8, from Thursday, Jan. 9, through Saturday, Aug. 2.

ET ALIA

Poetry and Prose Readings—Lore Segal and Russell Banks reading from their own novels. (92nd Street Y, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-4410. Monday, Jan. 6, at 8.) . . . ¶ Nicholas Christopher and Lynn Emanuel reading from their own poetry. (National Arts Club, 15 Gramercy Park. Wednesday, Jan. 8, at 8. No tickets necessary.)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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon and is closed Mondays.)
"Je Tu Il Elle" (1974; directed by Chantal Akerman; in French).

New Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)
Through Jan. 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow.
From Jan. 3: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).
Theatre 3: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"101 Dalmatians" (†).

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)
"Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)
"Fool for Love" (Robert Altman), with Sam Shepard, Kim Basinger, Randy Quaid, and Harry Dean Stanton.

Manhattan I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)
Theatre 1: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: "Spies Like Us." From Jan. 3: "Plenty" (†).

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Theatre 1: "White Nights" (†).
Theatre 2: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending A). No performances on Wednesday, Jan. 8.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
"Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)
Theatre 1: "Ran" (Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese).
Theatre 2: "The Trip to Bountiful" (Peter Masterson), with Geraldine Page and John Heard.

Gemini I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
Theatre 1: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow. From Jan. 3: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews New York Twin I and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)
Theatre 1: "Revolution" (Hugh Hudson), with Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland, and Nastassja Kinski.
Theatre 2: "A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)
"The Gods Must Be Crazy" (1979; Jamie Uys).

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Out of Africa" (†).

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.

Loews Orpheum I and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

CINEMA
ALL STAR CAST
2 BIG SHOWS

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5	6	7	8	9	10	11

FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION STARTING ON PAGE 12.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

R.K.O. Century 86th St. Twin, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow. From Jan. 3: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 2: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.

WEST SIDE

Film Forum I and 2, 57 Watts St. (431-1590; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Theatre 1: "Raoni" (1979; directed by Jean-Pierre Dutilleux; in Portuguese, Kayapo, and English), a documentary.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: "Prizzi's Honor" (†). From Jan. 3: To be announced.

Bleecker St. Cinema I and 2, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 2: "Back to the Future" (†). From Jan. 3: "Uforia" (1980; John Binder), with Cindy Williams, Harry Dean Stanton, and Fred Ward.
Theatre 2: "28 Up" (1984; Michael Apted), a documentary.

Waverly I and 2, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
Theatre 1: "Enemy Mine" (Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 2: "Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
"Subway" (Luc Besson; in French), with Christopher Lambert and Isabelle Adjani.

R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
Theatre 1: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 2: "The Color Purple" (†).

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Theatre 1: "When Father Was Away on Business" (Emir Kusturica; in Yugoslav).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 4: "Sotto, Sotto" (Lina Wertmüller; in Italian).

23rd St. West Triplex, 333 W. 23rd. (989-0060)
Theatre 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow. From Jan. 3: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 3: "Clue" (Jonathan Lynn; ending B.)

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)
"101 Dalmatians" (†).

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"White Nights" (†).

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)
"Jagged Edge" (†).

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)
"The Gig" (Frank Gilroy), with Wayne Rogers and Cleavon Little.

New Carnegie, 225 W. 57th. (582-4582)
"Runaway Train" (Andrei Konchalovsky), with Jon Voight, Eric Roberts, and Rebecca DeMornay.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Official Story" (Luis Puenzo; in Spanish), with Norma Aleandro.

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)
"The Color Purple" (†).

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"A Chorus Line" (Richard Attenborough).

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)
Theatre 1: "Sugarbaby" (Percy Adlon; in German).
Theatre 2: "Kiss of the Spider Woman" (†).
Theatre 3: "Twice in a Lifetime" (†).

Cinema Studio I and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Theatre 1: "Shoah" (†). Part I will be shown daily.
Theatre 2: "Shoah" (†). Part II will be shown daily.

Embassy 72nd St. I and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)
Theatre 1: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 2: "101 Dalmatians" (†).

Loews 84th Street Sixplex, B'way at 84th. (877-3600)
Theatre 1: "Rocky IV" (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: "Young Sherlock Holmes" (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.
Theatre 3: "Out of Africa" (†).
Theatre 4: "Spies Like Us" (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 5: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 6: "The Jewel of the Nile" (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: "101 Dalmatians" (†).
Theatre 2: "Jagged Edge" (†).
Theatre 3: Through Jan. 2: "Santa Claus: The Movie" (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow. From Jan. 3: "Head Office" (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 4: "Back to the Future" (†).

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (354-0900)
Theatre 1: "The Color Purple" (†).
Theatre 2: "Enemy Mine" (directed by Wolfgang Petersen), with Dennis Quaid and Louis Gossett, Jr.
Theatre 3: "King Solomon's Mines" (J. Lee Thompson), with Richard Chamberlain.
Theatre 4: "A Nightmare on Elm Street, Part 2: Freddy's Revenge" (Jack Sholder).
Theatre 5: "Krush Groove" (Michael Schultz).
Theatre 6: "Back to the Future" (†).

Embassy I, B'way at 46th. (757-2408)
"101 Dalmatians" (†).

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: “Clue” (Jonathan Lynn; ending A).
Theatre 3: “Clue” (ending B).
Theatre 4: “Clue” (ending C).

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
“Young Sherlock Holmes” (Barry Levinson), with Nicholas Rowe and Alan Cox.

Loews State 1 and 2, B'way at 45th. (575-5060)
Theatre 1: “Rocky IV” (Sylvester Stallone), with Stallone, Talia Shire, Burt Young, and Carl Weathers.
Theatre 2: “Out of Africa” (†).

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
“Commando” (Mark Lester), with Arnold Schwarzenegger.

New Embassy 49th Street, Seventh Ave. at 49th. (757-7003)
(Matinées only) “One Magic Christmas” (Phillip Borsos), with Mary Steenburgen and Harry Dean Stanton; and (evenings only) “Jagged Edge” (†).

R.K.O. Century National Twin, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Theatre 1: “Spies Like Us” (John Landis), with Chevy Chase and Dan Aykroyd.
Theatre 2: “Revolution” (Hugh Hudson), with Al Pacino, Donald Sutherland, and Nastassja Kinski.

R.K.O. Century Warner Twin, B'way at 47th. (975-8369)
Theatre 1: “The Jewel of the Nile” (Lewis Teague), with Michael Douglas, Kathleen Turner, and Danny DeVito.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: “The Jewel of the Nile.” From Jan. 3: “The Annihilators.”

U. A. Twin 1 and 2, B'way at 49th. (247-1635)
Theatre 1: Through Jan. 2: “Santa Claus: The Movie” (Jeannot Szwarc), with Dudley Moore and John Lithgow. From Jan. 3: “Head Office” (Ken Finkleman), with Judge Reinhold.
Theatre 2: Through Jan. 2: To be announced. From Jan. 3: “The Alchemist.”

REVIVAL HOUSES

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Jan. 2: “Amadeus” (1984; directed by Miloš Forman), with F. Murray Abraham and Tom Hulce.
Jan. 3-4: “Days of Heaven” (1978; Terrence Malick), with Richard Gere, Brooke Adams, Sam Shepard, Linda Manz, and Robert Wilke; and “Badlands” (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Jan. 5: “Bonnie and Clyde” (1967; Arthur Penn), with Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway; and “The Lady in Red.”
Jan. 6-7: “The Exterminating Angel” (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and “That Obscure Object of Desire” (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Jan. 8-9: “In the Realm of the Senses” (1977; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese); and “Empire of Passion” (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Jan. 10-11: “King of Hearts” (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and “Harold and Maude” (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.

Metro Cinema, B'way at 99th. (222-1200)
Through Jan. 4: “The Hidden Fortress” (1958) and “Sanjuro” (1963), both films in Japanese, directed by Akira Kurosawa, with Toshiro Mifune.
Jan. 5-6: “Woman in the Dunes” (†); and “Empire of Passion” (1980; Nagisa Oshima; in Japanese).
Jan. 7-8: “Sansho the Bailiff” (†) and “A Geisha” (†).
Jan. 9: “Red Beard” (†).
Jan. 10-11: “Kagemusha” (“The Shadow Warrior;” 1980; Akira Kurosawa; in Japanese), with Tatsuya Nakadai.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through Jan. 4: “Rear Window” (1954; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Grace Kelly, and Wendell Corey; and “Vertigo” (1958; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, Kim Novak, and Barbara Bel Geddes.
Jan. 5-6: “There's No Business Like Show Business” (1954; Walter Lang), with Ethel Merman, Donald O'Connor, Dan Dailey, Marilyn Monroe, Johnnie Ray, and Mitzi Gaynor; and “Gentlemen Prefer Blondes” (1953; Howard Hawks), with Jane Russell and Marilyn Monroe.
Jan. 7-8: “Rope” (1948; Alfred Hitchcock), with James Stewart, John Dall, and Farley Granger; and “Shadow of a Doubt” (†).
Jan. 9-11: “The Big Sleep” (1946 †) and “Strangers on a Train” (†).

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Jan. 1: “Hamlet” (1969; Tony Richardson), with Nicol Williamson; and “A Midsummer Night's Dream” (1935; Max Reinhardt and William Dieterle), with James Cagney and Mickey Rooney.
Jan. 2: “Freaks” (1932; Tod Browning), with Olga Baclanova, Leila Hyams, and Wallace Ford; and “The Mystery of the Wax Museum” (1933; Michael Curtiz), with Lionel Atwill, Fay Wray, and Glenda Farrell.
Jan. 3-4: “The Man Who Envied Women” (1985; Yvonne Rainer).
Jan. 5: “Greed” (1924; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Gibson Gowland, ZaSu Pitts, and Jean Hersholt; and “The Merry Widow” (1925; Erich von Stroheim; a silent film), with Mae Murray.
Jan. 6: “The Wages of Fear” (1953; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French), with Yves Montand, Charles Vanel, Folco Lulli, and Peter Van Eyck; and “Diabolique” (†).
Jan. 7: “Circle of Deceit” (1982; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with Bruno Ganz and Hanna Schygulla; and “The Tin Drum” (1980; Volker Schlöndorff; in German), with David Bennent.
Jan. 8: “Joe MacBeth” (1956; Ken Hughes), with Paul Douglas and Ruth Roman; and “Strange Illusion” (1945; Edgar G. Ulmer), with Jimmy Lydon and Sally Eilers.
Jan. 9: “The Long Goodbye” (†) and “Kiss Me Deadly” (†).
Jan. 10: “A Day at the Races” (†); and “A Night at the Opera” (1935; Sam Wood), with the Marx Brothers.
Jan. 11: “Last Tango in Paris” (1972; Bernardo Bertolucci; in French and English), with Marlon Brando and Maria Schneider; and “The Passenger” (1975; Michelangelo Antonioni), with Jack Nicholson and Maria Schneider.

Thalia SoHo, 15 Vandam St. (675-0498)
Jan. 1: “Jane Eyre” (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles; and “Wuthering Heights” (1939; William Wyler), with Merle Oberon, Laurence Olivier, Flora Robson, and David Niven.
Jan. 2: “I Was a Teenage Werewolf” (1957; Gene Fowler), with Michael Landon; and “I Was a Teenage Frankenstein” (1958; Herbert J. Strock), with Whit Bissell.
Jan. 3-4: “The Stunt Man” (1980; Richard Rush), with Peter O'Toole, Steve Railsback, Barbara Hershey, Allen Goorwitz, and Alex Rocco; and “Targets” (1968; Peter Bogdanovich), with Boris Karloff and Tim O'Kelly.
Jan. 5: “Nosferatu, the Vampyre” (†) and “Nosferatu” (†).
Jan. 6: “Tobacco Road” (†) and “The Grapes of Wrath” (†).
Jan. 7: “A Voyage to Italy” (†); and “Fear” (1956; Roberto Rossellini), with Ingrid Bergman.
Jan. 8: “Roxie Hart” (1942; William Wellman), with Ginger Rogers and Adolphe Menjou; and “Monkey Business” (†).
Jan. 9: “Dragstrip Girl” (1957), with Fay Spain; and “Teenage Caveman” (†).
Jan. 10-11: “Frantic” (†); and “Eva” (1962; Joseph Losey), with Jeanne Moreau and Stanley Baker.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Jan. 1: “You Can't Take It with You” (1938; Frank Capra), with Jean Arthur, James Stewart, Lionel Barrymore, and Edward Arnold; and “The Awful Truth” (1937; Leo McCarey), with Irene Dunne, Cary Grant, and Ralph Bellamy.
Jan 2: “The Lady from Shanghai” (1948; Orson Welles), with Rita Hayworth, Everett Sloane, and Welles; and “Gilda” (1946; Charles Vidor), with Rita Hayworth, Glenn Ford, and George Macready.
Jan. 3-4: “Sunset Boulevard” (1950; Billy Wilder), with Gloria Swanson, William Holden, and Erich von Stroheim; and “All About Eve” (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter.
Jan. 5: “Suddenly, Last Summer” (1959; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Elizabeth Taylor, Montgomery Clift, and Katharine Hepburn; and “Holiday” (1938; George Cukor), with Katharine Hepburn, Cary Grant, Lew Ayres, Edward Everett Horton, and Doris Nolan.
Jan. 6: “The Exterminating Angel” (1962; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Silvia Pinal; and “That Obscure Object of Desire” (1977; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Fernando Rey, Carole Bouquet, and Angela Molina.
Jan. 7: “Swamp Water” (1941; Jean Renoir), with Walter Huston and Virginia Gilmore; and “This Land Is Mine” (1943; Jean Renoir), with Maureen O'Hara, Charles Laughton, George Sanders, and Walter Slezak.
Jan. 8: “A Thousand Clowns” (1965; Fred Coe), with Jason Robards, Barbara Harris, Martin Balsam, and Gene Saks; and “Barefoot in the Park” (†).
Jan. 9: “The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance” (1962; John Ford), with John Wayne, James Stewart, Vera Miles, and Lee Marvin; and “High Noon” (1952; Fred Zinnemann), with Gary Cooper, Thomas Mitchell, Grace Kelly, Lloyd Bridges, and Katy Jurado.
Jan. 10-11: “Shadow of the Thin Man” (1941; W. S. Van Dyke) and “The Thin Man Goes Home” (1945; Richard Thorpe), both with Myrna Loy and William Powell.

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Theatres, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9490; a limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)
Theatre 1: Jan. 2 at 2:30: “Would You Believe It?” (1929; directed by Walter Forde; a silent film). . . . ¶ Jan. 2 at 6: “Squibs Wins the Calcutta Sweep” (1922; George Pearson; a silent film), with Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 2:30: “Elstree Calling” (1930;

Adrian Brunel, Alfred Hitchcock, André Charlot, Jack Hulbert, and Paul Murray). . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6: "The Only Girl" (1933; Friedrich Hollander), with Lilian Harvey, Charles Boyer, Mady Christians, Ernest Thesiger, and Maurice Evans. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 12:30: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 2: "Radio Parade of 1935" (1935; Arthur Woods), with Will Hay. . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5: "Evergreen" (1934; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews and Betty Balfour. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 12:30: A program of Bugs Bunny cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2: "Keep Your Seats Please" (1936; Monty Banks), with George Formby, Florence Desmond, and Alastair Sim; and "No Limit" (1935; Monty Banks), with George Formby and Florence Desmond. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:15: "Waltzes from Vienna" (1934; Alfred Hitchcock), with Jessie Matthews, Edmund Gwenn, and Fay Compton. . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 2:30: "A Cuckoo in the Nest" (1933; Tom Walls). . . . ¶ Jan. 6 at 6: "Mister Cinders" (1934; Fred Zelnick), with Clifford Lollison. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 2:30: "Evergreen." . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6: "Radio Parade of 1935." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 2:30: "Keep Your Seats Please" and "No Limit." . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 6 and Jan. 10 at 2:30: "Okay for Sound" (1937; Marcel Varnel), with Flanagan & Allen; and "Gasbags" (1940; Marcel Varnel), with Flanagan & Allen. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6: "Waltzes from Vienna." . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 12:30: A program of Warner Brothers cartoons. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 2: "Hoots Mon!" (1939; Roy William Neill), with Max Miller. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5: "It's Love Again" (1936; Victor Saville), with Jessie Matthews and Robert Young.

THEATRE 2: Jan. 2 at 3 and 6:30: "Nicaragua: No Pasaran" (1984; David Bradbury), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 3: "Chekhov in My Life" (1984; Vadim Glowna), a documentary. . . . ¶ Jan. 3 at 6:30 and Jan. 4 at 2:30: "Death of the White Steed" (1985; Christian Ziewer; in German, with English subtitles). . . . ¶ Jan. 4 at 5:30: "Chekhov in My Life." . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 2:30: "Danger Ahead" (1984; Dominik Graf; in German, with English subtitles), with Max Wigger. . . . ¶ Jan. 5 at 5:30: "The Basis of Make-Up" (1985; Heinz Emigholz; a German film), with John Erdman. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 3: "Dédée d'Anvers" (1947; Yves Allégret; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret. . . . ¶ Jan. 7 at 6:30: "Diabolique" (1955; Henri-Georges Clouzot; in French, with English subtitles), with Simone Signoret, Vera Clouzot, and Paul Meurisse. . . . ¶ Jan. 9 at 3 and 6:30: "Code Gray: Ethical Dilemmas in Nursing" (1984; Ben Achtenberg and Joan Sawyer) and "Abortion: Stories from North and South" (1984; Gail Singer), both documentaries. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 3: A program of films by Kihachiro Kawamoto. . . . ¶ Jan. 10 at 6:30 and Jan. 11 at 2:30: A program of films by Osamu Tezuka. . . . ¶ Jan. 11 at 5:30: A program of films by Yoji Kuri.

WHITNEY MUSEUM, Madison Ave. at 75th St. (570-0537)—Jan. 3-8: "Child of Resistance" (1972; Haile Gerima) and "I and I: An African Allegory" (1977; Ben Caldwell), showings Jan. 3-4 at noon, Jan. 5 at 1, Jan. 7 at 2, and Jan. 8 at noon; and "Passing Through" (1977; Larry Clark), showings Jan. 3-4 at 2:30, Jan. 5 at 3:30, Jan. 7 at 6, and Jan. 8 at 2:30. . . . ¶ Starting Jan. 9: "Killer of Sheep" (1977; Charles Burnett), showings Jan. 9-11 at noon; and "Bush Mama" (1976; Haile Gerima), showings Jan. 9-11 at 2:30. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

BACK TO THE FUTURE—Directed by Robert Zemeckis, this piece of Pop Art Americana is a clever, generally engaging screwball comedy. Christopher Lloyd is the small-town crackpot inventor who builds a time machine, and Michael J. Fox is Marty, the seventeen-year-old high-school boy who is hurtled back thirty years to 1955, where his parents are seventeen-year-olds at the same school. The movie has the structure of a comedy classic, but it doesn't have the rambunctiousness or the maniacal edge; the thinking is cramped and conventional. With Lea Thompson and Crispin Glover. (Reviewed in our issue of 7/29/85.) (Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; through Jan. 2.)

BAREFOOT IN THE PARK (1967)—Jane Fonda and Robert Redford are the spatting newlyweds—he's a hardworking lawyer and she, living in a romantic fantasy, has rented them a miserable fifth-floor walkup in Greenwich Village. This movie version of a Neil Simon comedy hit is a trifle and almost amusing in a harmlessly, pleasantly stupid way. What Neil Simon can't seem to get rid of are those terrible moments of dramatic untruth—"I love you very much" and "I want a divorce;" they crunch like nutshells in a candy bar. If he could manage without them, he'd have a candy bar so perfectly digestible people wouldn't know if they'd eaten it or just seen an ad for it. You can still feel the stage origins of this material and the director, Gene Saks, leaves pauses for laughs that don't come. But at least it's livelier than Fonda's 1966 picture "Any Wednesday," and Mildred Natwick, as Fonda's mother, and Charles Boyer, as a Village neighbor, do their damnedest to make the lines seem witty. Also with Herbert Edelman, Mabel Albertson, Fritz Feld, and James Stone. Adapted by Simon; the play, directed by Mike Nichols, ran on Broadway from 1963 to 1967—Redford, Natwick, and Edelman were in the original cast. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Jan. 8.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in this witty, incredibly complicated thriller. You may not be able to figure out the plot, even after the dénouement (Chandler reported that while the film was in production, William Faulkner and the other screenwriters had to appeal to him for guidance, and apparently Chandler couldn't exactly figure it out either), but it's the dialogue and the entertaining qualities of the individual sequences that make this movie. It takes place in the big city of displaced persons—the night city, where sensation is all. The action is tense and fast, and the film catches the lurid Chandler atmosphere. The characters are a collection of sophisticated monsters—blackmailers, pornographers, apathetic society girls (Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb), drug addicts, nymphomaniacs (a brunette Dorothy Malone seduces the hero in what must surely be record time), murderers. All of them talk in innuendos, as if there were a new stylization of the American language. Howard Hawks directed—and so well that you may even enjoy the fact that, as he said, "Neither the author, the writer, nor myself knew who had killed whom." (The 1978 Michael Winner remake, starring Robert Mitchum, is easily forgotten.) (Regency; Jan. 9-11.)

THE COLOR PURPLE—The popular novel by Alice Walker is about the bonding of Southern black women in the first half of the century. The women are generous, hard-working, artistically gifted, and understanding; the men are lazy, lecherous oppressors. Probably the book gets by with its rampant female chauvinism because the story is put in the mouth of the battered fourteen-year-old heroine Celie; it's written in a raw, cadence dialect and it has a joyous emotional swing to it. Steven Spielberg, who directed the movie version, appears to have taken the novel seriously—inspirational tone, pop-folk religiosity, triumph of the human spirit, and all—and been intimidated by it. This family saga, spanning more than thirty years, is the clumsiest, least confident feature he has done. It's not just that he can't give the material the push of that earthy folk style of Walker's; it's that he filters everything through movies and sees rural Georgia in 1909 the way a European director might. The picture is muffled—it seems to be taking place in a made-up, faraway kingdom. Even the editing looks to be from desperation. With Desreta Jackson as the young Celie and Whoopi Goldberg taking over the role, Danny Glover as Celie's brute of a husband, Willard Pugh as her stepson, Margaret Avery as the woman she falls in love with, Oprah Winfrey as the powerhouse Sofia, whose mighty punch at a white man lands her in jail for twelve years, and Adolph Caesar, Rae Dawn Chong, Akosua Busia, and Dana Ivey. The gooey score is by Quincy Jones. (12/30/85) (Beekman, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Cinema 3, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Criterion Theatres.)

A DAY AT THE RACES (1937)—The Marx Brothers in a sort of morning after to "A Night at the Opera." It has something to do with a sanatorium, a group of bankers, a blond siren, and a steeplechase. Groucho is Hugo Z. Hackenbush, a horse doctor posing as a fashionable neurologist. ("Either this man is dead or my watch has stopped.") He shuffles off with the picture. The total effect is that of highly satisfying derangement; it's not up to "Opera" or "Duck Soup," but it's better than just about everything else they did. The Brothers are fortified by Margaret Dumont; the cast also includes Esther Muir, Maureen O'Sullivan, Allan Jones, Douglass Dumbrille, and Sig Rumann. Sam Wood directed. (Thalia; Jan. 10.)

DIABOLIQUE (1955)—The setting is a French provincial school for boys; the headmaster's wife (Vera Clouzot) and mistress (Simone Signoret) conspire to murder him. According to the director, Henri-Georges Clouzot, "I sought only to amuse myself and the little child who sleeps in all our hearts—the child who hides her head under the bedcovers and begs, 'Daddy, Daddy, frighten me.'" Clouzot does it, all right; his Grand Guignol techniques are so calculatedly grisly that they seem silly, yet they succeed in making one feel queasy and sordid and scared. (Some people may feel too queasy to find the film really pleasurable.) With Paul Meurisse as the malignant headmaster. In French. (Thalia; Jan. 6.)

FRANTIC (1957; also known as "Elevator to the Gallows")—Louis Malle's first film—a thriller about an attempt at a perfect crime, made in a tense yet velvety style. Jeanne Moreau, who was to become famous the next year in Malle's second film, "The Lovers," is less expansive here; her sullen, sensual mask is just right for this limited but absorbing *policier*, set to Miles Davis's music. The film has an unusual sense of control and style, considering that the plot itself is third-rate. With Maurice Ronet, Lino Ventura, and Georges Poujouly. In French. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 10-11.)

A GEISHA (1953)—By the great Kenji Mizoguchi. This shapely film ironically compared the geishas to national treasures—to the Noh theatre, the tea ceremony, Mt. Fuji. Mizoguchi's geishas have a hard time. One of them, only sixteen years old, bites a customer when she realizes what she is meant to do apart from flower-arranging and pouring *sake* and being eternally polite. Her flab-spirited father, who refused to pay for her training, turns up in a sad scene to beg money from her older female mentor. The film's understanding of the relationship between the two women is remarkable and tacit. So is the understanding of the men, who sometimes expect of women bent necks and giggles but who once or twice show feeling and love. A masterpiece of quiet attention. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7-8.)

THE GRAPES OF WRATH (1940)—In the years right after the worst of the Depression, the John Steinbeck book was compared with "Uncle Tom's Cabin" and "Les Misérables" and widely, if not very astutely, regarded as the greatest novel ever written by an American. It deals with the Joads, a family of sharecroppers who leave their eroded, dust-bowl farm in Oklahoma and head for the promised land of California, where they become the lowest of the low—migratory farm laborers. The movie version is full of the "they-can't-keep-us-down-we're-the-people" sort of thing, and a viewer's outrage at the terrible social injustices the film reveals is blurred by the film's gross sentimentality. This famous picture, high on most lists of the great ones of all time, seems all wrong—phony when it should ring true. Yet, because of the material, it is often moving in spite of the acting, the direction, and the pseudo-Biblical pore-people's talk. John Ford directed the production, which in some externals is as authentic as a documentary; the cast includes Henry Fonda as Tom, John Carradine as Casey, Charley Grapewin as Grampa, John Qualen as Muley, Eddie Quillan as Connie, Dorris Bowdon as Rosasharn, Russell Simpson as Pa, Zeffie Tilbury as Granma, Darryl Hickman as Winfield, and Ward Bond, Grant Mitchell, Joe Sawyer, Frank Faylen. Screenplay by Nunnally Johnson; cinematography by Gregg Toland. Academy Awards: Best Director, Best Supporting Actress—Jane Darwell as Ma Joad. She's impossibly fraudulent, though there's a memorable scene when Ma burns her old postcards. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 6.)

101 Dalmatians (1961)—Late Disney, but for once not vulgar. This is most delicately drawn, with beautiful graphics of Nash's London and an entrancing espionage chain of dogs barking at one another from signal points across the island, like the beacon flares before the Armada. (Eastside Cinema, 23rd St. West Triplex, Guild, Embassy 72nd St., Olympia Quad, and Embassy 1.)

Jagged Edge—This thriller doesn't offer the pleasures of style, but it does the job. Jeff Bridges plays the San Francisco newspaper publisher-editor who is tried for the murder of his rich wife, who owned the paper; Peter Coyote is the D.A. prosecuting him; and Glenn Close is the radiantly blond woman lawyer who defends him, and falls in love with him. Working from a script by Joe Eszterhas that's smart, pared down, and efficient, the director, Richard Marquand, sets up the situations and delivers the payoffs; he doesn't show much in the way of imagination or devotion to craft, but he gets distinctively pungent performances. With Robert Loggia, Leigh Taylor-Young, Marshall Colt, and Karen Austin. (11/4/85) (Quad Cinema, Festival, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad. . . . ¶ New Embassy 49th St. Evening performances only.)

Kiss Me Deadly (1955)—Robert Aldrich adapted this film from Mickey Spillane, with Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker in a cast that well illustrates Aldrich's lunging style of direction. The entertainment is crass and reeling, very indicative of the mid-fifties. Brutish stuff, sometimes funny if you are in a rough mood. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

Kiss of the Spider Woman—Set in a nameless South American country, Hector Babenco's film is about a homosexual window dresser, Molina (William Hurt), and a revolutionary, Valentín (Raul Julia), who share a prison cell. Molina tries to comfort Valentín and help him forget his pain and misery by telling him the stories of old movies. Hurt is just about the only thing to look at; he's very likable in the scenes where Molina reveals his tenderness and warmth and humor. But it's a slack piece of moviemaking, and as sentimental as the forties screen romances that Molina is infatuated with. This Brazilian production, made in English, from Manuel Puig's novel, was shot in São Paulo. (8/26/85) (D. W. Griffith, Quad Cinema, and Lincoln Plaza.)

The Long Goodbye (1973)—Robert Altman's heady, whirling sideshow of a movie, which takes off from Raymond Chandler's 1953 novel, is set in the early-seventies L.A. of the stoned sensibility. Philip Marlowe (Elliott Gould) is a wryly forlorn knight, just slogging along, trying to behave like Bogart. He's the gallant fool in a corrupt world—the innocent eye. Even the police know more about the case he's involved in than he does. Yet he's the only one who *cares.* Altman tells a detective story, all right, but he does it through a spree—a high-flying rap on Chandler and the movies and L.A. Gould gives a loose and woolly, strikingly original performance. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, Mark Rydell, Jim Bouton, Henry Gibson, Jack Riley, and Ken Sansom. (Thalia; Jan. 9.)

Monkey Business (1952)—Grating screwball farce. As a middle-aged professor who drinks a rejuvenating potion, Cary Grant is required to act frolicsomely juvenile; it's painful to see him playing cowboys and Indians with a bunch of kids. As his wife, who also swigs the potion, Ginger Rogers is reduced to thumb-sucking infantilism, and she gives a nightmarishly busy performance. This boisterous, labored whimsy, which also features Marilyn

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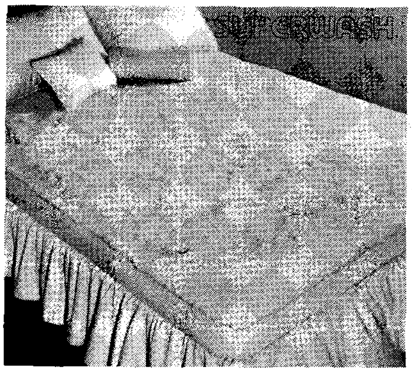

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Monroe and Charles Coburn, was scripted by Ben Hecht, I. A. L. Diamond, and Charles Lederer from a story by Harry Segall, and was directed by Howard Hawks. With Hugh Marlowe, Larry Keating, Esther Dale, and George Winslow, the little boy with the foghorn voice. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 8.)

NOSFERATU (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times, this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows and meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 5.)

NOSFERATU, THE VAMPYRE (1979)—A reprise of the 1922 F. W. Murnau film, by the gifted and prolific Werner Herzog. Klaus Kinski exerts his fierce magnetism as Boss Vampire, and Isabelle Adjani is present as Throat-of-the-Month. There are some fine images, but the film doesn't really add very much to a great tradition. In German. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 5.)

OUT OF AFRICA—Adult, cryptic, self-conscious, and unsatisfying, it attempts to romanticize the lives of the high-strung Danish woman (played by Meryl Streep), who ran a coffee plantation in Kenya, saw herself as a patrician, and wrote under the name Isak Dinesen, and the handsome English big-game hunter Denys Finch Hatton (Robert Redford). Directed by Sydney Pollack, from a script by Kurt Luedtke, the picture squirms around trying to make these people morally acceptable to a modern audience. (An example: When they're on safari together, they don't shoot the two lions they see until the beasts spring at them.) Streep is animated in the early scenes, but Redford doesn't give out with anything for her to play against, and the energy goes out of her performance. These two are meant to be lovers, but when they address each other they talk into a void, as if the other weren't there. This is "classical" big-star narrative moviemaking, but without the logic, the easy-to-read surface, and the sureness that contribute to the pleasure of that kind of picture. It seems to be about something nebulous. The film hums a little when Klaus Maria Brandauer (as Baron Blixen-Finecke) or Michael Kitchen (as Berkeley Cole), or Suzanna Hamilton (as Felicity) is on the screen; they're recognizably human. And several of the black performers are great subjects for David Watkin's camera—Malick Bowens (as the majordomo Farah), in particular. (12/30/85) (Loews Tower East, R.K.O. Art Greenwich Twin, Loews 84th Street Sixplex, and Loews State.)

PLENTY—David Hare's sick-soul-of-England play, which he adapted for the screen and Fred Schepisi directed, turns his own preachiness into the intellectual clarity of an abrasive woman. After serving courageously as a British courier for the French Resistance, Susan Traherne (Meryl Streep) has her youthful idealism destroyed by the hypocrisy and materialism of postwar life. Her outspokenness turns her into a scourge, and eventually into a basket case. Hare's means in this movie are every bit as constricted as what he's attacking. And as Streep plays Susan there's no imploded energy in her rudeness and no force in the film. She just isn't there. With John Gielgud, Tracey Ullman, Charles Dance, Ian McKellen, Sam Neill, and Sting. (10/7/85) (Manhattan; starting Jan. 3.)

PRIZZI'S HONOR—This John Huston picture has a ripe and daring comic tone. It revels voluptuously in the murderous finagling of the members of a Brooklyn Mafia family, and rejoices in their scams. Jack Nicholson's average-guyness as Charley, the clan's enforcer, is the film's touchstone: this a baroque comedy about people who behave in ordinary ways in grotesque circumstances. Everything in this picture works with everything else—which is to say that John Huston has it all in the palm of his big, bony hand. With William Hickey, Anjelica Huston, Kathleen Turner, and John Randolph. (7/1/85) (Film Forum; through Jan. 2.)

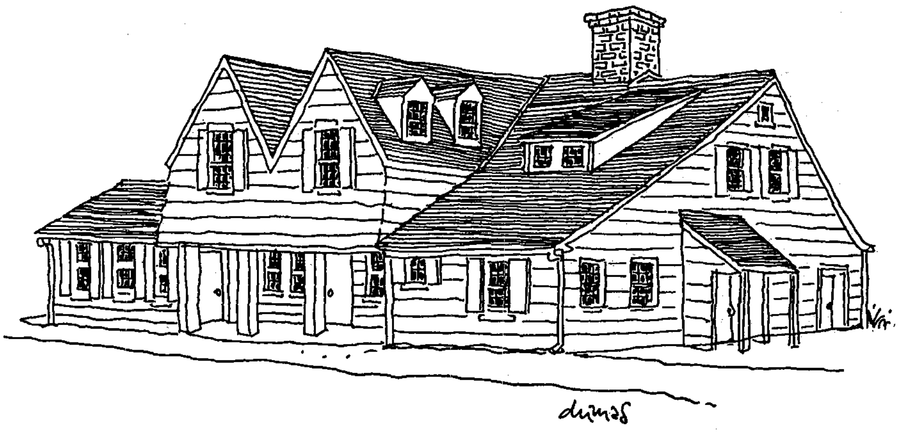
RED BEARD (1965)—Kurosawa's film, close to two and a half hours long, is set in the slums of Japan in the nineteenth century. Mifune is Red Beard—a grunting, unscrupulous hero-doctor who keeps an essential clinic open by one-man Mafia means. Kurosawa is very interested in such resolute and uncommendable saints. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 9.)

SANSHO THE BAILIFF (1954)—Mizoguchi's astonishing epic of the generations of a family that rises from slaves to masters and is then shattered. The work of an undeniable film artist. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 7-8.)

SHADOW OF A DOUBT (1942)—The setting is quiet, clean, sleepy Santa Rosa, California; it is invaded by a psychopathic killer (Joseph Cotten), who comes to visit his unsuspecting and adoring relatives. Alfred Hitchcock considered this fine thriller (from a script principally by Thornton Wilder) to be his best American film. With Patricia Collinge, Teresa Wright, Hume Cronyn, Henry Travers. (Regency; Jan. 7-8.)

SHOAH—Claude Lanzmann's nine-hour-and-twenty-three-minute documentary epic "Shoah" is made up of interviews with people who have knowledge of the Nazi extermination centers—whether as slave laborers, railroad workers, technicians, bureaucrats, or just onlookers. The film has fine, painful moments, and it's widely regarded as a masterpiece. But some may feel that it lacks the moral complexity of a great work, and may also find it logy and diffuse, and exhausting right from the start. Divided into Part I (four hours and thirty-three minutes) and Part II (four hours and fifty minutes). In Polish, French, German, English, Hebrew, and Yiddish, with English subtitles where necessary. (12/30/85) (Cinema Studio.)

STRANGERS ON A TRAIN (1951)—Hitchcock's



bizarre, malicious comedy, in which Robert Walker brought sportive originality to the role of the chilling wit, dear degenerate Bruno; it's intensely enjoyable—in some ways the best of Hitchcock's American films. Bruno perceives that though he cannot murder his father with impunity, someone else could; when he meets the unhappily married tennis player Guy (Farley Granger), he murders Guy's wife for him and expects Guy to return the favor. It isn't often that people think about a performance in a Hitchcock movie; usually what we recall are bits of "business." But Robert Walker's performance is what gives this movie much of its character and its peculiar charm. With Marion Lorne, Leo G. Carroll, and Ruth Roman. (Regency; Jan. 9-11.)

Teenage Caveman (1958)—The title is not a joke; this really is about a teenage caveman (played by Robert Vaughn), who defies the elders of the tribe and explores forbidden territory. (It turns out to be a post-atomic-age fable.) Roger Corman directed. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 9.)

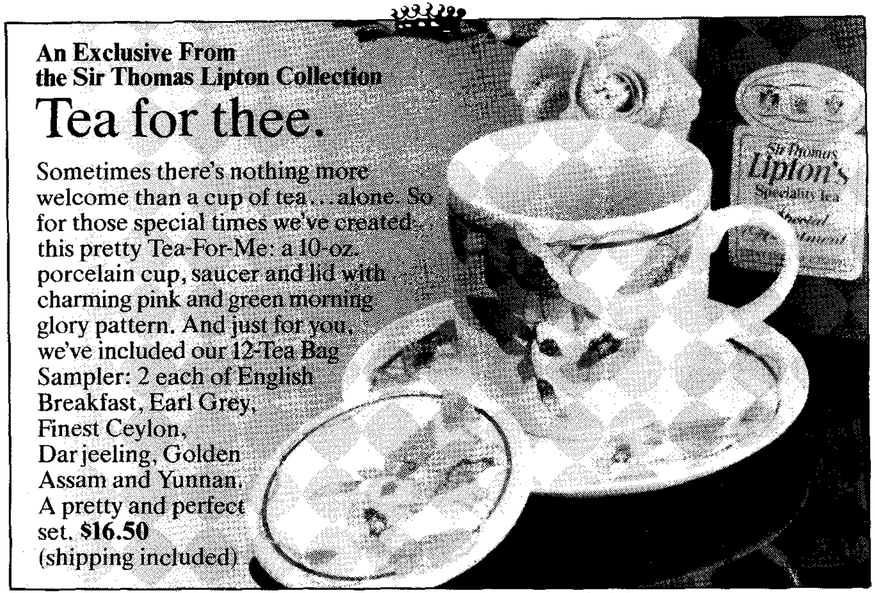
Tobacco Road (1941)—Erskine Caldwell's novel turned into a folksy comic strip. The director, John Ford, and the scenarist, Nunnally Johnson, were up against censorship problems; still, that doesn't account for the broad pointlessness of the rustic humor or the glossy studio lighting of the poor whites cavorting in front of their Georgia shacks. The whole thing seems deranged. Charley Grapewin plays Jeeter Lester as a familiar corn-liquored old scamp, Gene Tierney is a glamorized Ellie May, Marjorie Rambeau is Sister Bessie, and Elizabeth Patterson is Ada. With William Tracy, Dana Andrews, Ward Bond, Zeffie Tilbury, Russell Simpson, Grant Mitchell, and Slim Summerville. Based on Jack Kirkland's theatre version of the novel; the play—considered hot and sensational—was a huge success. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 6.)

Twice in a Lifetime—This miracle of psychobanality presents the basic story of a long-married middle-aged man (Gene Hackman, as a Seattle steelworker) who experiences a renewal of vitality when he has an affair with a younger woman (Ann-Margret), but the story is now so dressed up in the language of self-help books that the man is a life-affirming force—and not only for himself but also for his wife of thirty years (Ellen Burstyn), whom he leaves. The movie could be every errant husband's self-justifying fantasy. Directed by Bud Yorkin, from a script by Colin Welland. With Amy Madigan, Brian Dennehy, and Ally Sheedy. (12/2/85) (Gemini, and Lincoln Plaza.)

A Voyage to Italy (1953)—Roberto Rossellini made this study of a marriage in trouble, starring Ingrid Bergman and George Sanders; in the film's finest scene, the couple visit Pompeii and see two petrified embracing bodies that have just been uncovered. An influential film (there are echoes of it in both Godard's "Contempt" and Bergman's "The Touch"), which is marred by banality and clumsiness. Screenplay by Rossellini and Vitaliano Brancati; cinematography by Enzo Serafin. In Italian. (Thalia SoHo; Jan. 7.)

White Nights—The magnificent Mikhail Baryshnikov plays a Russian ballet star who defected from the Soviet Union to the U.S. and is on his way to dance in Tokyo when his plane crash-lands in Siberia. The movie's central gimmick is that the ballet dancer is put in the care of a black American tap dancer (Gregory Hines, acting morose and embittered) who defected from the U.S. Army during the Vietnam War. The tap dancer is miserable, and now a K.G.B. colonel tells him that if he can't convince the ballet star to renounce the U.S. and perform in just a few days at a Kirov gala, he'll be sent to work in the mines. This cheap melodramatic plot is like a straitjacket that the director, Taylor Hackford, got into voluntarily and can't wriggle out of. It's often ludicrously bad, but there's enough footage of Baryshnikov to carry you past the embarrassments of the tacky script. With Isabella Rossellini, Jerzy Skolimowski, Geraldine Page, Helen Mirren, and John Glover. The script is credited to James Goldman and Eric Hughes. (11/18/85) (Baronet, and Ziegfeld.)

Woman in the Dunes (1964)—An excellent Japanese film by Hiroshi Teshigahara, if one can assume that one's sympathies will not be shaken by a taxing concentration on sand and sand-covered bodies, and by an alien cast of mind about erotic parables. In Japanese. (Metro Cinema; Jan. 5-6.)



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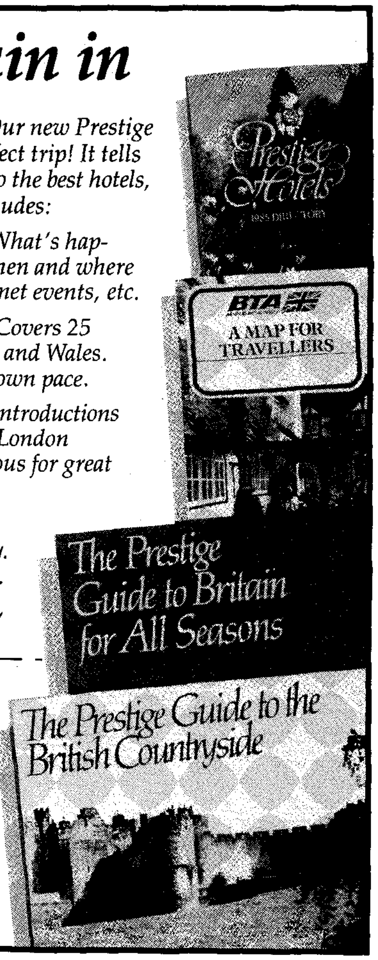
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Live From The Met
Rossini's
"L'Italiana in Algeri"
Saturday, January 11th
8 P.M. (EST) on PBS

With Marilyn Horne, Gail Robinson,
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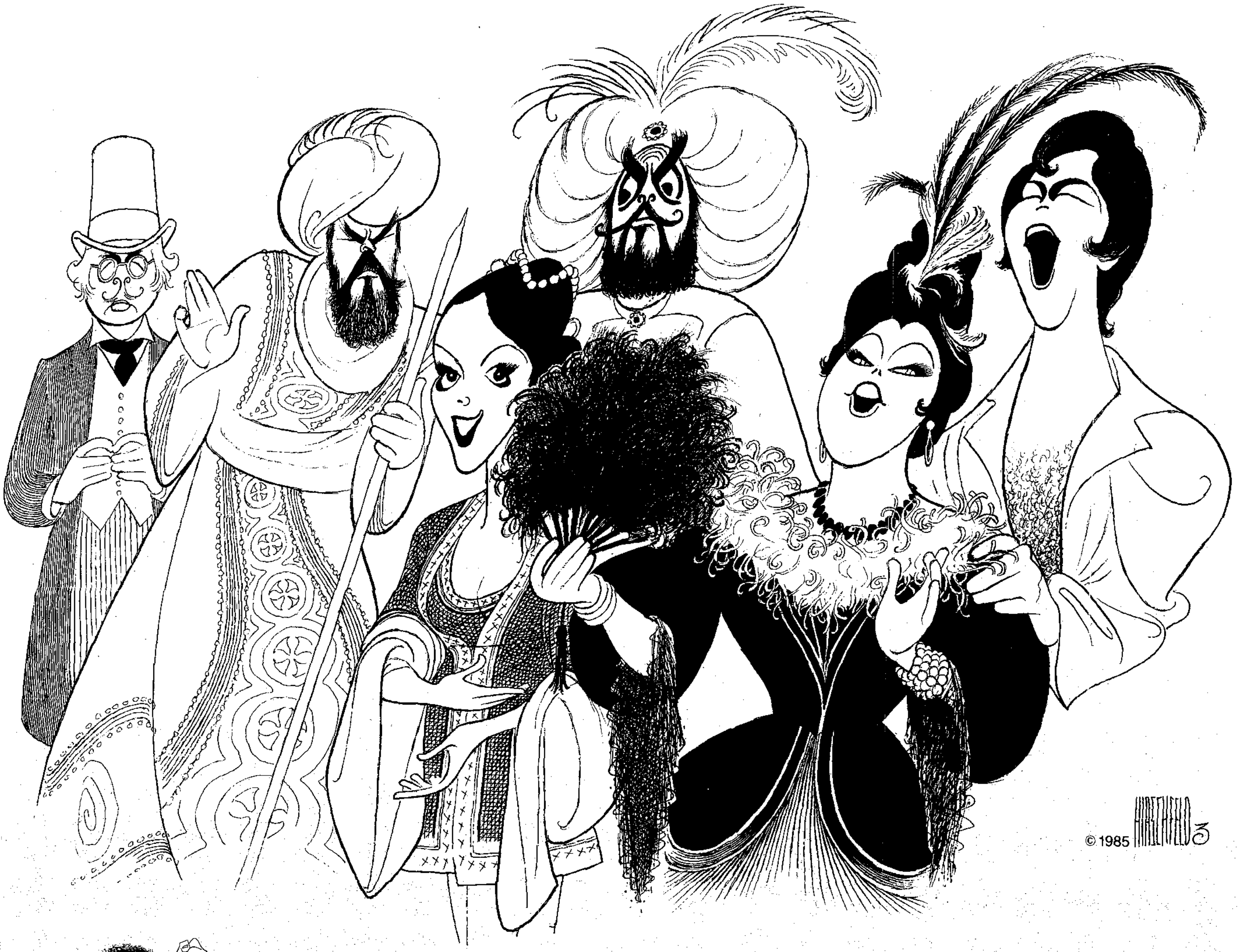

Written long before women's liberation, Rossini's "L'Italiana in Algeri" is the hilarious story of how a spunky woman captive outwits her captors—"After all, they are only men..."—convincing the lecherous Bey of Algiers he's better off with his wife, rescuing her lover from slavery, and even persuading her captors to bid her and her lover a fond bon voyage as they happily set off to freedom.

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WHAT is it to be badly sick? How can a healthy person know the chilly dreads and the many courages? The closest approach, perhaps, is through months of sitting in a chair in a hospital room and listening and watching—and loving so intently that some small portion of the sick person's reality envelops you. Even then, though, one's experience has mostly to do with a healthy person's watching a sick one; one's health is a wall to understanding. And sickness is by no means the hardest experience to understand—it is all but certain each of us will be sick someday, so our imagination need not be entirely displaced onto someone else. How much more difficult to understand, say, the sort of poverty that is the daily experience of huge numbers of the world's people. What could it be like to be the child of people who made a dollar a day, to make a dollar a day yourself, to have many children who will, with some luck, make a dollar a day as well? How could we possibly know? We invent phrases such as "without hope for the future" in our attempts to describe a life like that. But even if that description is true (and, for all we *actually* know, miserably poor people may be full of the gaudiest hopes) it has no meaning for us. It—and there are many like it—is a kite of a phrase, riding gracefully on the invisible wind, and all but unconnected to us and the solid ground of our lives.

We took the train out to Ossining one recent night, and then a cab from the station to the massive Maryknoll fortress, which was built high on a hill in the early part of the century, when the order was beginning its drive to convert China to Christianity. These days, the compound's two hundred and fifty rooms house visiting priests and nuns from around the world who come for study and reflection. Right now that shifting group includes Father Niall O'Brien, a Columban priest, who still speaks in the South Dublin accent of his youth despite a just concluded twenty-year stint in the Philippines. Father O'Brien finally left his parish on the sugar island of Negros something over a year ago, after spending eighteen months in and out of jail on the false accusation that he had murdered a local mayor; eventually, in response to protests from Ireland and elsewhere, the charges that had been lodged against Father O'Brien and against an Australian priest, a Filipino priest, and six Filipino lay leaders were dismissed, on the condition that the foreigners leave the Philippines. Though Father O'Brien is small and wiry, when he grins his mouth opens enormously wide, as if he were some sort of benign Irish hippo. He has spent most of his adult life with desperately poor people, and he may understand some things.

"I arrived in the Philippines in 1964, at the age of twenty-four, straight from Ireland and absolutely filled with the whole idea of the Second Vatican Council," he told us. "Up until Vatican II, my order had concentrated on education, on basketball leagues—all that sort of carry-on, which was well and good for that era. But in 1966 we founded two retreat houses on Negros. I was put in charge of them—a post I held till 1975. We had retreats—weekend gatherings that brought, over time, thousands and thousands of people in to learn about the Church. The retreats worked great changes, but they were inclined to be personal changes—the reconciliation of parents with their children, for instance. In the middle of all this, in 1970, I went to live on a hacienda, a sugar plantation. The planter there—he was typical of the good planter, the man who gives to the Church, very pleasant, very humble—had donated a building on his plantation to the retreat house. Living there, on a hacienda that was comparatively good, I at last witnessed everyday life, which means, in the Philippines, things you could hardly believe. I had known that the poverty existed, and even how it worked. But there is a difference between being called in to minister to someone on a deathbed and witnessing a person gradually sicken and die. I remember once I was driving the parish jeep down the road, and the local herb doctor stopped me and asked me to take a boy and a girl home. They were carrying with them the body of their baby sister, who had died. They hadn't been able to afford the hospital for her. I drove them home, to a house near the sea, and on the way we never said a word. I followed them on tiptoe into their home, and watched as the old grandmother held the child's body—a white bundle—and said to it, 'We gave you everything we had to make you well; we went deeply into debt.' To see the total desolation they felt—their love for the child, and their utter loss! Normally, a priest arrives later, to bless the coffin once the family has recovered a little. I saw so many things like that. Not a week went by without a wake. I attended the wake of two little babies, and all that the family had to wrap them up in was some paper. And about the same time I saw the account books of the hacienda. The owner was making six hundred thousand pesos a year, and his total payroll was about sixty-nine thousand pesos. What we have in Negros is not simply poverty but unnecessary poverty, caused by the greed of others. And at last, after all those years of living there, I was beginning to see it."

Having been left some money in the will of an American friend, Father O'Brien bought a farm in the mountains and set up a kibbutz, owned and run by the families who worked it. "It is still going, and that is something—and for the people who work there it has meant a different life," he told us. "But I can see now that for me it was a slight escape. I was wanting to do something about the social sin around me, but I wasn't wanting to confront the system. I figured we would step aside and do our own thing." He showed us a videotape made on the kibbutz, and several times grabbed our arm and said, "See that boy? The military shot him," and "See that man? He has been abducted."

Father O'Brien went on to say, "The kibbutz was a first step in a new direction. It was the next year, 1976, that marked the big change for me. I asked Filipino priests to come on a retreat for the purpose of teaching me. And it turned out they had their own conception of the Second Vatican Council. Their whole conception was basic Christian communities, small Christian communities. And communities of a certain type. I'd written a booklet for Sunday worship without a priest—worship that was allowing five hundred, maybe seven hundred, villages to have Mass each week instead of once a year. That was nice, the Filipino priests told me, but it wasn't enough. Christianity was a five-pointed star: sharing, group decision-making, striving to eliminate injustice, reconciliation—that is, justice with warmth and without ruthlessness—and, finally, prayer. If I introduced prayer without introducing the other ideas, they said, the people would never get to them. And so we set to work building Christian communities. I can remember people coming to me and saying, 'Father, we want to have a basic Christian community.' And I would say to them, 'Do you know what a Christian community is? When you lie down at night—not on the bed, of course, but on the floor—you must ask yourself, "Is anybody hungry, is anyone lonely and without visitors, is anyone oppressed that I haven't tried to help?" And when you can say no, then you have the beginnings of a Christian community.' And from that sort of position the sacraments fell into place. In the traditional baptism, the sponsors are asked, 'Do you renounce Satan and all his works and pomps?' We had changed that to 'Do you renounce militarization? Do you renounce land-grabbing?' One day, we were having a baptism and I looked up suddenly and saw that the clearing around the church was ringed by soldiers with machine guns who were listening to all that we said. Quickly deciding that discretion was the better part of valor, I changed the formula back to 'Satan and all his works.' And it was at that moment that I realized what had happened: baptism had become a subversive act. And that is as it should be in a place where people can't be brothers and sisters."

The basic Christian communities inevitably infuriated the authorities, and as a result Father O'Brien and the other defendants making up the group called the Negros Nine were accused of the murder of the local mayor and four companions—a killing that was in fact the work of the rebel New People's Army, acting to avenge the death of seven peasants that soldiers had hog-tied and buried alive in the mayor's field as he watched. The case against the priests was cooked up, but it dragged on for months, until intervention by Irish, Australian, and American officials forced the dropping of the charges. But Father O'Brien had to leave. "All my friends are there, and—oh, I want to go back!" he said.

At the moment, Father O'Brien is studying nonviolence. "Nonviolence can be a very dirty word in some settings," he said. "It is used very, very often by the right, by people who don't realize the violence of everyday life for the poor. I think it can work, but not everyone agrees. One boy, NeNe, who had worked on our kibbutz, said one day that he was going to join the New People's Army. A certain sergeant had been killing many people in our district, and NeNe thought he should kill him. It was very sad, for we had known NeNe so many years and we were afraid for him. We all went up to my room, and while I told him that violence was not my solution I also had to tell him that it was justified in the eyes of the Church—I showed him Paragraph 31 of 'Populorum Progressio,' which I had translated into Ilongo, the local language and which says that revolution is justified 'where there is manifest long-standing tyranny.' He went up to the hills, but the N.P.A. wouldn't accep him—they thought he was too gun-happy. So he came down to the lowlands, began to sell fish, and joined in the nonviolent work of one of our Christian communities. He did it so well that the local barrio-militia colonel had him killed. He was stabbed eleven times."

Father O'Brien showed us a letter he had received just that day from a member of the N.P.A. whose husband also a member, had recently been killed. "May the eyes of the Lord Jesus Christ behold us, may his grea love be on you while reading this," the letter began. It continued in an odd mixture of Christian blessing and textbook Maoism: "As the struggle fo liberty and democracy has almos reached the late sub-stage of strategic stalemate, the number of martyrs ha increased, among them my late husband. But God did not forsake me.” When the husband died, the woman had been two months pregnant with her sixth child. Father O'Brien sent a small amount of money to the woman telling her that he wished to be a godfather to the child.

It is tempting to treat such stories a if we knew what they meant—as i they added up to politics, understood in our way, or faith, or pain. Thes things are enormously difficult for u to understand, and yet all of them are real.

• •

Poets' Corner

A WORLD away, an English friend in London writes abou Westminster Abbey:

Three English poets died in a twelve-day period not long before Christmas, and it was with thoughts in mind of Geoffrey Grigson, Philip Larkin, and Robert Graves—three writers of abundant idiosyncrasy courage, and independence—that I took myself one morning to Westminster Abbey, the great church close to the Houses of Parliament, which wa

SODA
HOT DOGS
CLOSED FOR THE SEASON

irst opened for religious services in 1269 and was five centuries more being finished. In the south transept, to the right of the sanctuary, a part of the Abbey has been gradually appropriated for poets: statues, busts, monuments, and memorials to them crowd the space between St. Faith's Chapel and a stall selling guidebooks and postcards. The first poet thought to have been so honored is Geoffrey Chaucer, buried here in 1400, close to where he had lived and worked in his civil-service job as Clerk of the King's Works. In the time since, many others have either been buried here or had their deaths commemorated in stone, including some whose reputations have not stayed the course. Joseph Addison wrote in *The Spectator* after visiting the Abbey, "In the poetical quarter I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets." (Addison was buried in the north aisle of the Abbey in 1719; a century passed before a monument to him was erected in the south transept.) The monument to Shakespeare, who is buried in Stratford, was set up by public subscription in 1740. It shows the Bard, looking dapper in breeches and hose, leaning negligently on one arm while holding a scroll inscribed with lines from "The Tempest." Horace Walpole rightly called it preposterous. Spenser, Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Dr. Johnson, Thomas Gray, Sheridan, Goldsmith, Blake, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Jane Austen, the three Brontë sisters, Walter Scott, Macaulay, Thackeray, Dickens, Longfellow, Ruskin, and Kipling are among the still celebrated names to be found here. Some inscriptions are long and tedious, flattering the authors of the inscriptions and those who paid for the monuments as much as the deceased poets. John Gay has a tribute from Pope—"In wit a man, simplicity a child"—and his own couplet "Life is a jest and all things show it, I thought so once and now I know it." Not all in the south transept are writers: there are churchmen, teachers, politicians, military men, scholars, inventors, and interlopers from other arts, such as the composer George Frideric Handel, the actor David Garrick, and the singer Jenny Lind. On the floor of the transept, in front of Chaucer's tomb and adjacent to the gravestones of Tennyson and Browning, who lie buried here side by side, several ranks of paving stones are fairly new: some for writers of recent years, some for those who have had to wait for recent commemoration—Byron, Dylan Thomas, George Eliot, W. H. Auden, D. H. Lawrence, Lewis Carroll, Henry James, Gerard Manley Hopkins, John Masefield, T. S. Eliot. One of the newest stones is of a dark lovat green and is inscribed with white letters: a memorial to the poets of the First World War, sixteen of whom are listed alphabetically—Richard Aldington, Laurence Binyon, Edmund Blunden, Rupert Brooke, Wilfrid Gibson, Robert Graves, Julian Grenfell, Ivor Gurney, David Jones, Robert Nichols, Wilfred Owen, Herbert Read, Isaac Rosenberg, Siegfried Sassoon, Charles Sorley, and Edward Thomas. Circling this tall list is the incised statement of Owen's "My subject is War, and the pity of war. The poetry is in the pity." Beneath are the dates "1914-1918." This stone was unveiled last Armistice Day—November 11, 1985. Thus Robert Graves was honored in Westminster Abbey a month before his death.

I stood there for a while, recollecting lines by some of the poets, and remembering, too, an occasion in 1973 when I visited David Jones shortly before he died. A marvellous watercolorist as well as the author of "In Parenthesis" and "The Anathemata," Jones was living in a single room in a convent nursing home on the outskirts of London; just getting over a stroke, he spoke slowly, gently. I had interrupted him as he was replying, in his careful, elegant calligraphy, to a letter about his work from a fourteen-year-old boy. In the years since his service during the First World War as a soldier in the trenches, he had had several nervous breakdowns, but he didn't mind talking to me about the war. Like many of my generation, I have always felt fortunate in having been born well after that conflict, and yet have also felt shame and sometimes fury that that earlier generation of Englishmen went through that ordeal for me, instead of my going through it for myself. Visiting David Jones was a way of releasing some of those feelings in the form of respect and gratitude.

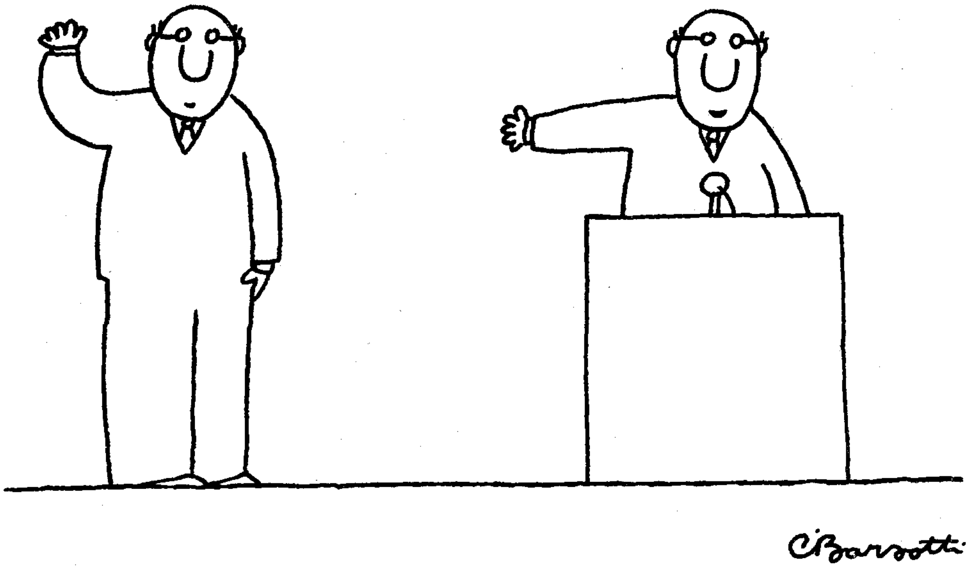
The person primarily responsible for the First World War poets' memorial stone is the Reverend Dr. Edward Carpenter, who has just retired from being Dean of Westminster Abbey. Although he and his wife were in the process of moving, he was still, when I called on him, in residence in the Deanery—an ancient house, set against the south side of the Abbey (to which it has a private entrance, into the south aisle), that had been the Carpenters' home for the last eleven years. A rosy-cheeked, gray-haired, bespectacled man of seventy-five, wearing a claret-colored corduroy jacket, a blue shirt, and fawn corduroy trousers, Dr. Carpenter led me past tea chests and packing boxes to his study, a large, uncluttered room, where a gas fire was turned up high. He is the author of many books on church history, theology, and philosophy, a supporter of various campaigns for peace and animal rights, and a fan of the Chelsea football club. He said, "As you have no doubt gathered, nobody sat down one day and said, 'Let's have a poets' corner.' Chaucer died in the precincts of the Abbey, was buried here, but didn't get his splendid tomb until there was a movement for it in Elizabethan times. Other poets followed. I've been involved in two ways. First, as Dean, I was also what is called the Ordinary of the Abbey, and responsible for worship and memorialization. If someone wrote in proposing a person for commemoration, it was my job to look into it. I'd make contact with perhaps a dozen people knowledgeable in the field. I'd consult my clerical colleagues. Then—this is the second sort of involvement—I'd consider my own feelings. I'm very keen on poetry. I went to a small school in Surrey where a particular teacher infected me with his enthusiasm for poetry. I've spent a lot of time reading poetry and going round Europe in the footsteps of Shelley and Keats. I take Shelley's early death to be an absolute tragedy, as Keats' wasn't—Keats had fulfilled himself, in a way."

I asked how easy it had been to say yes or no to suggestions.

"Well, it isn't the function of Poets' Corner to boost a writer's reputation," Dr. Carpenter said. "It is there simply to recognize great merit. Of course, making a choice is like backing a horse—in a hundred years, they may decide you picked wrongly. But then, no one is turned down once and for all. It is also sometimes an embarrassing job to discharge, for there are many frivolous suggestions; there are lobbies and fan clubs. There used to be a society devoted just to getting Byron in. As it happened, I agreed with them—I think he was, among other things, the best letter writer in the language—and when he was finally commemorated, while I was Canon here, I chose the inscription for his stone: 'But there is that within me which shall tire Torture and time, and breathe when I expire.' In my period as Dean, we have created memorials to Henry James, George Eliot, Gerard Manley Hopkins, Lewis Carroll, and D. H. Lawrence. I've just received an angry letter about the Lawrence stone, telling me to remove it in a fortnight or else. Some people have difficulty relating their own moral views to literary judgment about writers who had something important to say about the human predicament. I suppose part of the trouble arises because they are being honored in a church. What would be truly terrible would be if someone got in whose work trivialized our lives."

And the war poets?

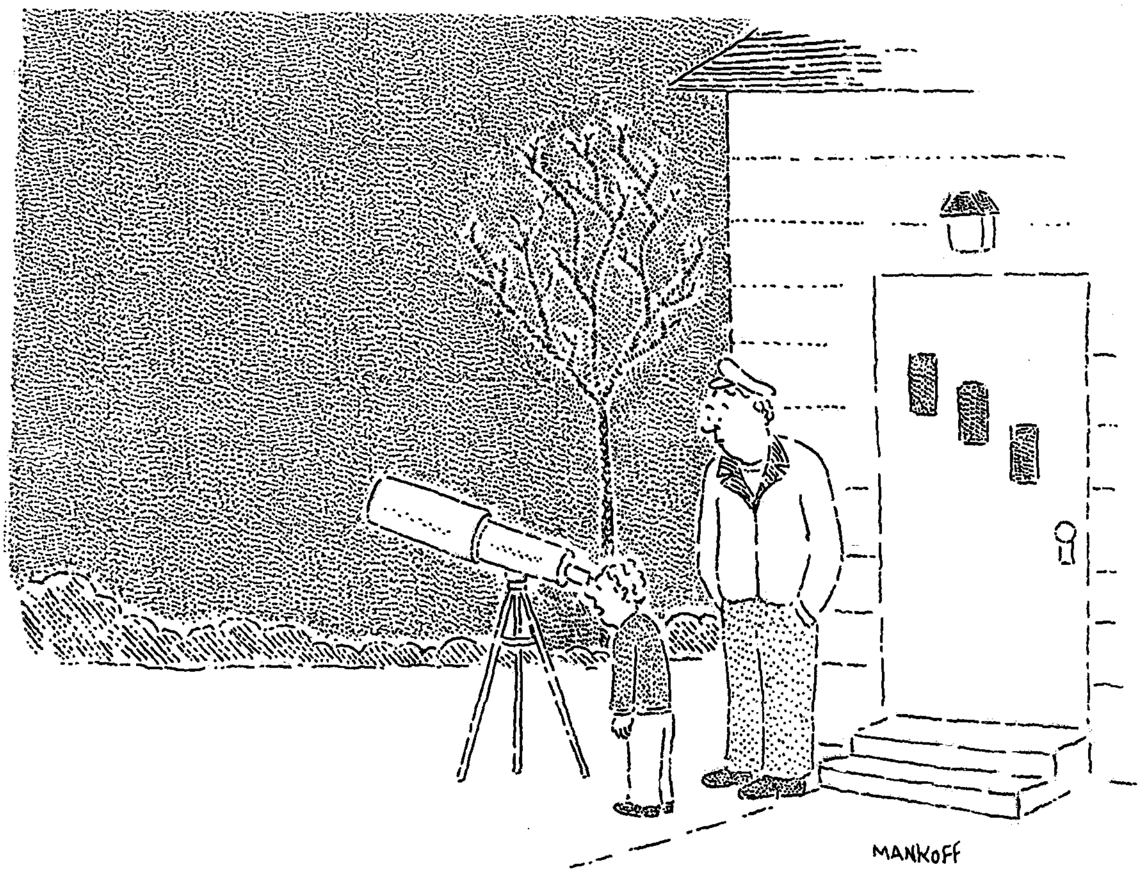
"It was my idea," Dr. Carpenter said. "It probably goes back to that same English master—he had been a promising poet, had fought in the First World War, and had never written poetry again. My own memory of that time was that of a small child—I remember going to get milk from a farm near our Surrey village and that German prisoners of war who worked there picked me up and put me on their shoulders. In any event, once I got the idea I became a terrible pest on the subject. At dinners I'd ask people sitting beside me whom they would choose. I'd buttonhole fellow-spectators on sporting occasions and ask their opinions. In the end, the list crystallized around sixteen poets. John Rae, the headmaster of Westminster School, next door, and Jane Adam Smith, the editor and critic, helped me a great deal. It may be that one or two have got in with the group who wouldn't have got in on their own, but there was no real dissension about the sixteen names. It's a fine stone, don't you think? About five hundred people came to the unveiling service on the evening of November 11th. We sang Isaac Watts' hymn 'O God, Our Help in Ages Past.' There was a magnificent address by Michael Howard, Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford, in which he charted the change in attitude toward the war: how the participants first welcomed it as a great, if dreadful, adventure, a cleansing wind, and then, as the grinding attrition continued, as something more terrible—and how these poets revealed to people back in England, so remote from the trenches, what it was really like, and that 'making the supreme sacrifice' was a prolonged nightmare in which you ended by being blown to bits. Ted Hughes, the Poet Laureate, unveiled the memorial stone. A wreath was laid by a pensioner from the Royal Hospital in Chelsea, one of the diminishing band of veterans of the war. There were readings from some of the poets, and two Elgar pieces were played on the organ. I gave the blessing. In the order paper for the service I quoted Shelley—'Poets are the trumpets that sing to battle'—but I think, too, that these poets left us works that continue to combat complacency and quicken the conscience. Quite a number of people have written to me about the service—people who were there, and people who have come to the Abbey since to see the stone. They are all greatly moved."



"He's one of our own, so let's give him a big welcome."

Prominent

LULU—*Lulu.* Down, Lulu. *Sit!* We used to imagine ourself on the cover of *People* (and not because



"I'm going to tell my grandchildren about that?"

our marriage had gone on the blink but just because we were fun, hip, zany, today, tomorrow, the next day). This will not happen—we know that now. Tess, come 'ere, girl. How are ya, Tess, how are ya? You're a *good girl*, aren't ya? It will always be Sly Stallone on the cover. It won't ever be us. Sly—Sly is a dynamo. We didn't want to displace Sly. We just wanted to be up there near him, so that if he saw us in a restaurant he'd flex in our direction. Martini, shake hands. Shake. Don't you wanna shake hands, Martini? Sure ya do. We know we're not as important—as good—as Lee Majors or Telly Savalas. We would abase ourself before them, and if we had any food with us we would press it on them, ignoring their demurrals. Of *course* they would demur—that's the measure of their greatness. But we will be hanged if we're going to heel for their pets. We are every bit as worthwhile as Lulu Boggs, dog of TV Personality Bill Boggs. Tess Tomlin, Norwich terrier of Lily Tomlin, is no better than we are. Do we cringe before Martini Tiegs, wire-haired fox terrier of Cheryl Tiegs and Tony Peck (the son of Gregory Peck)? Not much we don't.

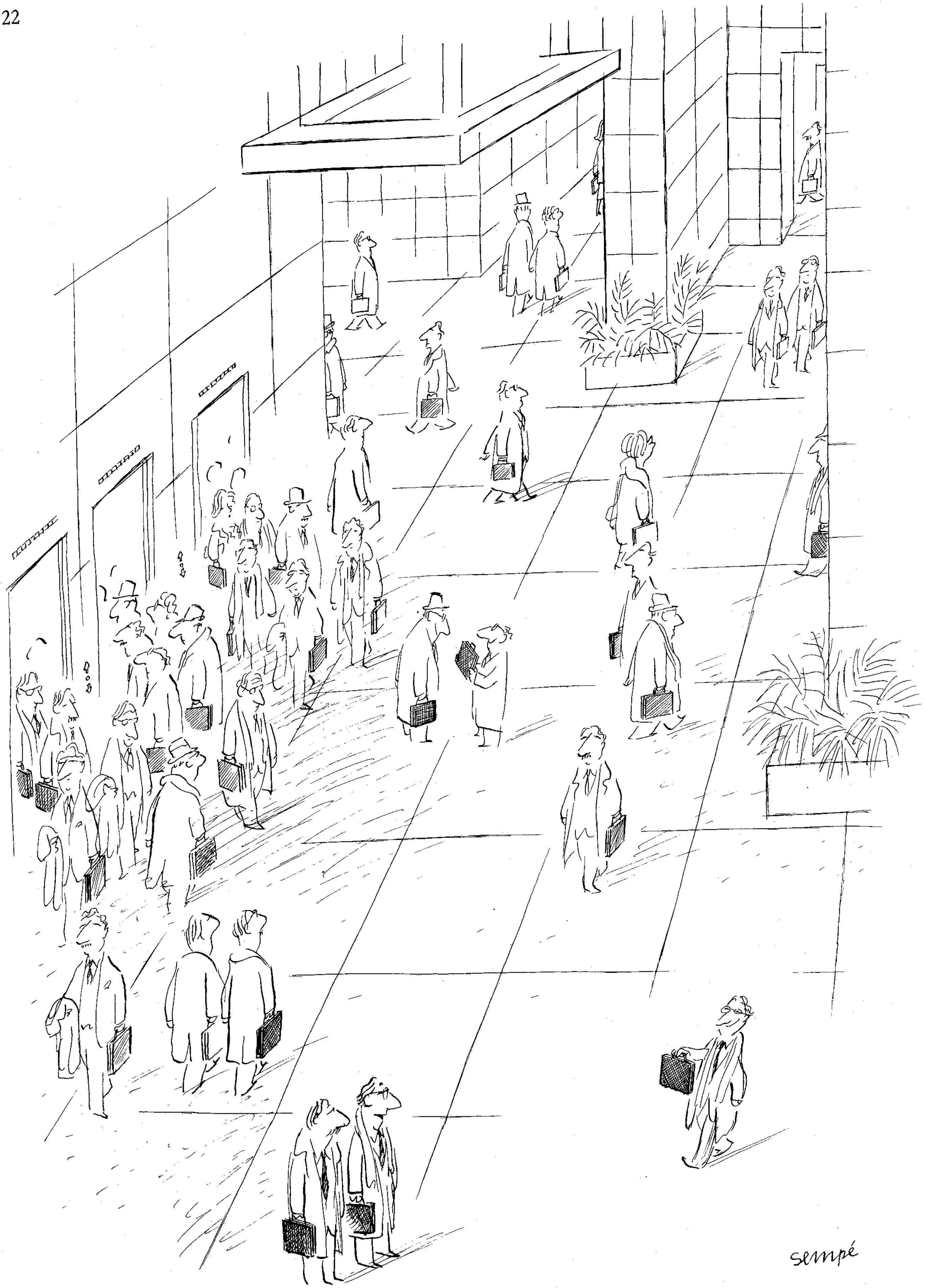
We met all these animals, and more besides, the week before Christmas at an East Side night club, where they were attending a party in honor of a new line of pet-care products bearing the name of Warren Eckstein, pet adviser to the stars. "Time and time again, the same four basic questions came up," Fay Eckstein, Warren's wife, told us. "How do I housebreak my dog? My cat? How do I keep my dog from chewing the furniture? And is there any way to keep the cat from swinging on the drapes? We have a separate kit for each of these problems." And when the kits are empty the containers, which resemble tennis-ball cans, can be filled with pennies and rattled to scare misbehaving pets. "If you go out of the house—and, let's face it, with today's two-career households, people do leave the house—you put the can on the counter. If the dog jumps on the counter—which dogs *should not do*—he will knock the can off and it will rattle. This will correct his behavior even while you're in a heavy business lunch with a client."

Fay introduced us to her husband, *who was once flown to Houston to encourage a droopy boa constrictor.* "He needed new snake toys," Mr. Eckstein said, and he continued, "You probably read in the paper about the President's dog Lucky, and how they had to send him out to the California ranch because he misbehaved. The problem, in my opinion, is that everyone around him was heavily involved in the 'No' Syndrome. 'No, Lucky! No!' they kept saying. They should have been a lot more involved in the positives. It does make me feel good about our country, though, to realize that ninety per cent of our Presidents have had pets in the White House. George Washington writes in his diary about staying up all night with his dogs when they had the mange. But did you know that the Father of Our Country had trouble getting his dogs to breed? Ironic, isn't it?"

A man named Morton Levitan was standing by the little sandwiches. His company, Redi Industries, manufactures freeze-dried liver and other dog treats. He tried to fool us into eating some dog snacks that looked like cookies and were arranged on a silver platter, but we didn't fall for it. "The pet business *is excellent,*" *he said.* "Say the whole economy is off twenty per cent. Your pet sector is off maybe four or five."

A woman walked by with a black rabbit—Richard—on a leash. "Richard was on 'Saturday Morning Live' twice and in *New York* once," she said.

Over in a corner, a St. Bernard named Song napped, ignoring all the fuss. "She weighs two hundred and ten pounds, but she doesn't eat all that much," said her owner, Brandi Becker. "She just lies around and sleeps all day. All St. Bernards do. They're very calming. It is true they used to go out and rescue people, but not by bringing them brandy. They'd find somebody and they'd just lie down next to him and keep him warm."



"*I know just what he's going to say. He's going to say, 'Look at this handsome attaché case my wife gave me for Christmas.'*"

CONTINUO

STUDENTS at the State Academy of Music in Vienna, which I entered in the fall of 1937, at the age of thirteen, liked to trace their teachers' teachers to create a pianistic genealogy for themselves similar to that of nobility. The farther back you went, the more exalted it became. If your teacher's teacher had studied with Zemlinsky, for example, you could trace yourself through Liszt all the way to Beethoven. The Vienna of my childhood was as fond of such historic tracings as it was of the shiny little signs that still hang on so many inconspicuous-looking houses: “Here Mozart sketched his . . .” and “Here Schubert wrote his . . .”

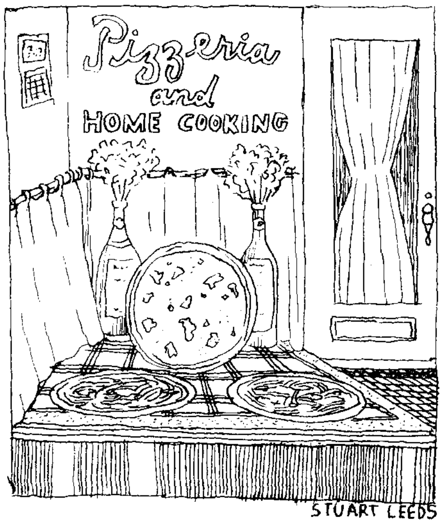
The German takeover of unresisting Austria must have been imminent all that winter, but we young music students paid little attention. My parents did discuss the threat to Austria's independence at the dinner table, but they seemed *always* to be talking of imminent catastrophes. Nevertheless, all genealogical tracings ended abruptly for me when, in March of 1938, quite soon after the German annexation, a man in a brown uniform came to the Academy and announced that all Jewish and half-Jewish students had been expelled and were to leave the building immediately.

My parents, who saw this clearly as an omen of the future, had heard that the British High Commissioner for Palestine, a true lover of music, as I later found out, was giving certificates of immigration to talented music students, and they arranged for me to play an audition for his representative. I was accepted, and found myself, just a few months later, in Jerusalem. The administrative head of the Palestine Conservatoire of Music became my legal guardian, and my teachers were a Hungarian, a Russian, a German, and a famous performer on the oud—the Arab predecessor of the lute—who was a Jew from Baghdad.

The Conservatoire occupied the second floor of a large old Arab house on Zion Square, where Ben-Yehuda Street, coming from the new Jewish quarter, met Old Jaffa Road, which eventually led to Jaffa Gate and the Old City of Jerusalem. An Arab policeman, wearing the high black fur hat the British had kept as part of the uniform from the days of the Ottoman Empire, walked up and down near the building, as did a highly made-up middle-aged Jewish woman who occasionally strolled away on the arm of a British soldier or an Arab in European dress to a small hotel just around the corner. One of my fellow-students once asked her why she walked that particular stretch of the city, and she answered, “That is my profession.” The policeman was often seen chatting with her. Our British rulers were not overly concerned with the morals of the populace.

Around the corner from the Conservatoire were a bookstore, where weekly concerts of recorded music were given (to which music students were admitted for very little money), and some quasi-international grocery stores, where British civil servants could buy non-kosher food. The square itself, a noisy, smelly place, was filled with venders of falafel and tamarindi, a date drink. Not only cars and buses but mules, horses, and even an occasional camel passed right under the Conservatoire's windows.

A broad staircase on the outside of the building led up to the Conservatoire, and one afternoon in 1940 a well-dressed older man, tall, thin, and with a proud bearing, walked up those steps and entered the office of the school. The students who happened to be around that afternoon—I was among them—watched with great fascination and curiosity. We could not imagine what a man with his looks, attire, and manner could be doing in our school. As soon as he left, we rushed into the office to question the secretary. Who was this man and what did he want? We were told that his name was Hermann Jadlowker; that he had been a very famous tenor in the early part of the century; that he had sung under the direction of Gustav Mahler and at the Metropolitan Opera in New York and had participated in the world première of Richard Strauss's “Ariadne auf Naxos;” and that Kaiser Wilhelm had called him “my Lohengrin.” He wanted to give concerts again and was looking for an accompanist—someone young, good at sight-reading, willing to work. Previous experience was not necessary.



This was a very exciting proposition, and several young pianists showed up at the auditions a few days later. The head of the Conservatoire was present, as were several piano teachers and, of course, Hermann Jadlowker, who sat quietly through the entire proceeding and never let on what he thought. We all waited outside, and a few minutes after the last pianist had left the room the head of the Conservatoire came out to announce that Jadlowker had chosen me.

At that time, I was sixteen and living with three other music students, two from Germany and one from Czechoslovakia, in a two-room apartment just outside Jerusalem. Our landlord was a Jew from Kurdistan—an Oriental, as we called every non-European—who did not mind what we did as long as we paid our rent. Our constant practicing did not bother him, nor did the fact that our apartment was never cleaned. There was no refrigerator, and to keep the ants out of our food we stored it on a table each leg of which stood in a plate full of water. My elder sister, who was attending an agricultural school near Kfar Saba to learn to become a useful member of a kibbutz, once came for a visit, and when she saw the place she quickly turned around and left.

What a contrast to the apartment where I had my first meeting with Hermann Jadlowker. It was his niece's apartment in Rehavia, one of the nicest sections of modern Jerusalem. There was a Blüthner grand piano, which he must have brought with him from Germany, and books in many languages, and much music. It was a cultured, civilized atmosphere such as I had not encountered since I left my parents' home in Vienna.

Jadlowker told me that we would meet twice a week at first, perhaps more often later, and that he would pay me five piastres per session. (There were a hundred piastres to the English pound.) We began to work immediately. He put a volume of old Italian arias on the piano, held a second copy in his hand (he never looked over my shoulder), and we went through a number of those arias. He walked up and down the rather large room, usually just "marking" the music, but occasionally singing in full voice.

Just to play that lovely Blüthner was a joy. My father had given me a small grand to take with me to Palestine—a dark-brown piano of undistinguished make. During my first two years there, when I changed address almost every other month, that poor piano had been dragged from one section of Jerusalem to another on a horse-drawn cart so many times that it was scratched on all sides and no longer held tuning. Melech Hasabalim—the King of Porters, as he was called—knew my piano so well that whenever I came to the place where the porters hung out he greeted me with the enthusiasm reserved for good customers. He was a Jew from Iraq, fiercely strong, and proud that he could carry a grand piano alone on his back secured only by a strap across his forehead. When we sat on his horse cart after the piano had been loaded, he would make conversation about "Hertel," as he pronounced Hitler, always adding "may his name be erased." He saw him as a reincarnation of the Biblical Haman, who wanted to obliterate the Jews, and he was equally sure that there would soon arise a new Esther to thwart him. I listened to his notions in silence, and never told him that I had once borrowed a swastika from an Aryan friend and gone to see Hertel from as near as one was permitted to see him. Melech Hasabalim would not have understood such pointless curiosity.

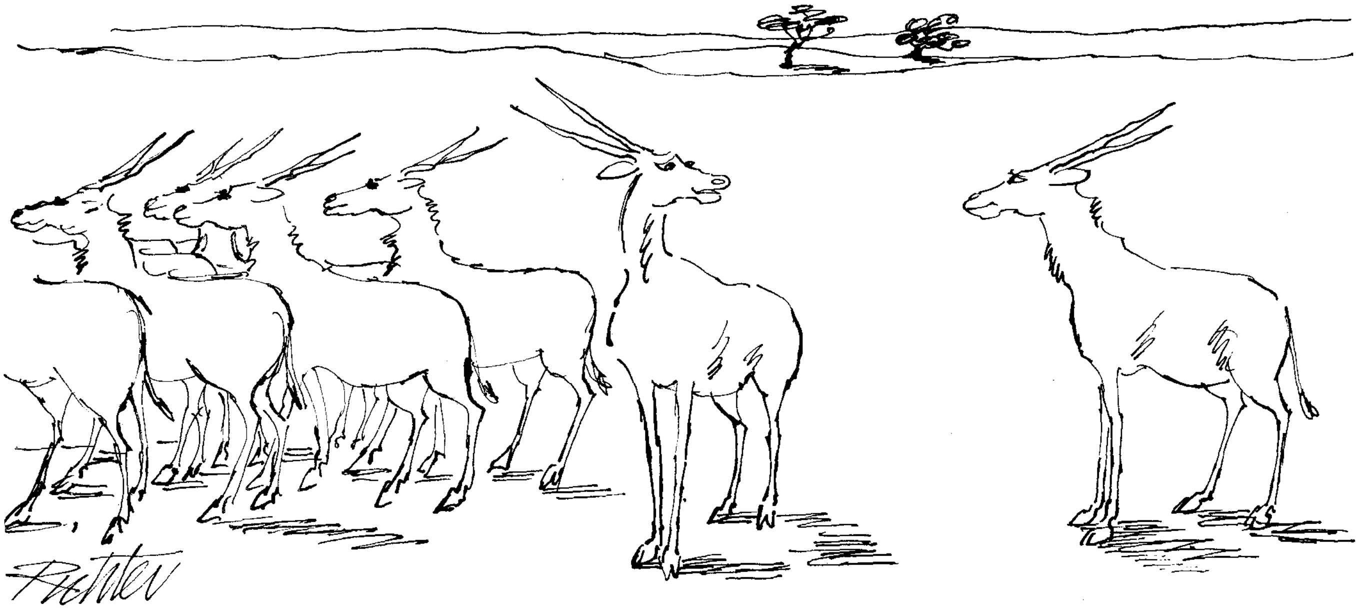
So much for my poor piano; I sold it in 1947, before I came to America. Jadlowker's Blüthner responded to the slightest touch of the finger, to the slightest whim of the musical imagination. He and I went over much musical repertoire during the following weeks: Handel, whom he loved; a little Bach, most of whose vocal writing he considered unsuitable for himself; German lieder from Schubert to Mahler, with particular stress on Brahms; some arias from Italian and Russian opera (he was born in Riga and, as a Latvian, he knew Russian); some Hebrew folk songs; and tidbits from here and there. Although he had been the Kaiser's favorite Lohengrin, he would sing no more Wagner.

My roommates were much interested in my work with Jadlowker, all aspects of it. When I told them that he wore a different suit at each rehearsal, that he always wore a necktie, and that he had a handkerchief tucked in his breast pocket showing only a corner and carefully matching his tie, they almost did not believe me. It was so different from what we saw around us. Even Ben-Gurion, already then a man of great prominence, never wore a necktie, not even on the most formal occasions. Our interest in Jadlowker's world went much deeper, though, than mere apparel. What did he symbolize to us, four European teen-agers separated from their parents and homes, transplanted into a world of Arabs, Jews from strange countries, and Britons, and held together by our burning desire to make music our profession? His propriety, courtesy, and orderliness represented our parents' world to us. I know it did to me. We envied him his experience, musical and other—his rich, successful life. We admired him for wishing to make a new start in surroundings he must have found as tryingly different from the past as we did.

In some ways, my friends and I were probably mature beyond our years and had learned to deal with unusual and unexpected situations; in other ways we were quite childish. Once when I came home from a rehearsal with Jadlowker, I found my friends feeding canned goose-liver pâté to our cat, whom I had named Schnurli, an Austrian term of endearment derived from the German word "*schnurren*" (to purr). Soon after the outbreak of the war, we had seen fit to stock up on food and had bought, of all things, ten cans of goose-liver pâté imported from France. That afternoon, the three of them had decided that the war was not going to come near us and that Schnurli was not feeling well and needed cheering up. The cat whined miserably and turned up his nose at the pâté. Soon after that, he got so sick that we thought the time had come for drastic measures. We had heard that people who wanted to commit suicide took overdoses of sleeping pills, so we fed Schnurli a large dose of aspirin, hoping to put him out of his misery. He slept for seventy-two hours and woke feeling much better.

"I've tried Coke and I've tried Pepsi, but I think beer is best."

WHEN Hermann Jadlowker first engaged me, he told me that it would be part of my job to correct him. I did not take that seriously. First of all, I did not believe that he would make mistakes, and,



"Care to join us? We're going to sweep majestically across the plains."

• •

besides, how could a mere music student correct a world-famous singer?

The first time he made a mistake, I did not have the courage to speak up. I quickly tried to change the accompaniment to fit what he was singing. He noticed, though, and stamped his foot in anger. "Why did you not stop me? You are supposed to tell me when I make a mistake. That's what I am paying you for."

I understood then that he meant it and that he did need me. He was going over old repertoire, music he might not have looked at in years—he had sung mostly nineteenth-century opera all his life—and when he did make mistakes he preferred to be corrected by a young person rather than by some old vocal coach, or *Korrepetitor*, as such people were called. From that moment on, I became more his collaborator than his accompanist. The five piastres an hour he gave me were good pay in my circumstances. With that you could buy fifty oranges or a bag of olives—the two cheapest food items—on the open fruit market. It was also considerably more than I got for giving piano lessons, most of them to unwilling children who had to be cajoled or coerced into playing and always seemed to live in the most distant corners of the city. I had at this time just lost my most promising student, the sixteen-year-old daughter of a physician, to whom I gave lessons in return for dinner, my best meal of the week. Her father had fired me, because he thought she was showing an undue interest in me. Actually, she wasn't, but the mere possibility must have seemed a threat to the doctor. In any event, it was a welcome change to be able to work with Jadlowker in his niece's elegant apartment, and to get paid for what seemed more like a privilege.

My rehearsals with Jadlowker always began on time. He did not live at his niece's apartment, but he was always there when I arrived. Neither before the rehearsal nor after was there any small talk, any conversation not related to our work. He asked me no questions about my life and revealed little about his. I knew that he lived alone, that he was a widower, and that, though he had the reputation of having been a ladies' man, he had had only one wife and mourned her loss greatly. The niece, who let me in and out, was more inclined to chat a little, but never more than a sentence or two. It was tacitly understood between us that Jadlowker would not approve of our exchanging confidences.

One day, he announced that he now felt ready to give a recital. From that day on, we met more frequently and discussed each song, as we went over it, in terms of its suitability for the planned program. In putting together the program, Jadlowker always chose the opening and the closing song for each group first. After these were set, he dealt with what came between. There his considerations were guided by contrast and variety of mood, tempo, and even key. While he often consulted me, the final choice was truly his.

When the chief selections had been chosen, he said he would sing the entire German group—it was substantial—in Hebrew.

"But why?" I asked shyly from the keyboard.

"I want my entire audience to understand what I am singing," he said, "and I don't like to sing in Hitler's language."

I wanted to say that the language itself was not our enemy, only the man, but I did not. I knew that his convictions were strong, that a different opinion from someone so young might be resented. Jadlowker had made his choice. Where no singable translation existed, he commissioned one. There were many poets, young and old, then translating the world's literature into modern Hebrew, and perhaps he also wanted to show his feelings toward his newly adopted country by singing in that language which had so recently been revived.

We needed several additional rehearsals for him to learn the Hebrew texts and memorize them. Eventually, a date for the concert was set, and it was time for me to buy the first tuxedo of my life. I had my sister come up from her agricultural school to finger the material—good English worsted—the way you would have your older brother come with you to kick the tires of your first car. When I put that stiff detachable collar on my shirt, it reminded me of the wedding pictures of my parents. I had never thought I would ever be attired like that.

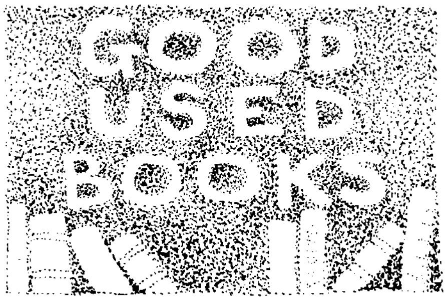
The concert was to take place in Haifa, a city looked down upon by the more cultured Jerusalemites. Later, we were to give the same program at the Tel Aviv Museum, in Jerusalem, and in some smaller places. At that time, Haifa had no concert hall. The manager who scheduled and arranged our concert had rented a movie house—a huge, ugly place meant to be visited only in the dark. The afternoon of the concert, we went to Haifa in a taxi—Palestine was not a large country—and changed into our dress suits in a back room of the movie house. If Jadlowker found the facilities primitive compared with what he had been used to, he never showed it.

At eight-thirty sharp, he walked out on the stage, with me a few steps behind. The name Jadlowker must have meant something to the inhabitants of Haifa: the movie house was completely filled. He acknowledged the warm greeting with a slight nod of his head and turned to me. I played the introduction to the old Italian aria he had chosen to open the program with, and he sang it quite sotto voce. He *needs to warm up a little,* I thought. Next came a Handel aria. I played the opening ritornello, and he did not come in when he should have. I played it again, and he came in two bars too soon. Was it possible for a singer of his experience to suffer from stage fright? If so, he overcame it quickly and then sang his German group—Schubert, Schumann, Brahms, and Mahler, all in Hebrew. We walked offstage, and he thanked me for having covered up for his little mishap in the Handel.

The next piece on the program was Lensky's aria from Tchaikovsky's opera "Eugene Onegin," a rather lengthy and very beautiful piece of music, which encompasses a great variety of moods and emotions. It was only then that I began to see who Jadlowker had been and still was. In front of my eyes and the eyes of two thousand others, he became Lensky; he transformed that ugly hall into an elegant European opera house with the sheer magic of his personality. I was so totally under the spell of his dramatic power, conviction, and intensity that I quite forgot where I was and what I was supposed to do. I was so overwhelmed, in fact, that I simply forgot to play at one point and just stared at him. He turned around and looked at me sternly, and I played again. This has never happened to me since—not on a stage, anyway.

When he finished the aria, there was that moment of absolute silence which shows that an audience has been deeply moved, and then there came thunderous applause, shouts of "Bravo!" and of relief from the tension in which he had held them for so long. After the concert, everyone present, it seemed to me, wanted to tell Jadlowker how much it had meant to them. They also told him where they had heard him last—a great many places were named—and what he had sung. Many spoke to him in German, some in Russian, and a few in Hebrew. Several people came to me to tell me how lucky I was to be so near greatness at such a tender age. I did not need to be told.

WHEN everyone had left, the manager took us to our hotel, the old Zion Hotel, halfway up Mt. Carmel. For some reason, a single room had been reserved for us, with two large beds right next to each other. I shuddered slightly at the idea of sleeping practically in the same bed with the old man, but neither of us was thinking of sleep just then. Jadlowker put on his pajamas—the most elaborate silk-brocade pajamas I had ever seen—and walked up and down the room as he had done at all our rehearsals. He was elated—much too excited to sleep. He was the Kaiser's Lohengrin again, not the refugee who had sung in a Haifa movie house He remembered Richard Strauss, Gustav Mahler, and even Brahms, for whom he had sung as a youth. He spoke of Strauss, under whose baton he had sung often, as a very thorough accurate conductor, on whom one could absolutely rely. Perhaps a little too matter-of-fact for Jadlowker's taste. He had seen him play cards during the intermission of a concert, and I gathered from Jadlowker's tone of voice that he did not quite approve of that. Mahler, on the other hand, was much more emotional, he said, both in his music-making and in his dealings with people. He was also somewha superstitious, and occasionally gave a penny to his singers before a performance for good luck.



I wanted to hear more abou Brahms. It seemed quite unreal to me that I should be in the same room almost in the same bed, with a man who had sung for Brahms. Jadlowker had settled in his bed by then "Brahms had a rather large potbelly,' he said, "and he kept his foot on the pedal a lot." I had not played much Brahms, but the thought did occur to me that night that a protruding belly might account for why the left hand

HINDU ILLUMINATION

T loping down the stairs at Mellifont.
That end-of-March, half-mad, half-mocking
Duel with O. NR's
Forearms, who taught me pinochle at ten.
E's glow of pure seduction as it stole
Throughout a nature presently
To be reviled by it. (Reviled? Revealed.)
P's helpless laughter. H's body heat . . .
Remembering all these and more, I smile.

Likewise the artist made an elephant
Entirely of interlocking
Animal and human avatars:
Antelope, archer, lion, duck, each then
Reborn as portion of the whole
Proverbial creature—wisdom, memory—
Shown dancing on a crimson field.
Now, reaching for you in pitch dark, to meet
The mahout's gaze, upon me all this while.

—JAMES MERRILL

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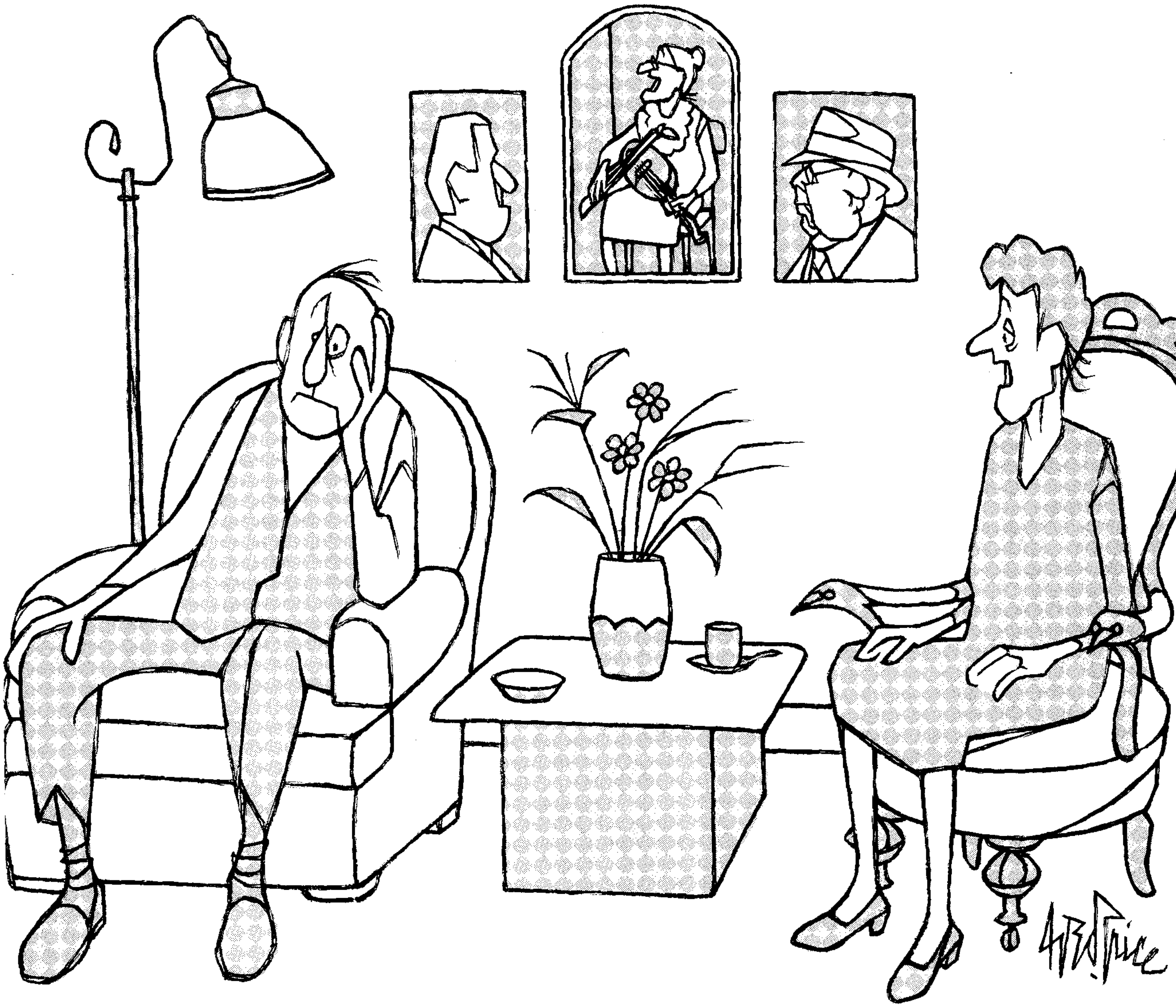

"Correct me if I'm wrong, but hasn't the fine line between sanity and madness gotten finer?"

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and the right in his piano writing often seemed so far apart. The detail about the pedal did not surprise me.

I had never heard Jadlowker speak so much and so freely. I did not want him to stop talking ever. I felt that through listening to him I somehow knew these men myself—men who until then had been just names in books and on the title pages of music to me. I also felt that through Jadlowker, through having made music with him, I had entered into a chain of musical continuity, and that if I were someday to tell this to someone else he or she would also become part of it.

"How did you get to sing for Brahms?" I asked him. "You must have been terribly young at the time."

"I was indeed very young," he said. "Not much older than you are now. And I not only sang for Brahms, I sang *with* him. He actually played for me."

"How did that happen?"

"Well, I was studying voice in Vienna at the time. My teacher was Dr. Gänsbacher—you won't know his name—and he was a personal friend of Brahms'. One day, Brahms came to visit Gänsbacher when I was in the middle of a voice lesson. Gänsbacher told him he thought I had a future, and Brahms asked to hear me. After the first song—a Brahms song, of course—he simply sat down at the piano and played the next one himself."

I knew this was my first, and perhaps my only, chance to ask him anything I wanted to know. I said, "I know Kaiser Wilhelm made you a *Kammersänger*"—a singer of the imperial chamber—"but when did he call you 'my Lohengrin'?"

"He came onstage after a performance at the Berlin Opera House," Jadlowker said, "and he put his arm around my shoulders, and said to the audience, 'This is my Lohengrin.' "

"Was it your favorite part?"

"Wait a moment," he said. "There is more to this story. A year or so later, the Czar of Russia—Riga was part of Imperial Russia then—came to Berlin on a state visit. There was a performance of 'Lohengrin' at the opera house, and I had been asked to visit the two monarchs in their box during intermission. When I entered the box, the Kaiser presented me to the Czar. 'This is my Lohengrin,' he said. 'He may be your Lohengrin,' the Czar replied, 'but he is still my subject.' "

I wished the night would go on and on, but suddenly Hermann Jadlowker was quiet. I turned toward him and saw in the dim light that he had fallen asleep.

So, eventually, did I.

—Robert Starer

THE IVY IN THE CHIMNEY

WHILE his wife was away in McComb, Mississippi, for the funeral of Miss Marbo, an old-maid aunt of his that he thought had died years ago, Mr. Keely decided to get the job done. Ann, his wife, would not allow him on the roof—the only place from which he could get at the ivy that was clogging the chimney. Christmas just wasn't Christmas without a fire; he was sure this was the reason the holidays hadn't been a success this year. A fire was a focal point, and if ever a family needed a focal point, it was his. His two daughters, both grown up now and living away from home, seemed as the years went by more and more remote from the girls he had once felt so close to: like some insects, these nymphs had blossomed into what seemed like a totally different species, which Mr. Keely was still struggling to identify.

This last analogy went through his mind as he taped mosquito netting to the rim of one of his wife's straw gardening hats. Wasps nested in the chimney ivy, and face, hands, arms, and legs must be protected. When the hat was ready, he clumped out in his thigh-high fishing boots to the front yard, where, with the help of a stepladder, he planned to climb a cedar, from which he could transfer himself onto the roof. The going was slow, mainly because the limb he inched out on was covered with moss and ferns, and was still wet from a recent shower. One slip and he would have to live with unending variations, mute and subtle, on the theme of "I told you so."

"What's going on?" he heard from below.

Behind the mosquito netting Mr. Keely's face crumpled into a guilty smile, but it lasted only a second—it was an unthinking reflex. After all, it was his house, too, and Ann could just learn to trust him more. . . . Besides, what was she doing back so early?

"Now, look here, Ann," he said, peering over his shoulder and down, so that his neck ached.

"Dad, really."

It was not Ann, he saw as he lifted the veil. It was his daughter Donna Lee. She stood there with her hands on her hips, biting her lower lip. In the driveway was her bicycle, with her briefcase dangling from the handlebars.

"Oh, hello, dear."

"Are you all right, Dad?"

"Yes, everything's fine. The ivy, you know."

"Ivy?" The anxiety on his daughter's face melted into a look of annoyance. "You're not going to try to get it yourself? Here." She steadied the ladder. "Come on down. I need you to help me find Ralph's birth certificate. Sister called me at the office, and she wants us to mail it back to her right away."

"Can't it wait?"

"Dad, she needs it right away. I'm going to take it to Baton Rouge with me and Federal Express it. I have to take a deposition there in a couple of hours."

"I'll express it from here."

"Tula Springs won't do it. Now, please—hurry."

Mr. Keely sighed. He couldn't understand why Sister, his other daughter, had brought along her eight-year-old son's birth certificate during the Christmas holidays. No one here needed proof that Ralph had been born.

"I'm sure Mother could find it," Donna Lee said as she ransacked his desk drawers in the den. He had followed her inside, still wearing the boots, and was rooting among some greeting cards on a lowboy.

"I'll call her, if you like," he said

"Good God, don' do that."

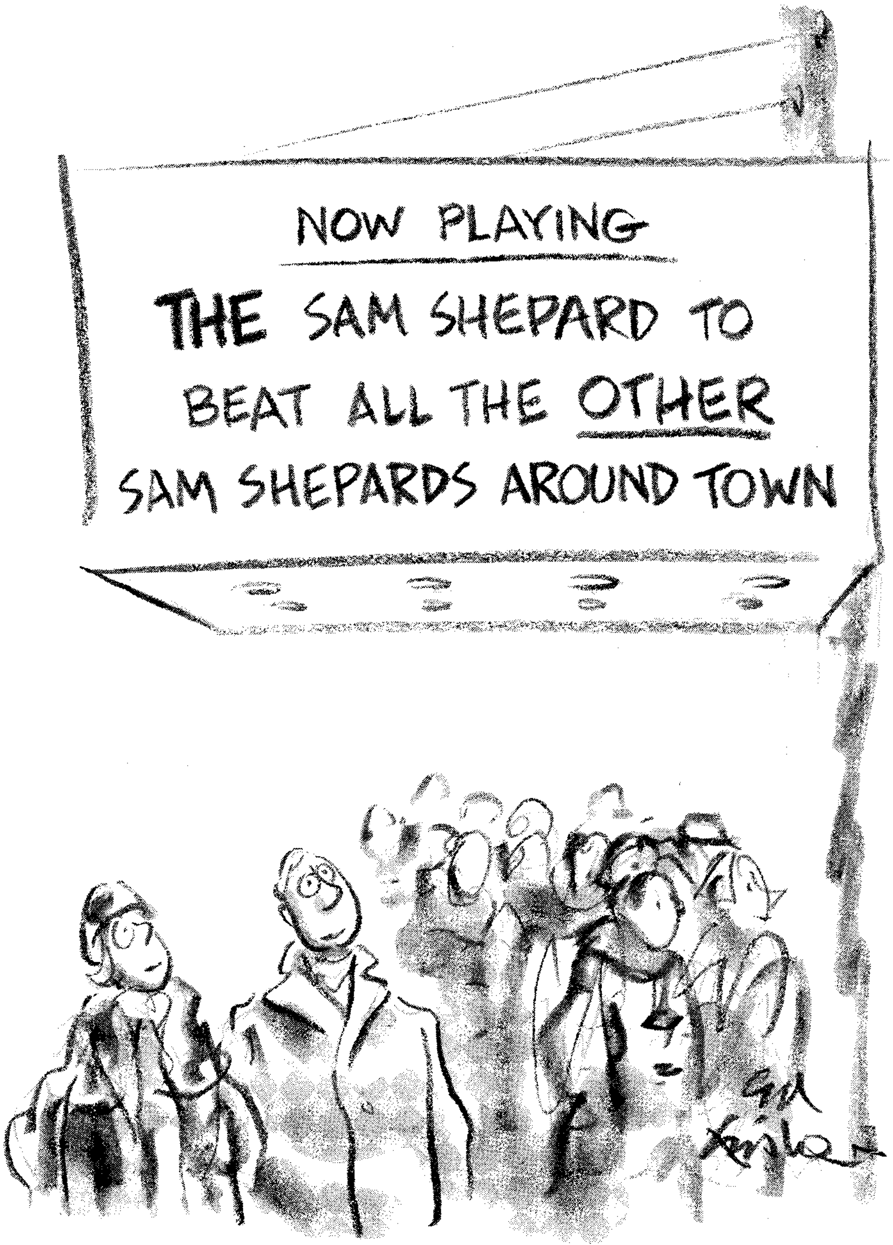
Mr. Keely stared absently at a Season's Greetings from someone he had never heard of before who called herself "Cousin Eloise." "Huh? Why not?"

"Come on, Dad," she said, untaping his secret key from beneath the snow paperweight—he would have to find another hiding place—and unlocking his private middle drawer. "Why do you think Mother left?"

"Miss Marbo's funeral."

"Oh, Miss Marbo—pooh! Really, Dad How can you be so dense? She left to ge away from you. She was at the end of her rope."

"The economy always seems to be recovering, but it never recovers."


NOW PLAYING
THE SAM SHEPARD TO BEAT ALL THE OTHER SAM SHEPARDS AROUND TOWN

"Huh?" He reached down and scratched his thigh beneath the rubber boot. Why was Donna Lee so prickly? Everything had been perfectly normal when Ann left for McComb. They had heard about Miss Marbo's death on New Year's Day. Granted, he was a little surprised that Ann was willing to leave that very afternoon, but she had kissed him goodbye—hadn't she?—and given him twenty dollars for food and emergencies.

"You know, I've been thinking," he said as Donna Lee started going through his insurance files. "You've been working yourself pretty hard lately, hon. It really showed at Christmas, especially when you made Sister get drunk—"

"I didn't *make* her get drunk."

"Well, she did come all the way from Houston for a good time, and then . . . I'm only reporting what she told me. Anyway, what I was saying, uh . . . Oh, yes—maybe it's time you got away and had yourself some fun. I saw an ad on TV the other day for this absolutely wonderful group called Club Med. It looks really grand—all single people, nice-looking and young, and you don't have to use money—"

"*Dad*, would you mind taking off that ridiculous hat?"

In the kitchen Mr. Keely tried to get his daughter to sit down and discuss logically, over a cup of coffee, where the driver's license might be.

"Driver's license?" She was looking through the silverware drawer now.

"Uh, whatever. We'll go over it step by step and pinpoint just where Ralph might have—"

"There isn't time. Besides, it could be anywhere. Ralph was mad when he emptied Sister's purse."

Mr. Keely shook his head. He remembered the family powwow on Christmas Day after Ralph had been sent to bed for hiding all the things in his mother's purse. Donna Lee had berated Sister for sending Ralph to a cheap psychologist when what he needed was a real psychiatrist. "You're always trying to cut corners, girl," she had said. Sister said she had already discussed this issue with her own analyst and was told it was all right, what she was doing with Ralph. Mrs. Keely, wound up tight as a hummingbird as she flitted from kitchen to living room, claimed the whole problem stemmed from the fact that Henry, Sister's husband, had decided to spend Christmas in Houston with his parents. If the family had just stayed together, then Ralph, who most certainly didn't need a psychiatrist at his age, wouldn't have misbehaved.

"Where are you going?"

Mr. Keely halted in the kitchen doorway, his veiled hat in his hand. "I was going to see about the ivy, before it gets dark."

"Oh. Well."

"I'd like to have a fire tonight." He rubbed his gloved hand through his gray crewcut. "You know, when you get right down to it, hon, that's what was wrong—we didn't have the old fire going. Remember how wonderful things were when we could sit around the fire and—" A strange sound escaped from his daughter's compressed lips. "You may laugh at me, but—"

"I'm *not* laughing, Dad. I'm just weary—that's all. You make me weary."

Stung, Mr. Keely pulled on his other glove, trying to mask his anger behind a louder, more jovial tone of voice. "Well, laugh all you want, but psychologists today—all the topnotch psychologists—they all talk about the importance of a pleasant environment. Just the other day I clipped an article from *Reader's Digest* for your mother; it's about a study they did on rats that were crowded together without—"

"Without a fire in the hearth? Come on, Dad—get serious."

Mr. Keely stood there a moment,

red in the face, trying hard to think of something funny to say to relieve the tension. "Seems to me like Sister ought to make Ralph tell her where he hid it" was all he could come up with.

"Ralph's on a hunting trip with Henry." Donna Lee stood there, pensive, as if she had more to say.

"I'll be glad to look, if you think—"

"No, go on. I'll do it myself, even if it does seem like . . ."

"What?"

"Well, you might as well know, Dad. Sister and I had a long talk this morning—on my Wats line. It seems clear now why Ralph emptied the purse. I mean, all along I was blaming Sister, but, Dad, there was something about the atmosphere you created here, the way you inflated everything, always claiming how wonderful it was we were all together, how wonderful Christmas was, how wonderful Ralph seemed, how the economy was improving, how Mother's neck was improving, how Sister seemed to be losing weight. . . . On and on—how the dried-up, overcooked turkey was nectar of the gods—"

"I never said 'nectar of the gods.' "

"You did; those were your exact words. Dad, you were driving everybody nuts. Why can't you just be factual? Don't tell Sister she's losing weight when she's gained twelve pounds. And when Mother has to put the neck brace on to open presents, how can you say she's improving?"

Without looking at his daughter on the way out the door, Mr. Keely mumbled, "Better see about the ivy."

CAUTIOUSLY, with one hand, he tugged at the ivy, while with the other he aimed a can of Raid at the top of the chimney, his finger poised for action. By his feet on the sloping roof was a pair of shears, which he would use once he determined it was safe to proceed. Below him the cedar was sequinned with raindrops that had fallen for a few seconds from the heavy gray sky—drops that had almost sent him scurrying back inside. He pulled, and a yard of sooty ivy unravelled with satisfying ease.

"*Dad!*"

The Raid hissed as he looked around, startled, and saw his daughter's blond head floating above the gutter. As he adjusted his footing, the shears slid down the white shingles until they were stopped by a branch of the cedar.

EARLY-EVENING ALGEBRA

The madwoman went marking "X"s
With a piece of school chalk
On the backs of unsuspecting
Hand-holding, homebound couples.

It was winter. It was dark already.
One could not see her face,
Bundled up as she was, and furtive.
She went as if windswept, as if crow-winged.

The chalk must have been given to her by a child.
One kept looking for him in the crowd,
Expecting him to be very pale, very serious,
With a chip of black slate in his pocket.

—CHARLES SIMIC

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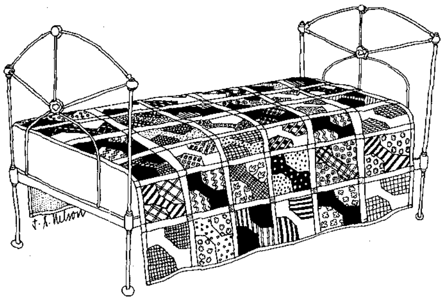
"Dad, listen—I'm sorry about what I said." Donna Lee's hands clung to the gutter for support; apparently, she was standing on the sill of the bathroom window on the second floor—a precarious perch from her tomboy days, when she used to play North Pole on the roof. "You know how it is when Sister and I get talking."

Mr. Keely began to ease his way down the roof on the seat of his pants to reclaim the shears. "Yes, fine," he said absently. The roof seemed so much steeper without the chimney to lean against.

"It just wasn't fair for me to say Christmas was all your fault."

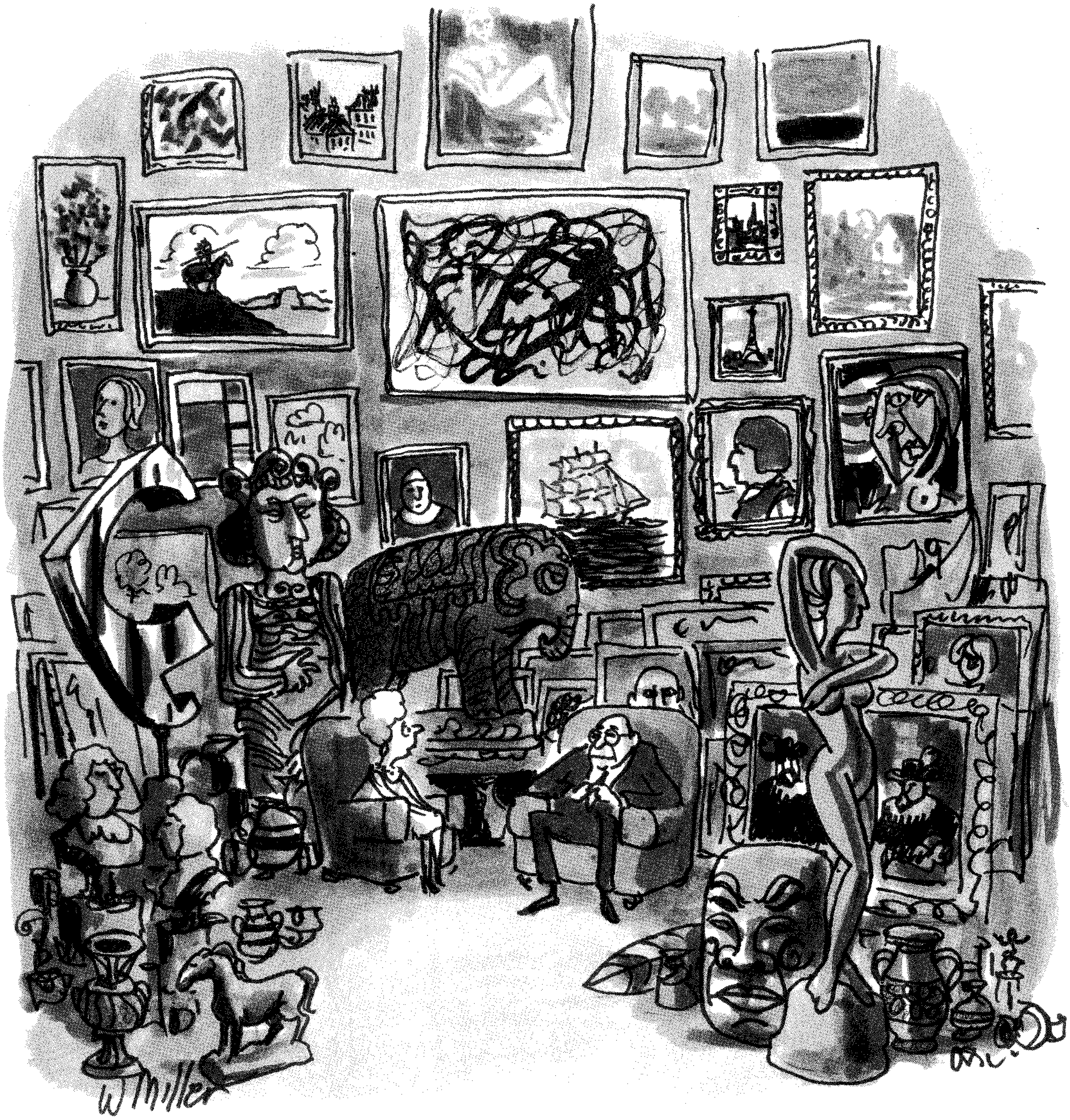
The heel of his right boot skidded over a wet, gleaming shingle; his heart skipped a beat.

"I mean, Dad, when you get right down to it, Mother is just as much to blame. She was so caught up in scheduling the meals and worried about spots on her curtains and crumbs on the floor—it was just impossible to relax with her buzzing around like that. She really had no right to create that big scene when you spilled the eggnog. I could see what a horrible effect it was having on Ralph when you and Mother started bitching about that stain on the rug. That's what did it. How can you blame Ralph after he was exposed to all that picking and grousing about a stupid spot on the rug?"



Mr. Keely looked straight ahead as he descended, hoping this would ease his vertigo. Only when he finally grasped the shears did he feel free to reply. "Donna Lee, I'm getting a little tired of all this. Your mother and I leaned over backward to make Christmas as pleasant and joyful a time as we could, and all the thanks we get is—" He grunted as he crawled back up the roof on his hands and knees. "You ask me, it's high time you girls learned to be grateful for the effort we—" Turning around to make his point, he saw that he was talking to the air. Donna Lee had disappeared inside.

He was only able to spend a few more minutes on the ivy before the rain returned, heavy enough now to force him down and back into the house. Calling out "Donna Lee!" as he entered the kitchen, he hoped for no reply; maybe by now she had found the birth certificate and left him in peace. After putting on some coffee to brew, he checked the cupboards, wondering where in the world his bottle of Old Crow had disappeared to. He distinctly remembered leaving it in the top cupboard behind the tapioca. Giving up on the idea of a drink—which probably wasn't such a good idea anyway, since he'd want to get back on the roof once the rain stopped—he squatted to get the jar of non-dairy creamer from under the sink and discovered there, behind the jar, a dark bottle shaped like a pineapple. Once he had wiped the grease and dust off the label, he was able to read "Velvet—A South Seas Liqueur for the Knowing Connoisseur." Curious, Mr. Keely



"Edgar, don't you think it's time you donated a wing somewhere?"

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unscrewed the cap and took a sip. It was extremely sweet.

"Here, Dad."

Gliding soundlessly over the no-wax floor, Donna Lee reached into the drainer for a juice glass.

"Uh, that's all right," he said, refusing the glass she proffered. "I was just testing it out. Don't recall ever seeing it before."

"Dad, if you must drink, then drink." She poured a healthy dose of the liqueur, which was nearly as thick as molasses. "You're sixty-one years old—you don't have to make excuses to me. So you have high blood pressure and the doctor said to go easy on the caffeine and alcohol—"

"Now, hon," he said, holding up his hand to the glass, "I might have had a drink or two over the holidays, but that was only because it was a special occasion, to celebrate you kids' being here. You ask your mother: usually I don't touch a drop—not a drop."

"I suppose this is real coffee," she said, tapping the pot. "Oh, hell. Listen to me—I sound just like Mother." She looked at the glass in her hand and, bringing it to her lips, finished off the contents in one gulp. Then she went to the drainer and got another glass and two cups, which she set on the oak table. "Lord, this stuff is vile," she said, filling the glasses with Velvet. "Sit down, Father."

Mr. Keely pulled up a chair and watched warily as his daughter poured coffee. "Did you find the birth certificate?"

"No," Donna Lee said, collapsing into a chair on the other side of the table. "I got to leave in a minute, too."

"Who was it bought this?" he asked after sipping the liqueur. Rain sprinkled a tile counter through the open kitchen window.

"What?" She poured a little Velvet from her glass into her coffee. "Oh, Ralph gave it to you and Mother for Christmas, about three years ago. Remember? Mother was afraid to let anyone drink it, so Ralph got his feelings hurt."

"Where did Ralph get it?"

"He found it in Sister's attic. It was from one of Henry's old Army buddies or something."

"Do you think we should be drinking this?"

"No—but I need a drink, Dad. I'm all knotted up inside."

Mr. Keely, feeling he was expected to ask why she was knotted up, balked; he was not in the mood for any more reproaches. "I wonder if it was Ralph who hid my Old Crow."

"When did you start referring to Nixon as the Old Warrior?"

"No, that was Mother."

"What?"

"She thought you'd drink too much while she was gone. I tried to find the bottle while I was looking for the birth certificate, but . . . " Donna Lee sighed.

"Well, that takes some nerve."

"Dad, if you put it in your coffee it drowns out that funny taste . . . sort of like tar, huh?"

Mr. Keely poured the Velvet into his coffee, then examined the label on the pineapple bottle to see which ingredient could be leaving the faint tar aftertaste.

"I guess you don't want to talk, do you, Dad?"

"No, no, hon," he replied, putting down the bottle. "I'm always ready to talk."

"I mean *really* talk. All during the holidays, it was so frustrating. I wanted so much to use that time for some real solid talks, so we'd really get to know each other. But it ended up the same as always—so superficial and . . ."

Glancing anxiously out the window, Mr. Keely wondered when it would stop raining; he'd really like to get that ivy clipped before Ann returned. "Well, yes, it's . . . with everyone around, it's sometimes hard."

"You know when I was upstairs looking for the birth certificate—I was going through your chest of drawers—I suddenly remembered this dream I had last night."

"Donna Lee, I'm sure it wouldn't be in my chest of drawers," he said, somewhat annoyed by this invasion of privacy. It wasn't right for a daughter to be plowing through her father's underwear.

"It was so real—the dream. There was nothing at all odd about it. That's what made it so scary. I must have repressed it when I woke up. Do you want to hear it?"

"Well, actually—"

"Sister and I were driving down Flat Street, and Sister was crying and I was trying to be brave. I knew something terrible had happened, but I wasn't sure what. Then, in the rearview mirror, I saw Ralph lying on the back seat. See, I was driving, so I couldn't break down like her and cry or we'd never make it there. Are you listening?"

Mr. Keely had gotten up to shut the window. With a smile and a nod, he returned to his seat.

"If you can find a better melon anywhere in New York, I'd like to know about it."

"First, I turned on Sweetgum, then made another left on General Lee, then a right on Moony Drive. It was funny how I knew the way, even though I wasn't sure where we were going. Sister's crying was just tearing me up inside, but I knew I had to get there. Then I got to Highway 86 and turned left. You know where that leads, Dad, don't you?"

"What?"

"The route I'm describing—can't you tell where it's leading?"

"The hatcheries?"

"No. Perlson's—the funeral home. I saw the sign and I thought, No, I can't bear it—Ralph is dead."

Mr. Keely, who didn't like to talk about funerals, much less go to them, gulped his Velvet down. "Yes, well, very interesting, hon. Now, where do you suppose your mother hid that Old Crow?"

"Dad, I'm not through yet. When we got to Perlson's, Sister went over to the back seat to Ralph and was moaning and struggling with the body—trying to get it out of the car, you see. The next thing I know, Ralph cries out, then starts laughing. Sister's real happy now, but I still feel this dread, this terrible fear that something is still wrong. 'Granddad ate too many Kentucky Fried gizzards!' Ralph says, and he's still laughing. 'Too many Kentucky Fried gizzards!' That's when it hits me: *You're* the one that's dead."

Mr. Keely suddenly felt clammy and sweaty, in need of fresh air. Pushing his chair away from the table, he managed another smile. "Thought you said the dream was realistic. You think Ralph's going to be laughing at my funeral?" His chuckle seemed to cost him an inordinate amount of effort. "And gizzards? Since when does Kentucky Fried sell gizzards?"

"I think they do now, Dad," Donna Lee said solemnly. "It's a new thing—livers and gizzards."

"Hey, looks like the rain's letting up." He opened the door and walked outside.

"Dad," she said, following him into the yard, where it was still drizzling. "Dad, will you stop a minute and listen?"

Mr. Keely trudged on to the cedar.

"I'm not through yet, Dad. Please."

"Look, Donna Lee," he said, going up the first rung of the stepladder, which was leaning against the tree. "I've heard enough. So maybe I did eat a little too much at Christmas—all right, then. I don't normally do that—you hear? It was a celebration. I know I have high blood pressure and—"

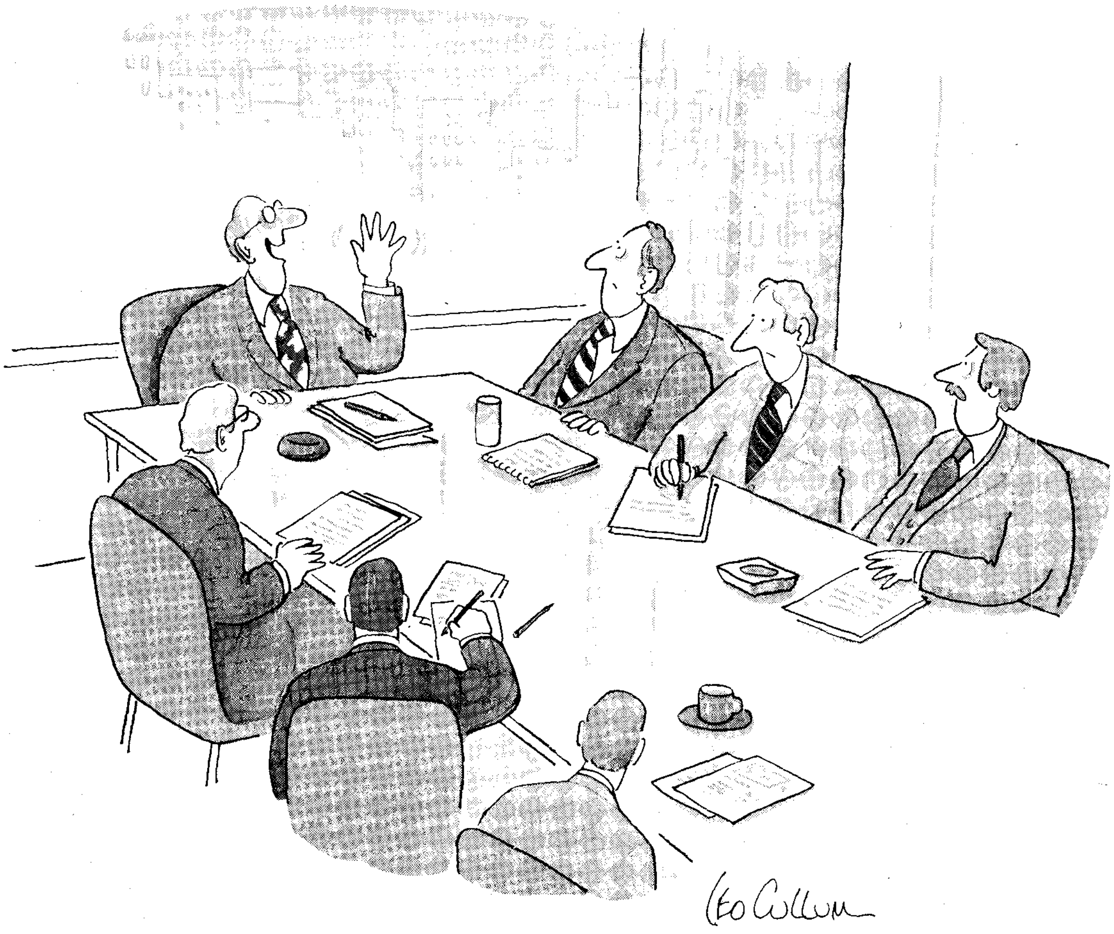
"No, Dad, you've got it all wrong. That wasn't the reason I was telling you the dream. All I meant to say was how bad I felt, how bad I *would* feel if something ever happened. I want to get to know you better—the real you, not the everything's-just-wonderful you. I don't want to have any regrets. . . . I couldn't bear it."

Mr. Keely edged out onto the mossy limb of the cedar, holding on to another limb for support.

"Let's try it, Dad. From now on, I don't want anything but the *real* you." She smiled up at him with her lovely dark-blue eyes.

"All right, fine, hon," he said affably enough. But behind the mosquito netting there was no smile on the face of the real Mr. Keely as he stepped off the limb onto the roof.

THAT night, sitting before the fire, which he was trying hard to enjoy, but which, like the Velvet he was sipping, just wasn't doing the trick, he was roused from his La-Z-



"I was just going to say 'Well, I don't make the rules.' But, of course, I do *make the rules."*

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Boy by the telephone. Thinking it must be Donna Lee calling to apologize again—Mr. Keely was still smarting from her visit—he answered coolly, formally, "Keely residence."

"Dad, that you?" It was Sister, calling from Houston. She told him he could stop looking for the birth certificate; she had found it stuck behind her Social Security card in her red wallet. "Ralph's back early from his hunting trip," she went on without a pause. "He wants to say hello. Hurry, Ralph."

"Hi, Granddad. I saw a rattler, and Dad cut his thumb and had to go to the doctor—oh, and there were three shooting stars, and guess what, I cooked some cattails. . . ." As Ralph gabbed on, the boy in the back seat laughing at the man who ate too many gizzards began to fade.

"Ralph, that's enough," his mother broke in on the extension. "You should see our phone bill, Dad," she said to Mr. Keely. "Anyway, I hear you're alone. What did you do today?"

"Nothing much, really. Got the ivy out of the chimney."

"What? That's nice. Listen, I want to thank you so much for Christmas. Ralph and I had a wonderful time, Dad. We miss you and Mom so much. Y'all were just angels—so sweet to have us. I know it probably wasn't easy for you, but we appreciate it so much."

"Nonsense—it was pure delight," he said, and then, catching himself, added somewhat self-consciously, "Your mother and I had a marvellous time. Couldn't bear to see you leave."

"What was that?"

Clearing his throat, he repeated himself a little more forcefully: "Couldn't bear to see you leave."

"We just hated to leave, too, Dad. Well, listen, better hang up now. I really got to watch this phone bill."

"Bye, Granddad!" Ralph shouted into the other phone. "We love you!"

Mr. Keely stood by the phone a moment after hanging up. Then, back in the living room, he took the giant dose of Velvet he had been nursing and emptied it over the fire—which, after all, what with the logs' getting drenched today, was giving off far too much smoke. Going to the kitchen for some water to finish putting out a few smoldering embers, he was sidetracked by the phone again. Now what, he wondered. Had she lost her marriage license? The deed to her house?

" . . . promise not to . . . *any* fire." It sounded like Miss Marbo's voice coming over the phone—urgently, without waiting for or giving any greeting. He was so taken aback that at first he could say nothing in reply. Why was it that that woman couldn't stay dead and buried like any normal human being?

"Leon, are you . . . to me!" the voice demanded sharply.

The line crackled and hissed as he tried to shout back without sounding angry. "Yes, dear! No fires, I promise!" It was Ann, he had realized, feeling somewhat foolish. She was calling from McComb on a bad connection.

" . . . don't want fooling around . . . chimney . . . break your neck . . . love you . . . promise, now?"

"Yes, no fires!" he shouted, and then he told her to hang up, so he could call her back on a better connection. But first, he thought, he would go outside and cover his woodpile with jumbo Glad bags, just in case it decided to rain again that evening.

—JAMES WILCOX

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About the only problem connected with the storm occurred Sunday night when a New York State Electric and Gas transformer in the Transit/Clarence Center Rds. area was knocked out by a fallen tree.

The power outage affected an estimated 4,900 customers. The customers had their power restored within three years, a company spokesman said.—*Clarence (N.Y.) Bee.*

With a certain callous pride.

AMERICAN CHRONICLES

RUMORS AROUND TOWN

THE first headline in the Junction City *Daily Union*—"EMPORIA MAN FATALLY SHOT"—seemed to describe one of those incidents which can cause a peaceful citizen to shake his head and mumble something about how it's getting so nobody is safe anywhere. The Emporia man was Martin Anderson, a peaceful citizen who had a responsible job and a commission in the Army Reserve and a wife and four little girls. Early on a November evening in 1983, he was murdered by the side of State Highway 177, which cuts south from Manhattan through the rolling cattle-grazing land that people in Kansas call the Flint Hills. According to the newspaper story, the authorities had been old that Anderson was killed during a struggle with an unidentified robber. At the time of the murder, Anderson was on his way back to Emporia from Fort Riley, the infantry base that lies between Junction City and Manhatan. Apparently, the trip had been meant to combine some errands at the ort with an autumn drive through the Flint Hills. His wife was with him, and so were the little girls.

There is a special jolt to the headine "EMPORIA MAN FATALLY SHOT." For many Americans, Emporia, Kanas, conjures up the vision of a typical American town in the era when people didn't have to think about violent men went on robbery—a town where neighbors drank lemonade on the front porch and kidded one another about their performances in the Fourth of July oftball game. The vision grew out of he writings of William Allen White, he Sage of Emporia, who, as owner and editor of the Emporia *Gazette*, was widely thought of during the first orty years of this century as the naional spokesman for the unadorned values of the American Middle West. The residents of Emporia in those days may have thought of their town as even more tranquil than its national reputation. What White had been ooking for when he set out to buy a mall-town newspaper, in 1895, was not a typical town but a college town—a place where his editorials could be understood and appreciated by "a coniderable dependable minority of inteligent people, intellectually upper-middle class." Emporia, the seat of Lyon County and a division point for the Santa Fe Railway and a trading center for the surrounding farmland, had two colleges—the Kansas State Normal School and a small Presbyterian liberal-arts school called the College of Emporia. During the years that people across the country thought of Emporia as a typical Midwestern town, its boosters sometimes spoke of it as the Educational Center of the West, or even the Athens of Kansas.

In some ways, Emporia didn't change much after William Allen White passed from the scene. The White family continued to own the *Gazette*. Even now, Mrs. William L. White—the widow of the Sage's son, who was an author and a foreign correspondent known into his seventies around Emporia as Young Bill—comes in every day. Commercial Street still has the look of the main trading street in a Kansas farm town—two-story buildings separated by a slab of asphalt wide enough to accommodate angle parking on both sides and four lanes of traffic. The College of Emporia folded some years ago, though; its campus is now owned by a religious cult called The Way. Although the Santa Fe's operation has been shrinking in recent years, Emporia has, on the whole, become more of what was called in White's day a lunch-bucket town. The construction of the Wolf Creek nuclear power plant, forty miles to the southeast, brought a few thousand construction workers to the area, and some of them remained after the plant was completed. Although Kansas State Normal expanded as it evolved first into Kansas State Teachers' College and then into Emporia Kansas State College and then into Emporia State University, the largest employer in town these days is not a college but a big meat-packing plant, most of whose employees are not the sort of citizens who spend a lot of their time perusing the editorial page. There is less talk than there once was about Emporia's being the Athens of Kansas.

Still, a lot of people in Emporia lead an updated version of the peaceful front-porch life that White portrayed—a life revolving around family and church and school and service club and neighbors. The Andersons seemed to lead that sort of life. When they walked into Faith Lutheran Church every Sunday, the little girls wearing immaculate dresses that Lorna Anderson had made herself, they presented the picture of a wholesome, attractive

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American family which a lot of people still have in mind when they think of Emporia. Marty Anderson, a medical technologist, ran the laboratory at Newman Memorial County Hospital. He was on the board of directors of the Optimist Club. His wife was working part time as secretary of Faith Lutheran. She was a member of a social and service sorority called Beta Sigma Phi, which used its annual Valentine's Day dance as a benefit for the local hospitals. The Andersons were among the young couples who saw one another at Optimist basketball games or church-fellowship meetings or Beta Sigma Phi socials—people who tended to recall dates by saying something like "Let's see, that was the year Jenny started nursery school" or "I remember I was pregnant with Bobby."

Faith Lutheran Church is dominated by such families. It's a young church, in a former Assembly of God building on the West Side of Emporia—an area filled with split-level houses along blocks so recently developed that most of the trees are still not much higher than the basketball goals. Faith Lutheran was founded in 1982, when the one Missouri Synod Lutheran church in Emporia, Messiah Lutheran, decided that the way to expand was to ask for volunteers to form what was thought of as a "daughter congregation" on the West Side. Faith Lutheran grew so quickly that in October of 1982, just eight months after its founding, it was chartered as a separate congregation. The church—a pale brick building on a corner lot across the street from a school—turned out to have been well placed, but the congregation had other advantages besides a fortunate location. The people who had volunteered to move from Messiah tended to be active young families with a strong interest in a range of church activities—what was sometimes called at Messiah "the early-service crowd." Thomas Bird, the minister who had been called from Arkansas to Messiah to lead the new undertaking, turned out to be a dynamic young pastor who fitted right in with his congregation. Tom Bird had been a long-distance runner at the University of Arkansas. He was married to his high-school sweetheart, an astonishingly energetic young woman who had a master's degree in mathematics and managed t combine the responsibilitie of a pastor's wife wit some teaching at Empori State. Like a lot of couple in the congregation, the had three small childre and a small split-level an a swing set in the bac yard.

The Missouri Synod i a particularly conservativ branch of American Lutheranism. Tom Bir thought of himself as conservative in doctrinal an liturgical matters but flexible in dealing with th concerns of his congregation. Distinguishing Fait Lutheran from Missou Synod churches more set i their ways—Messiah, fo instance—he has said tha he wanted his church to b more interested in peopl than in policies. Faith Lutheran lacked the ster Germanic atmospher sometimes associated wit Missouri Synod churche The attachment of some c the young West Side couples who soon joined the founder from Messiah was more demographi than liturgical. A lot of them wer attracted by a friendly, almost famili bond among contemporaries wh tended to be interested in the churc volleyball team as well as the Bibl classes. The Andersons, who had bee active at First Presbyterian, were introduced to Faith when Lorna Anderson decided that its preschool, th Lord's Lambs, might be a convenie place for their two youngest childre twin girls. Eventually, Martin an Lorna Anderson found Faith Lutheran a comfortable place for the entire family. Lorna Anderson went t work half days as the church secretar Marty Anderson put the pastor up f the Optimists.

A memorial service for Marty Anderson was held at Faith Luthera Tom Bird, Lorna Anderson's boss an friend as well as her pastor, was by h side. He could have been assumed t have sad cause for empathy. Only fo months before, his own wife had die —killed, from what the authoriti could ascertain by reconstructing th event, when her car missed a nast curve next to the Rocky Ford Bridg

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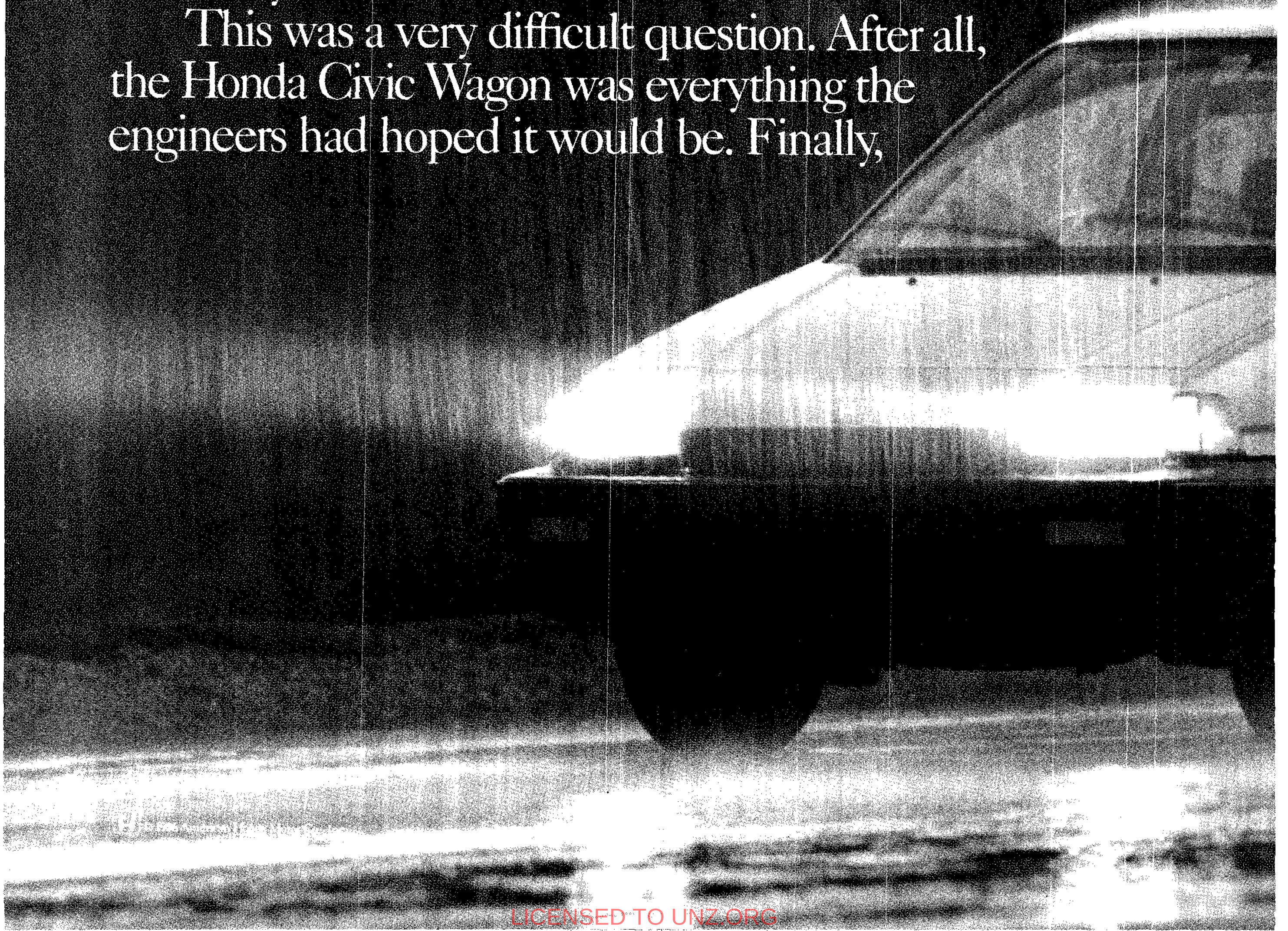

someone said, “Build a civilized four-wheel-drive model, too.”

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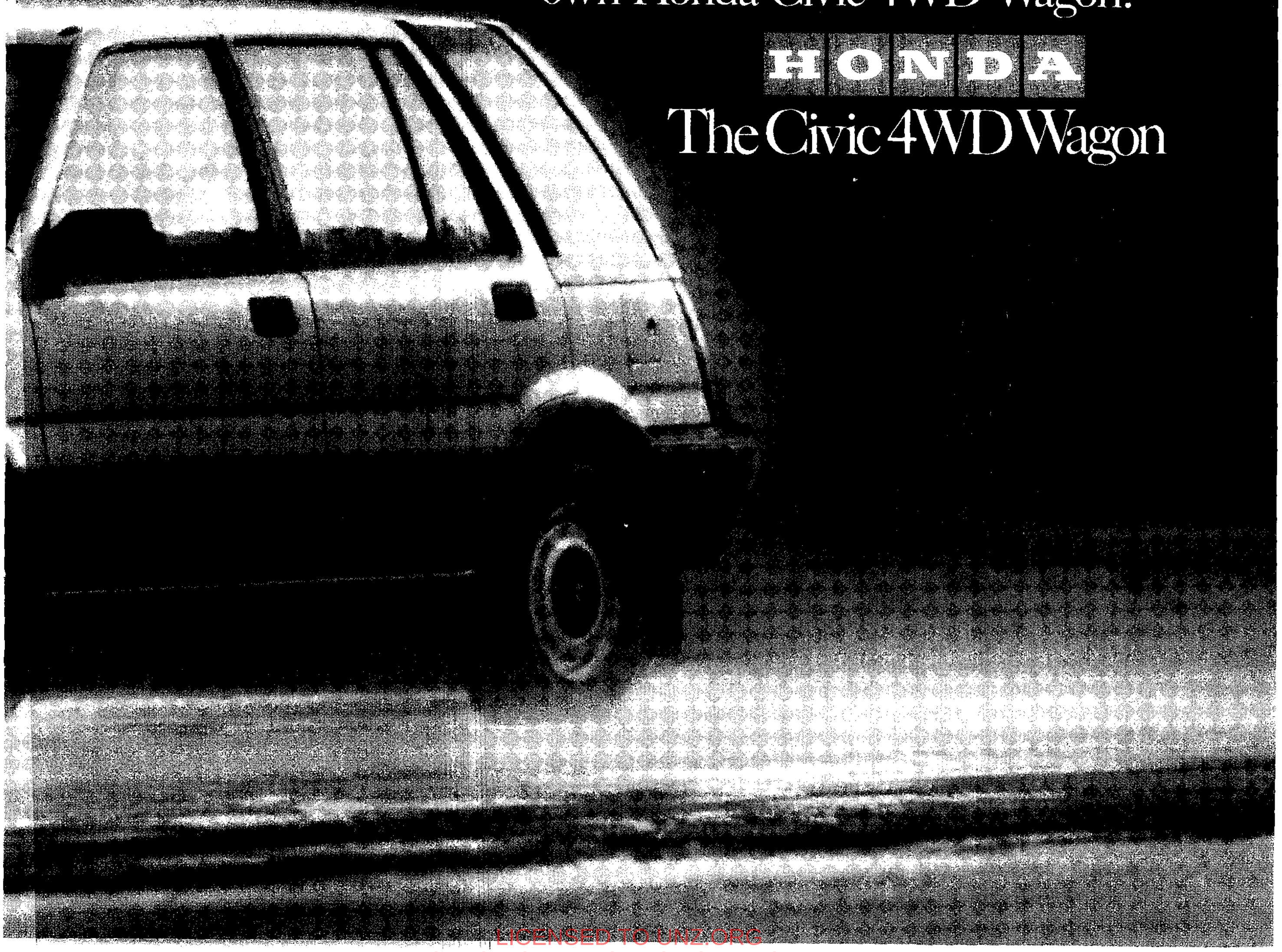

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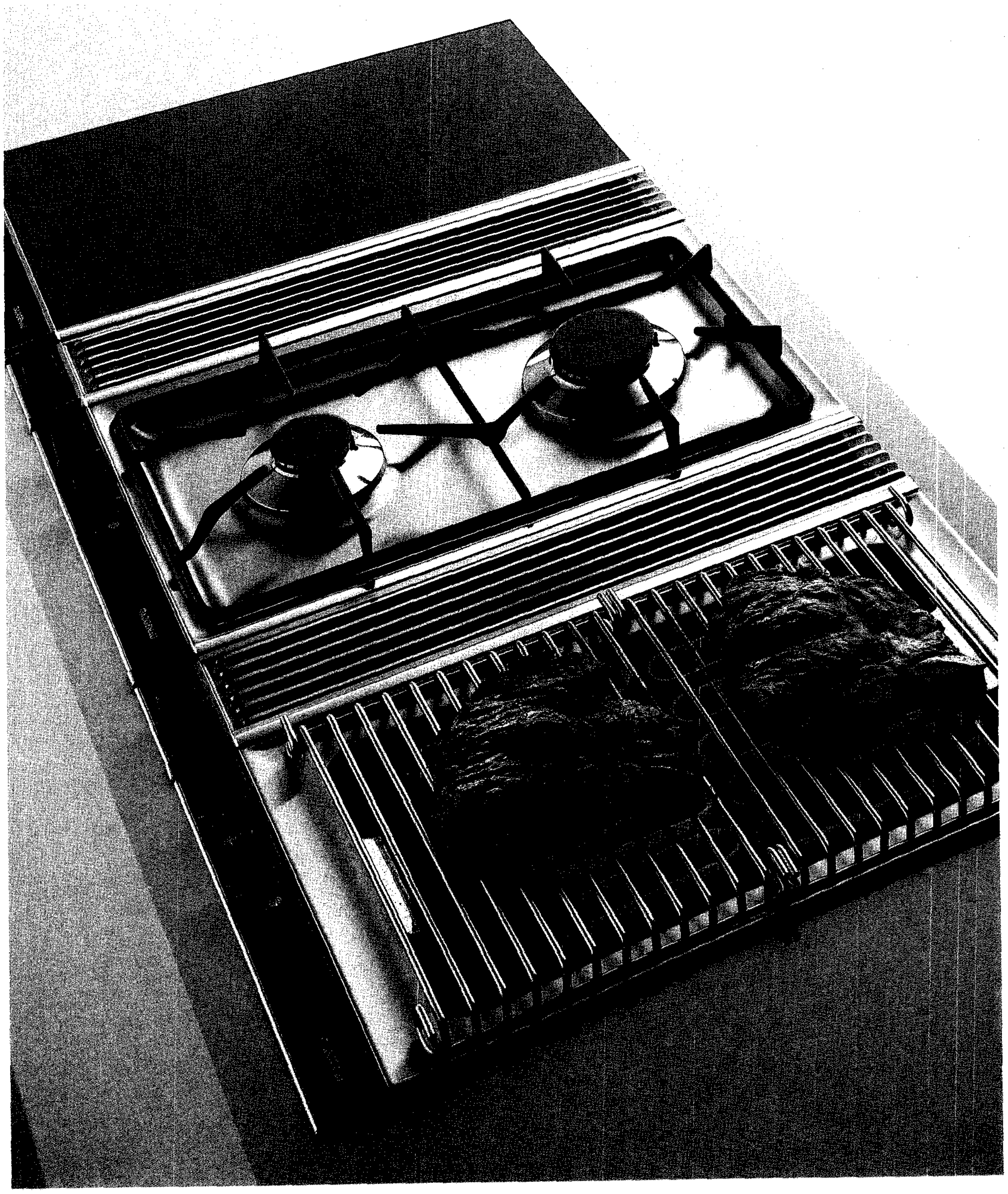

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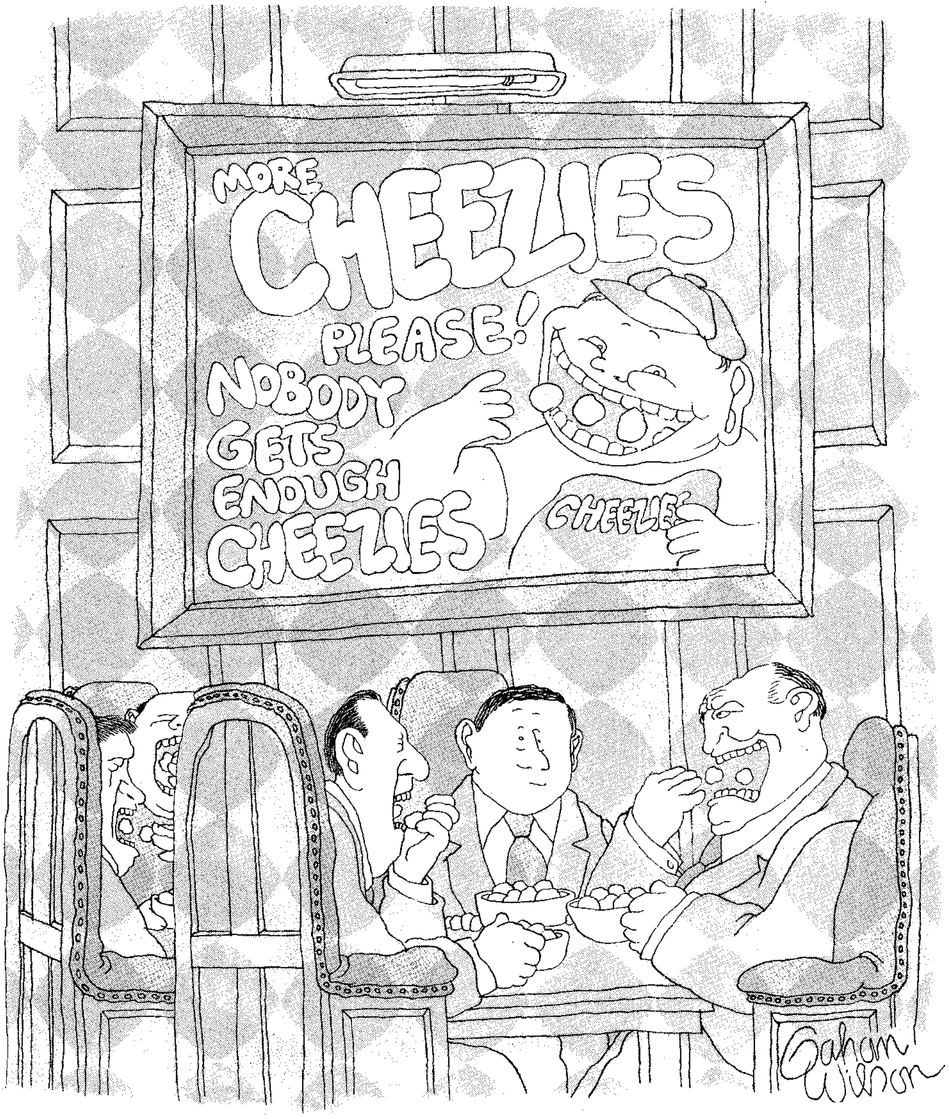

"Not eating your Cheezies, Miller?"

• •

southeast of town, and plunged over an embankment into the Cottonwood River. On the day of Martin Anderson's memorial service, the sanctuary of Faith Lutheran Church was full. Tom Bird delivered the eulogy. The Optimists sat in the front rows.

The day before the memorial service, Susan Ewert, a friend of Lorna Anderson's from the Andersons' days at First Presbyterian, walked into the office of the Emporia *Gazette* first thing in the morning with an angry complaint. She said that the *Gazette* article reporting Martin Anderson's murder—a short Saturday-afternoon item that had been written near deadline on the strength of telephone conversations—implied that Lorna Anderson wasn't telling the truth about what had happened. The *Gazette's* implication, according to Mrs. Ewert, had so disturbed Mrs. Anderson that her pastor, who was trying to console her, had found her nearly suicidal. The managing editor of the *Gazette*, Ray Call, said that the paper would be happy to give Mrs. Anderson the opportunity to tell her story in detail, and when the *Gazette* came out that afternoon it carried a story headlined "MURDERED EMPORIAN'S WIFE RECALLS TERROR ON HIGHWAY."

Lorna Anderson's story was this: She was at the wheel of the family's van as it headed down 177 from Manhattan toward Emporia that evening. Apparently having eaten something in Manhattan that disagreed with her, she felt that she was about to be ill, so she stopped the car. As she got out, she took the keys with her—her husband had always insisted that she remove the keys any time she left the van—and then accidentally dropped them in the field at the side of the road. When her husband came out to help her look for them, he told her to return to the van and shine the headlights in his direction. While she was doing that, she heard someone say, "Where's your wallet?" She turned to see her husband hand his wallet to a masked man, who started shooting. Her husband fell to the ground. Then the man grabbed her, held the gun to her head, and pulled the trigger. The gun failed to fire. He fled into the darkness.

The story presented some problems. Would someone who was about to be ill really pull the keys out of a car parked on a deserted stretch of highway when her husband was sitting right in the front seat? What were the odds against a bandit's being on that stretch of highway when the Andersons' van stopped? The original item in the *Gazette*—an item that followed Lorna Anderson's account with the sentence "Officers are investigating the story"—had, in fact, reflected the skepticism of the Geary County officers who listened to the account the night of the murder. The implication of that skepticism was clear in a headline run by the Junction City *Daily Union* the next day: "VICTIM'S WIFE AMONG SUSPECTS IN KILLING." The Emporia *Gazette* was not as blunt, but that didn't mean an absence of suspicion in Emporia. There were a lot of rumors around town.

Emporia, with a population of twenty-five thousand, is about the right size for rumors. In a tiny town, people are likely to know firsthand what is true and what isn't. In a large city, most of the population won't have any connection at all with the people under discussion. In a place the size of Emporia, though, people tend to have an uncle who knows the cousin of someone through the Kiwanis, or a next-door neighbor who has the word through a lawyer who has a kid in the same Boy Scout troop. The Andersons had been in Emporia for only seven years—Marty Anderson was from a small town south of Wichita, and his wife had grown up in Hutchinson—but a lot of people knew someone who knew them. Just about everybody had something to say about them.

Marty Anderson sounded like a person who had been both easy to like and easy not to like. "He could be very aggravating, and the next minute he could get you laughing," a fellow-Optimist has said. The way Anderson tried to get people laughing was usually through needling or practical jokes, and in both forms he occasionally passed over the line from funny to mean. Sometimes the object of the needling was his wife. He was a big man, more than six feet tall, and not the sort of big man who slowed up coming into second base for fear of bowling over a smaller player. At Newman Hospital, he sometimes employed an army-sergeant manner that irritated people in other departments, but the technologists who worked for him considered him an essentially fair man who tried to run a meticulous laboratory. Basically, they liked him. Outside the hospital, he was known as a man who after quite a bit too much to drink at a party might decide to play a prank that turned out not to have been such a good idea after all. His wife was given to tearful recitals of how miserable life with Martin Anderson could be, and some of the people who tried to be of comfort were told that he beat her.

"Everybody was always comforting Lorna," a female associate of Martin Anderson's said not long ago, putting a little twist on the word "comforting." Lorna Anderson cried easily. Until a couple of years before her husband's death, she had often phoned him at the lab, distraught and tearful, but she was better known for seeking her comfort elsewhere. The Emporians of William Allen White's day could have described her with one sentence: She had a reputation. A trim, dark-haired, pleasant-looking woman of about thirty, she did not have the appearance of the town bombshell. But there were women in Emporia—women who worked at the hospital or were members of Beta Sigma Phi—who said that they avoided parties where the Andersons were likely to be present because they knew that before the evening was out Lorna Anderson would make a play for their husband. There were people in Emporia who said that a police investigation that included scrutiny of the Andersons' marriage had the potential of embarrassing any number of prominent business and professional men—men who had met Lorna Anderson when she worked at one of the banks or men who knew her through her work as local fund-raiser for the American Heart Association or men who had simply run into her late in the evening at a place like the Continental Club of the Ramada Inn. Some people in Em-

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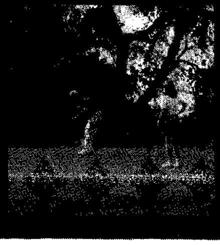

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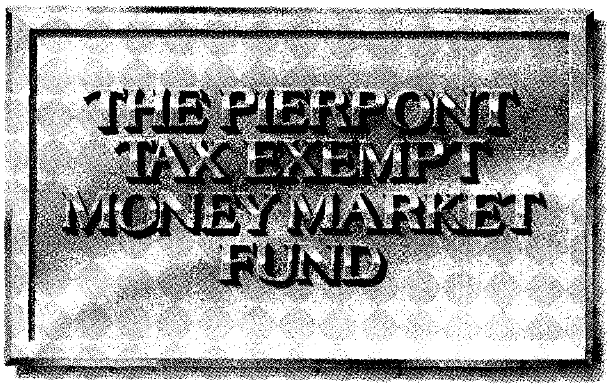
CALE THOMAS

poria—people who, say, worked with someone who knew someone connected with Faith Lutheran Church—were saying that Lorna Anderson's latest catch was Pastor Tom Bird. "Just after we got home from Marty's funeral, the phone rang," a colleague of Martin Anderson's recalled not long ago. "The person calling said there was a rumor that Lorna and Tom Bird had something to do with Marty's death."

Pastor Bird had been one of the people who were always comforting Lorna. Almost from the time she began working at the church, in early 1983, there were whispers in the congregation about the possibility that the pastor and his secretary had grown too close. After Sandra Bird's death, in July of 1983, Lorna Anderson was just one of a number of women from the congregation who concentrated on providing whatever support they could for the young pastor, but she was the only one whose relationship with Tom Bird continued to cause uneasiness in the congregation. The pastor of Messiah had spoken confidentially to Bird about what people were saying, and so had Faith's lay ministers—the equivalent of church elders in some Lutheran congregations. At one point, the lay ministers, intent on avoiding even the appearance of impropriety by the pastor, considered Lorna Anderson's resignation. Finally, it was agreed that she would remain church secretary but would limit her presence at the church to the hours that her job called for. Bird had assured the lay ministers that there was in fact no impropriety in his relationship with his secretary. She had a troubled marriage and a tendency to "spiral down," he told them, and he was only doing his best to counsel and support her. He continued to stand by her after Martin Anderson's death, and after suspicion was cast on her. He continued to stand by her when, only a couple of weeks after Anderson's death, Daniel Carter, an Emporia man who had been picked up by the Geary County authorities on a tip, said she had given him five thousand dollars to see that her husband was killed. Pastor Bird's support did not waver even when, shortly after Carter's arrest, Lorna Anderson herself was arrested for conspiracy to commit first-degree murder.

LORNA ANDERSON said she was innocent. Daniel Carter said he was guilty. He agreed to coöperate with the authorities investigating the role of Lorna Anderson and others in the plot.



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"Do you recall when it was you first had occasion to meet her?" Steven Opat, the Geary County Attorney, asked during one of the times Carter testified in court.

"Yes," Carter said. "I used to cut her hair."

That was at Mr. & Ms., on Commercial Street, in 1981. The relationship was strictly business for about a year, Carter testified, and then there was an affair, which lasted a few months, and then, in August of 1983, Lorna Anderson asked him to find someone to get rid of her husband. By that time, Carter was working on the construction crew at Wolf Creek, where he presumably had a better chance of finding a hit man among his co-workers than he would have had at the hairdressers. The Geary County authorities didn't claim that Carter had concocted a scheme that actually resulted in the death of Martin Anderson. As they pieced the story together, Carter took five thousand dollars from Lorna Anderson and passed it on to Gregory Curry, his supervisor at Wolf Creek, who passed it on to a third man, in Mississippi, who, perhaps realizing that nobody was in a position to make a stink about having the money returned if services weren't rendered, didn't do anything.

That left the mystery of who killed Martin Anderson, which meant that a number of investigators from the Geary County Sheriff's Office and the Lyon County Sheriff's Office and the Kansas Bureau of Investigation were still asking questions around Emporia—scaring up a covey of rumors with each interview. When the next arrest came, though, it was not for murder but for another plot, which nobody claimed had gone any further than talk. On March 21, 1984, four and a half months after Martin Anderson's death, the Lyon County Attorney, Rodney H. Symmonds, filed charges against Thomas Bird for criminal solicitation to commit first-degree murder. In an affidavit filed at the same time, a K.B.I. agent said that the prosecution was acting largely on information it had received from an Emporia housebuilder named Darrel Carter, Daniel Carter's older brother. Shortly after the arrest of Daniel Carter, the affidavit said, Darrel Carter had gone to the authorities to inform them that in May of 1983, three months before the plot his brother had described, he, too, had been asked to help get rid of Martin Anderson. According to the affidavit, Darrel Carter had gone to

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Faith Lutheran Church one weekday morning at Lorna Anderson's request, and there had been asked by Tom Bird if he would help in a murder scheme that was already worked out. After Martin Anderson's death, the affidavit said, Darrel Carter had got word that Tom Bird wanted to meet with him again in order to "reaffirm their trust," but this time Carter had shown up wearing a hidden transmitter provided by the Kansas Bureau of Investigation.

"Who would have thought that little old Emporia would have *two* hit men?" a professor at Emporia State University has said. Even to people in Emporia who had spent the months since Martin Anderson's death savoring the ironies or embellishing the rumors, though, the idea of a minister plotting a murder scheme right in his own church was shocking. There was an accompanying shock in what the affidavit said about one of the possible murder plans that Bird was accused of presenting to Darrel Carter: "Bird told Carter he found a place with a bend in a road and a bridge outside of Emporia, which had an approximately fifty-foot drop-off to the river and that a person could just miss the curve, especially if the person were drunk, and go off down the embankment. Bird told Carter they were going to drug Marty, take him out there, and run the car off into the river."

Anyone who might have missed the implication of that could see it spelled out in the *Gazette's* coverage of Bird's arrest. "On July 17, Sandra Bird, Mr. Bird's wife, was found dead near the wreckage of her car that went off the road at the Rocky Ford Bridge southeast of Emporia," the *Gazette* said. "According to the accident report, Mrs. Bird had been driving northbound on the county road when the car apparently went off the roadway at the approach to the bridge and down a 65-foot embankment.

"An autopsy concluded that Mrs. Bird's death was accidental, caused by severe abdominal and chest injuries.

"Mr. Symmonds declined to comment on whether he considered Mrs. Bird's death to be accidental.

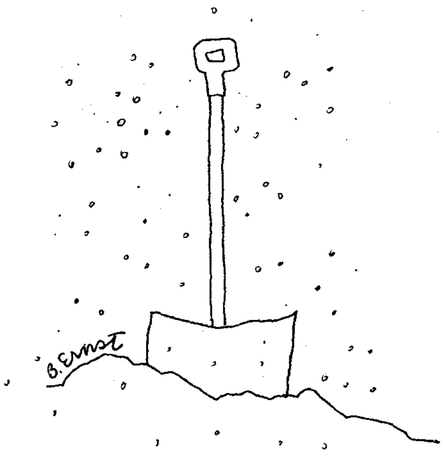
" 'Whenever a person dies, it's always subject to further investigation,' he said."

MEMBERS of Faith Lutheran offered to post Tom Bird's bond. The church's attitude was summed up by the Wichita *Eagle* with the headline "CONGREGATION RALLIES AROUND PASTOR." There were people in the congregation who had been put out at Tom Bird at one time or another—he was known as someone who could be strong-willed about having things done his own way—but in general he was a popular figure. To people who might have expected a Missouri Synod Lutheran pastor to be a severe man on the lookout for sin, Tom Bird had always seemed accessible and informal and concerned. "We're going to stand behind him all the way," one young woman in the congregation told the reporter from Wichita. Faith Lutheran people spoke of Christian love and the American principle that a man is innocent until proved guilty. A lot of them considered the charge against Tom Bird a horrible mistake that would be straightened out at his first hearing. There were some people in the congregation, however, who believed that it would be inappropriate for Bird to continue in his pastoral duties as if nothing had happened, and there were a few who thought he should resign. Bird said that he had no intention of resigning or asking for a leave of absence. In a congregational meeting, a compromise was reached: It was decided that as a way of easing the pressure on Pastor Bird while he dealt with his defense, he could be relieved of preparing and delivering sermons while retaining his other pastoral duties. That arrangement was supposed to last until Bird's preliminary hearing. When the hearing was postponed for some weeks, Bird said that he would prefer to take the pulpit again, and the lay ministers, to the irritation of a few members who were outspokenly opposed to Pastor Bird's continued presence, agreed. On the Sunday that he preached his first sermon after his arrest, the worshippers emerging from the church after the service were greeted not only by their pastor but also by a couple of television crews and some out-of-town reporters.

In Bird's view, the presence of the press that Sunday effectively ended his ministry at Faith Lutheran by making it clear that the church would be no sanctuary from temporal concerns as long as Thomas Bird was its pastor. With or without television cameras at Sunday services, it was a hard time for Faith Lutheran. The atmosphere of relaxed fellowship that had attracted so many young families had turned tense. The effort of most members to withhold judgment meant that no one was quite certain of where anyone else stood. A few families had dropped out of the congregation, and some people came to church less often. "I didn't feel comfortable going to church," a member who was a strong supporter of Pastor Bird has said. "I felt people judging us as well as judging Tom." Faith members also felt some pressure from outside the church. The questions and remarks they heard from outsiders often seemed to carry the implication that the attitude of the congregation toward its pastor was naïve or silly. In the view of one Faith Lutheran member, "It got to be socially unacceptable to go to our church." In the days after Bird's return to the pulpit, it was clear from the pressure within the church not simply that he would no longer deliver sermons on Sundays but that he would have to resign. He delayed the announcement by several weeks in order to avoid going into his preliminary hearing carrying the burden of having resigned under pressure.

Bird had often expressed gratitude for the congregation's support, but even before his arrest he had written in a church newsletter that his reputation was being "sullied by the local gossips." Some of the people who thought the congregation had not been strong enough in its support believed that in the strained atmosphere that followed his arrest the pastor had reason to feel "unwelcome and unloved" in his own church. When he finally resigned, two months after his arrest, his farewell speech to the congregation was partly about such subjects as authentic Christian love and the purposes of the church, but it also included some rather bitter remarks about his treatment. "When I remained silent, I was judged to be unfair for not informing people; when I have spoken, I was judged to be defensive," he said. "When I looked depressed, I was judged to be full of self-pity; when I smiled and looked strong, I was judged to be failing to take matters seriously. When I acted timid, I was judged to be weak; when I acted boldly, I was judged to be manipulating. When I was indecisive, I was judged to have lost my leadership capacity; when I acted decisively, I was judged to be using my position to railroad matters. To multiply the anguish of my predicament, I only hear these judgments second or third hand, so that I cannot share directly what is in my heart and my intentions to my accusers within the congregation."

BY the time of Tom Bird's resignation, a folklorist at Emporia State who is interested in the sort of jokes people tell was collecting Tom-and-Lorna jokes. The folklorist, Thomas Isern, believes that the range of humor in the mass media these days has forced folk humor to be scurrilous in order to remain folk humor, and scurrilous jokes flowed easily from a situation that included a couple of stock folklore characters—the preacher and the loose woman. The relationship between Tom Bird and Lorna Anderson was not the only subject of intense speculation in Emporia. A lot of people were talking about whether Sandra Bird's death had really been an accident. A couple of months after Bird's arrest, the *Gazette* reported that Sandra Bird's family, in Arkansas, had asked a Little Rock lawyer to supervise an investigation into the circumstances of her death. Once some doubt about the incident was made public, it became apparent that a number of people had at the time entertained doubts about whether Sandra Bird had simply missed a curve. A lot of people—neighbors, for instance, and people at Emporia State—had driven out to the Rocky Ford Bridge to have a look at the scene. What had given them pause was not any suspicion of Tom Bird but a feeling that the physical evidence didn't make sense. If Sandra Bird liked to take late-night drives by herself to unwind, as her husband had reported, why would she drive on the distinctly unrelaxing gravel road that approached the Rocky Ford Bridge? If the car was going so fast that it missed the curve at the bridge, which is the second half of an S curve, how did it negotiate the first half? If the car was going that fast, how come it wasn't more seriously damaged? It turned out that there had been people in Emporia who for months had not actually believed the official version of how Sandra Bird died. They thought that she might have committed suicide or that she might have been abducted in the parking lot at Emporia State, where she sometimes went late at night to use the computers, and murdered by her abductor.

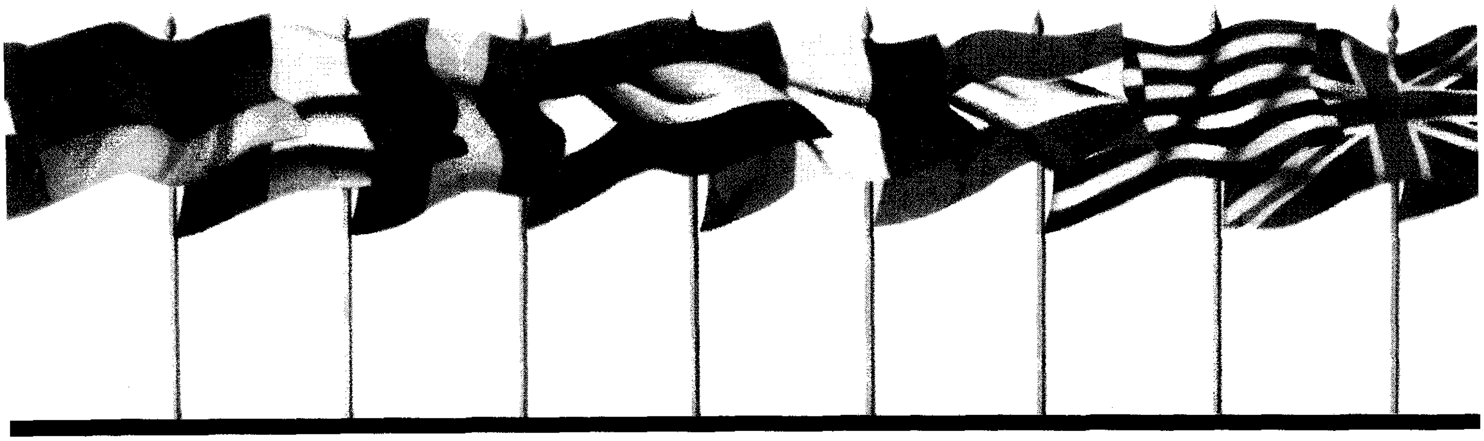


By far the most popular topic for speculation, though, was what people in Emporia began to call simply the list. The prosecution, it was said, had a list of Emporia men who had been involved with Lorna Anderson. In some versions of the story, the *Gazette* had the list. In some versions, it was not a list but a black book. In some versions, the men who were on a list of potential witnesses for Lorna Anderson's trial had been informed of that by the prosecution so that they could break the news to their families themselves. The version of the list story some of the reporters on the *Gazette* liked best turned into one of the jokes that could be collected by Tom Isern:

A prominent businessman calls an acquaintance on the *Gazette* news staff and says nervously, "I have to know—does the *Gazette* have a list?"

"No," the *Gazette* reporter says, in a soothing voice. "But we're compiling one."

THOSE people in Emporia who were counting on Lorna Anderson's trial to end the suspense were in for a long wait. The case against her got tangled in any number of delays and legal complications. As it turned out, the first person to come to trial for plotting to murder Martin Anderson was Tom Bird. The defense asked for a change of venue, providing the court with the results of a survey indicating that the overwhelming majority of Emporia residents were familiar with the case. The motion was denied. In Kansas, there is a strong tradition against granting changes of venue even when there is wide community awareness of a case, and, as it happened, the survey indicated that a relatively small percentage of those who were familiar with the charges and the rumors had already made up their minds. But among the ones who had there was a strong indication of how Emporia opinion was running: out of thirty-nine people with firm



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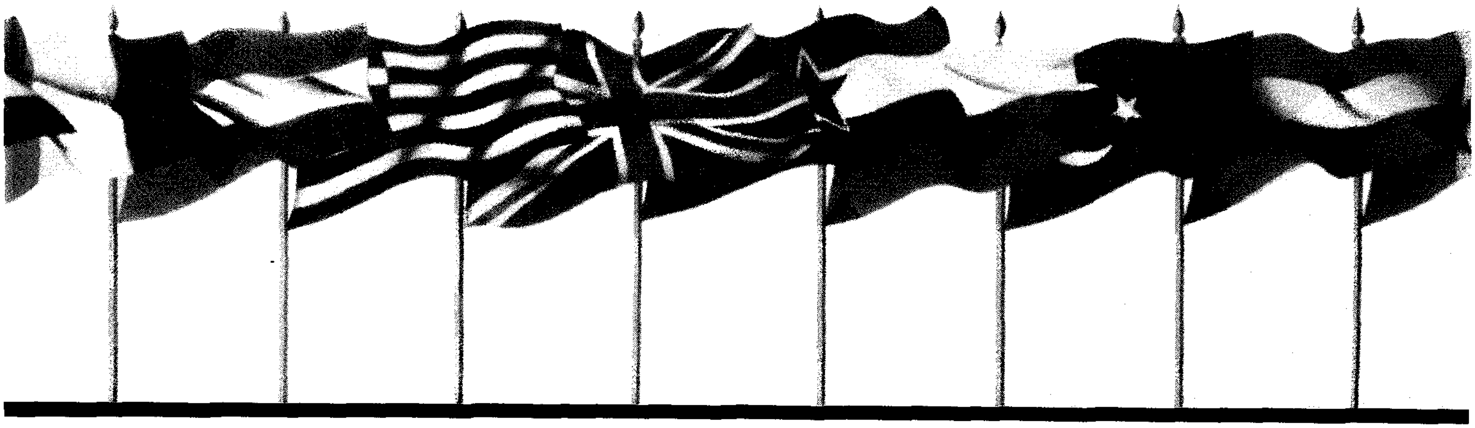

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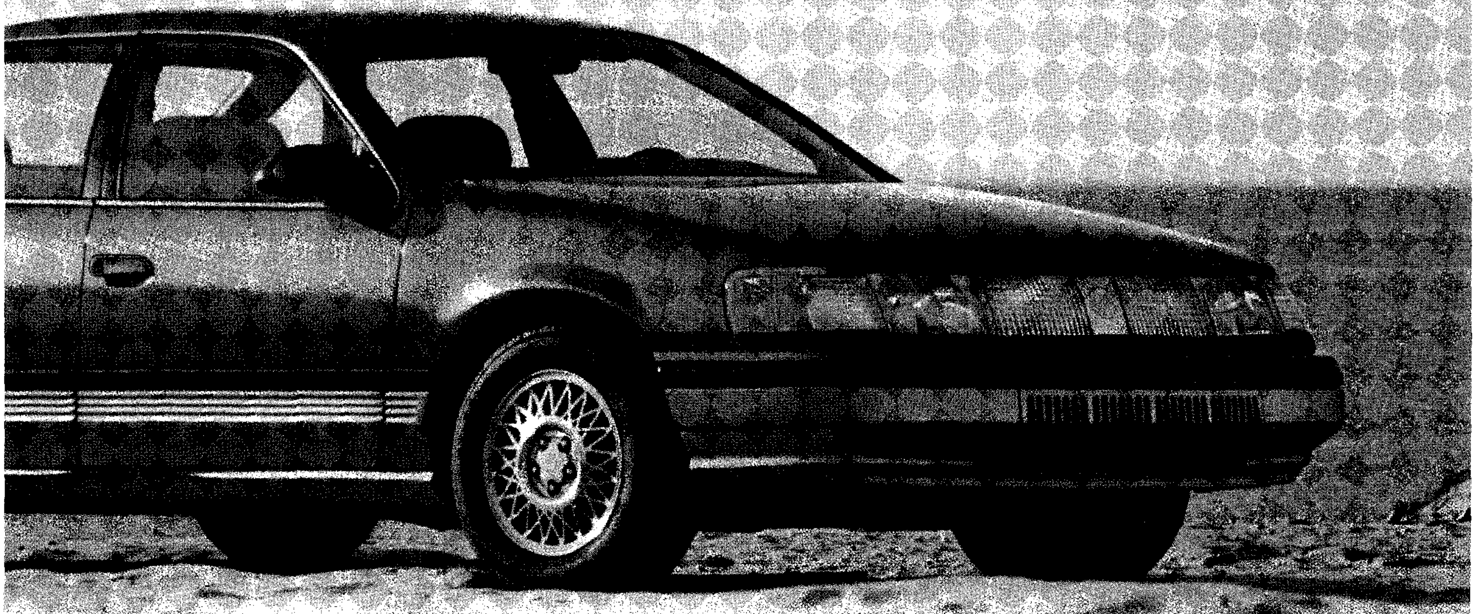

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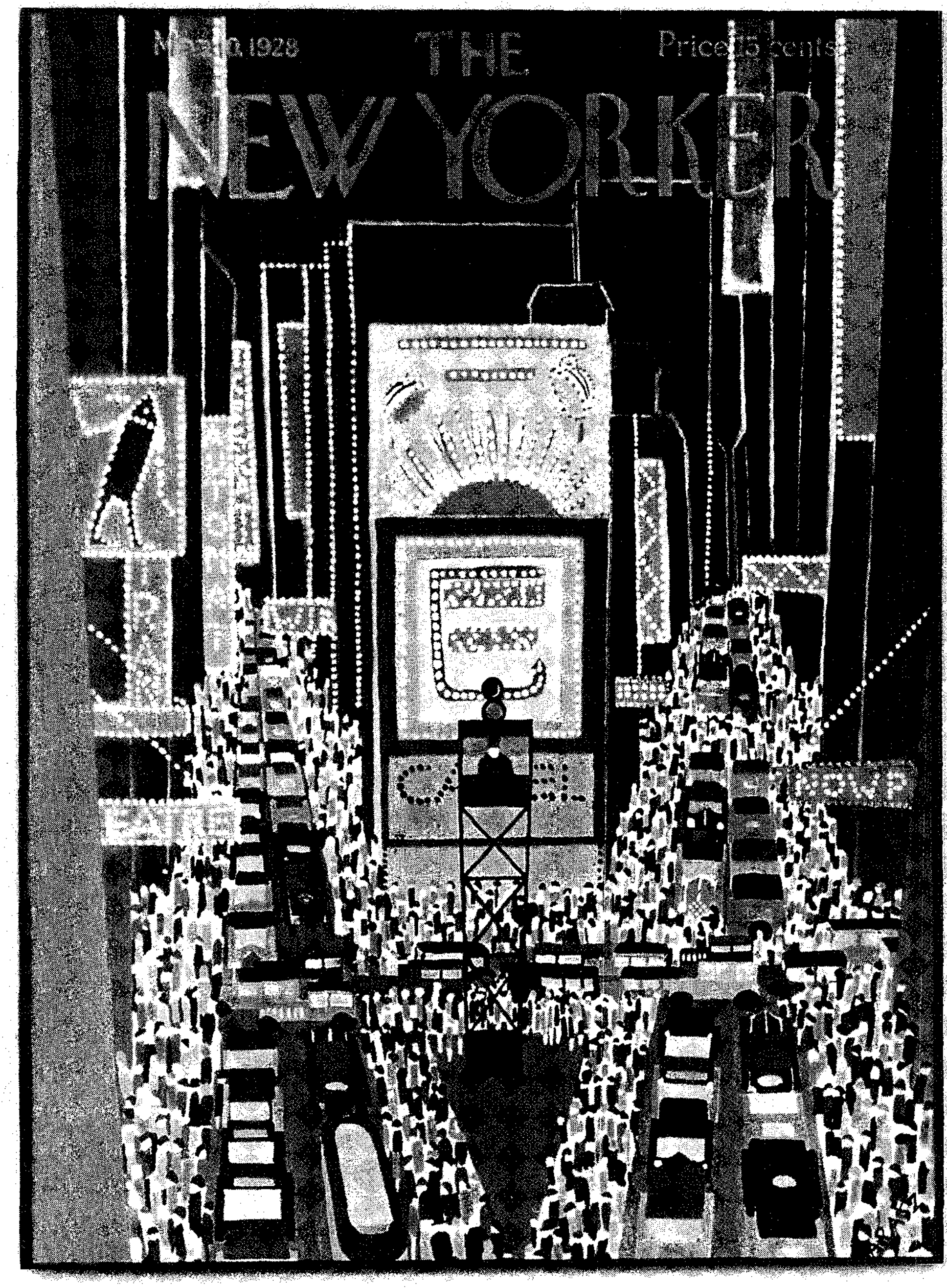

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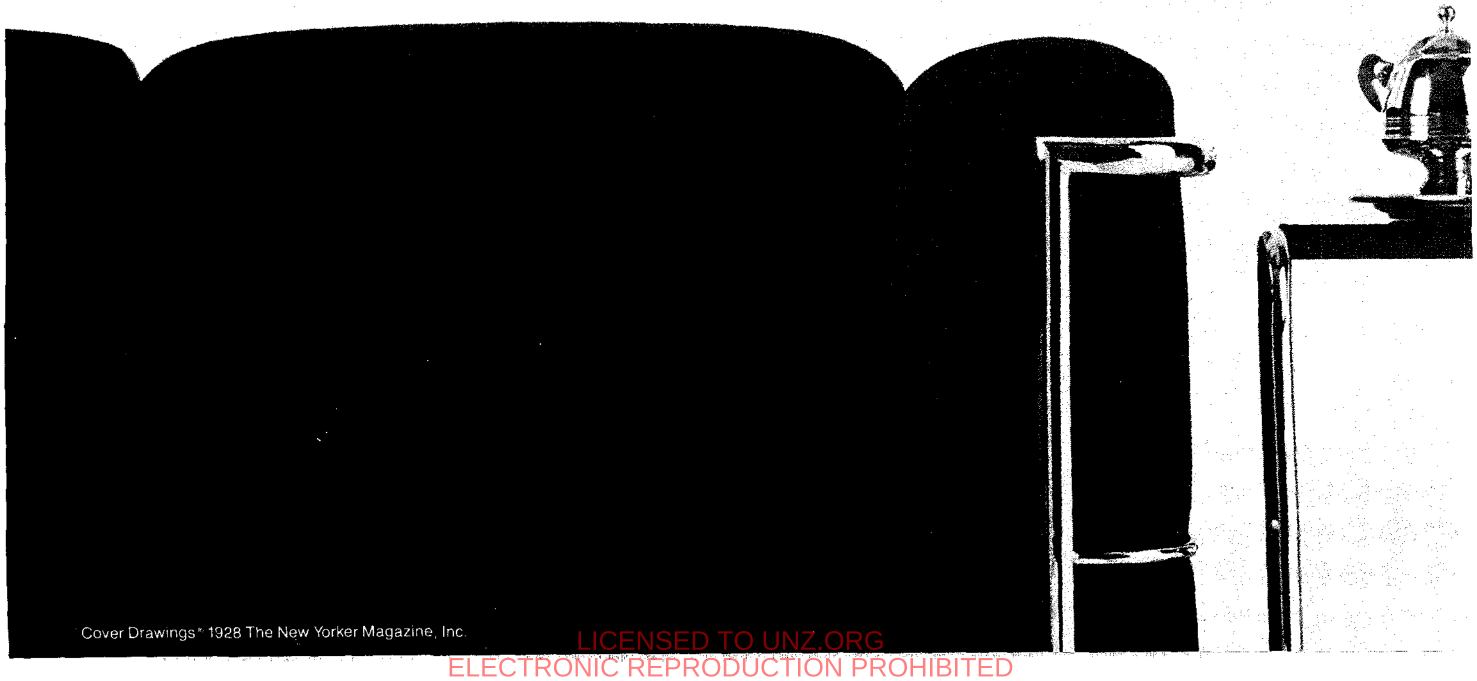

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opinions, thirty-two thought Tom Bird was guilty.

Bird's mother and his father, who is also a Lutheran minister, came up from Arkansas for the trial. So did Sandra Bird's father and mother and stepfather—who, it was noted around town, seemed to keep their distance from their former son-in-law during the proceedings. Reporters and television crews from Wichita and Topeka were in town; despite objections from the defense, a fixed television camera was permitted in the courtroom for the first time in Lyon County. There were members of Faith Lutheran who had come to testify for the defense and members who had come to testify for the prosecution and members who had come merely because, like most residents of Emporia, they were attracted by the prospect of seeing witnesses under oath clear up—or perhaps improve on—the rumors that had been going around town for eight months. The courtroom was jammed every day. "I've never been to anything like this before," one of the spectators told the *Gazette*. "I feel like I know them all; I've heard their names so many times."

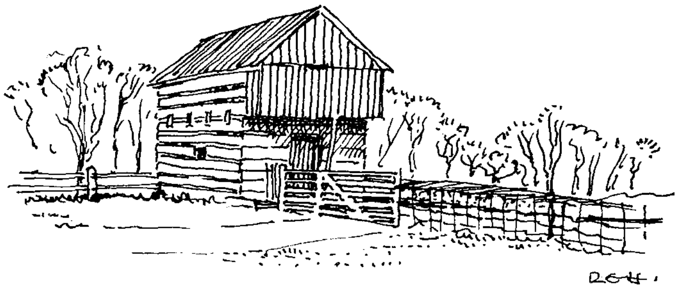
The prosecution's case was based on the assumption that Tom Bird and Lorna Anderson had been lovers. According to the prosecutor, they wanted Marty Anderson out of the way, and they weren't interested in a less violent means of accomplishing that—divorce, for instance—because they also wanted the four hundred thousand dollars his death would bring in insurance money. The prosecution's witnesses included the Andersons' insurance agent—he turned out to be the president of the Optimist Club—and a babysitter, who said that she once heard Lorna Anderson say on the telephone, "I cannot wait for Marty to die; I can't wait to count the green stuff." There was testimony from Faith Lutheran people who had been concerned that the pastor and his secretary were growing too close. "I saw a sparkle in their eyes when they talked to each other," said the preschool teacher, a young woman who under cross-examination acknowledged that she herself had wrestled with a crush on the pastor. "I felt electricity in the air." There was testimony from a development director of the Heart Association, who reduced the talk of electricity and eye-sparkling to more direct language; according to her testimony, Lorna Anderson had told her about having an affair with the pastor and had said that she was using Heart Association business as a cover for trysts in out-of-town motels. The Andersons' nine-year-old daughter, Lori, testified that she had seen her mother and Tom Bird hugging; Marty Anderson's brother and a K.B.I. agent both testified that what Lori had said when she was first questioned was that she had seen her mother and Tom Bird kissing.

The prosecution's star witness was, of course, Darrel Carter. He testified that the meeting at the church in the spring of 1983 was not the first time Lorna Anderson had asked his help in killing her husband. She had first asked him a year or so before that, he said, at a time when the Andersons and the Carters knew each other casually from Beta Sigma Phi functions. "I was really kind of shocked to think that she would ask me that," Carter testified, " 'cause Martin Anderson was a friend of mine." According to Carter's testimony, that friendship hadn't prevented him from having his own fling with Lorna some months later. To back up Carter's story of the meeting at Faith Lutheran, the prosecution called a couple of people he had mentioned the scheme to at the time. "I was doing a little work there one evening in my garage on an old Corvette that I'm restoring," one of them, a neighbor of Carter's, said, in testimony that summoned up the traditional vision of summertime in Emporia. "We visited about several things, which I can't tell you all they were, but the one that sticks in my mind right now is that he told me that someone had contacted him about killing someone."

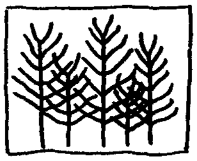
What the defense asked the jury to do was to view Darrel Carter's testimony not as a story he had finally come forward with after his brother's arrest but as a story he had concocted in order to win some leniency for his brother—who had, in fact, been given probation, while Gregory Curry, his confederate in the scheme, was sentenced to prison. From that angle, the details that Darrel Carter knew could be seen as coming from police reports available to the defense in his brother's case. The similarity of the murder plan to the circumstances of Sandra Bird's death could be explained by the fact that when Carter concocted the story he knew how Sandra Bird had died. The meeting at Faith Lutheran had indeed taken place, the defense said; its purpose was not to plot murder, though, but to explore the possibility of Faith youth-group members' working at Carter's fireworks stand in order to raise money for a trip to see the Passion Play in Eureka Springs, Arkansas. After Marty Anderson's death, Bird had indeed let it be known that he wanted to talk to Carter, the defense said, but that was because Susan Ewert, Lorna Anderson's friend, had told Bird that Carter was spreading rumors about him, and Bird wanted to put a stop to that. "I've heard enough rumors for sure," Bird could be heard saying on the tape. "Rumors are rampant."

During that conversation with Carter, in a bowling-alley parking lot, Bird made what the prosecution presented as incriminating remarks about the meeting at his church ("I just wanted to touch the bases and make sure that we just talked about possibly my youth group sellin' firecrackers for you") and about the murder of Martin Anderson ("Well, maybe we ought to be glad that we didn't follow through") and about how he felt about Anderson's death ("I ain't celebratin', but I ain't mournin', either"). Still, nothing on the tape was absolutely explicit, and Bird took the stand to provide a benign explanation for every remark—mostly based on the contention that what he and Carter hadn't followed through on was a plan to refer Lorna Anderson to an agency that assists battered wives. When the prosecution managed to bring into evidence two notes from Tom Bird that the police said they had found in Lorna Anderson's lingerie drawer, Bird said that they were meant simply to buck up Lorna's spirits and that such sentiments as "I love you so very much and that's forever" were expressions not of romantic attachment but of "authentic Christian love."

In describing his efforts to counsel Lorna Ander-



son, Bird admitted that, emotionally drained by his wife's death, he might have used bad judgment in providing the gossips with even the appearance of something worth gossiping about. In explaining why he had arranged the parking-lot meeting through a go-between, a woman he knew from an inquiry she had made about the Lord's Lambs preschool, he admitted a pressure tactic that some jurors might have considered un-Christian: He happened to know that the woman and Darrel Carter were having an affair, he testified, and he figured that making Carter aware of that knowledge might send "the message that everybody is capable of being a victim of rumors." But that was about all he admitted. Bird said that people who saw him hugging Lorna Anderson while comforting her might not have understood that standing across the room with consoling words would not have been "full communication." She had a "self-esteem problem" that required a lot of comforting, he said, and he had provided it as her pastor and her employer and her friend but not as her lover.



"If only he had admitted the affair," a remarkable number of people in Emporia said when talking about Tom Bird's trial for criminal solicitation. The defense had insisted that the case amounted to a simple choice of whether to believe Tom Bird or Darrel Carter. In some ways, it was an unequal contest. Darrel Carter was nobody's idea of a model citizen. He did not claim that his response to having been asked to help murder a friend of his had included outrage or a telephone call to the authorities. He acknowledged—boasted about, the defense might have said—two affairs with married women while he was married himself. Someone who had hired him to build a house took the stand to say that he was "the biggest liar in ten counties." In contrast, several character witnesses testified that Tom Bird was a trustworthy, God-fearing man. "He is very conscious of the Word of God," the chairman of Faith Lutheran's board of lay ministers said, "and he is very deliberate in his close attention and following of the Word of God."

But practically nobody in Emporia believed Tom Bird when he said he had not had an affair with Lorna Anderson. If only he had admitted the affair, people in Emporia said, the jury might have believed the rest of the story—or might at least have been understanding about what passion could have led him to do. The defense that Emporia people thought might have worked for Tom Bird amounted to a sort of Garden of Eden defense—a tragic twist on the jokes about the preacher and the loose woman. To some people in Emporia, it seemed that Tom Bird could have been presented as a vulnerable man who, at a particularly stressful time in his life, had been led by his passion for a temptress to do some things he came to regret, but who would never have conspired to break God's commandment against murder. A lot of people in Emporia, in other words, thought that Tom Bird's only hope was to repent. The people from Faith Lutheran who continued to believe in Pastor Bird right through the trial found that approach enraging. He could not repent, they said, for the simple reason that he had done nothing that required repentance. That, apparently, was not the view of the jury. Bird was found guilty of soliciting murder. He was sentenced to a term of two and a half to seven years in the Kansas State Penitentiary.

"LIKE most Emporians, we love a bit of juicy gossip now and then," an editorial in the *Gazette* said a month or so after Tom Bird's conviction. "But in recent weeks here, the saturation point for rumors has been reached and innocent people are being hurt." The *Gazette* mentioned some rumors about the possibility that "the defendant in a recent sensational trial had remarried." There were also further rumors about Lorna Anderson, who had moved back to Hutchinson, and about what might be revealed in her trial. Time had swollen accounts of the list. "At first the list was said to contain 20 names," the *Gazette* said. "Now the number has grown to 110 and includes 'bankers, lawyers and other professional men.' This is a case of gross exaggeration." The *Gazette* thought it necessary to inform its readers that a professional man who had recently left town had not in fact fled because he was on the list and feared exposure.

The *Gazette* had begun a campaign to have the rumors surrounding Sandra Bird's death tested in a court of law. "Was it only coincidence that Mr. Bird's wife died in the manner and in the place that the minister had suggested for the murder of Mr. Anderson?" its editorial on the verdict in Tom Bird's trial asked. Two *Gazette* reporters, Roberta Birk and Nancy Horst, pounded away at the Sandra Bird case with stories carrying headlines like "CIRCUMSTANCES OF DEATH RAISE SUSPICIONS" and "TROOPER THOUGHT DEATH NOT ACCIDENT." The *Gazette* made a reward fund available for information on the case, and ran a series of stories about contributions to the fund from Sandra Bird's friends and family. In a sheriff's election that November, the *Gazette* editorialized against the incumbent partly on the ground that he had bungled the original investigation of Sandra Bird's death, and he was defeated. Eventually, Sandra Bird's body was exhumed, a second autopsy was performed, and a grand jury began investigating the case. In February of 1985, the grand jury handed up an indictment against Tom Bird for the murder of his wife.

The *Gazette's* campaign angered the people in Emporia who continued to believe in Bird's innocence. In the months since the headline "CONGREGATION RALLIES AROUND PASTOR," of course, their ranks had suffered serious attrition. Some supporters had dropped away as they heard more and more about the relationship between Tom Bird and Lorna Anderson. A lot more had defected after the revelations of the trial or after the guilty verdict. But there remained people in the Faith Lutheran congregation who believed that the verdict was just wrong—a result of Darrel Carter's perfidy and the judge's perverse refusal to move the trial out of a community that had convicted Tom Bird before any witnesses took the stand. The Bird supporters who remained could point out inconsistencies in prosecution testimony. But basically they believed Bird was innocent partly because they thought he was incapable of the deeds he was accused of and partly because he said he was innocent. "He told me that he swears before God he's innocent," one of the lay ministers has said. "I have to believe him. I don't think he would say that if he were guilty."

Almost everybody else in Emporia tended to believe that Bird was guilty not only of plotting to kill Martin Anderson but also of murdering his own wife. According to a survey taken for Bird's lawyer to support a motion to move his murder trial out of Emporia, virtually everyone in town was familiar with the case, and more than ninety per cent of those who had made up their minds about it believed that he was guilty. The motion was denied. Last July, the familiar cast of characters gathered once again in Lyon County District Court—Tom Bird and his parents, the family of Sandy Bird, the small band of Faith Lutheran members who remained loyal to Bird, County Attorney Rodney H. Symmonds, Darrel Carter, the TV crews from Topeka and Wichita. As the trial got under way, though, what most Emporia residents seemed to be discussing was not any revelation from the witness stand but news from Hutchinson that Lorna Anderson, whose trial was finally scheduled to begin later in the summer, had remarried. The bridegroom was a Hutchinson man named Randy Eldridge, someone she had known for years. In answer to reporters' questions, Eldridge said he believed that his new wife was innocent. She said that he was "a wonderful, Christian person" —someone who, it turned out, in his spare time was a member of a gospel-singing sextet. That fact and the rumors that both Eldridges were quite active in an Assembly of God church n Hutchinson had some people in Emporia concerned. It looked as if Lorna Anderson Eldridge might be planning to come to court as an upstanding Christian wife and mother who couldn't have had anything to do with plotting murder—and presumably the prosecution might attempt to destroy that picture of probity by callng to the stand any number of men from the list.

IN Tom Bird's trial for murder, there was even more testimony about his relationship with his secretary than there had been in the previous trial. The prosecution called witnesses—Sandra Bird's mother among them—who testified that the pastor's wife had been so distraught over the relationship that she had been unable to eat. But a lot of the testimony was rather technical—testimony from pathologists and accident-reconstruction specialists—and there were days when finding a seat in the spectators' section was no problem. The prosecution called expert witnesses to testify that neither the injuries to Sandra Bird nor the damage to the car was consistent with an accident; the defense called expert witnesses to testify the opposite. By pointing out inconsistencies in Tom Bird's account of that evening and presenting some physical evidence, such as the presence of bloodstains on the bridge, the prosecutor suggested that Bird had beaten his wife, thrown her off the Rocky Ford Bridge, run their car off the embankment, and dragged her body over to it in order to create the appearance of an accident. The defense argued that inconsistencies were to be expected from a man who had been up half the night worrying about where his wife was and had had to start the day by telling his children that their mother was dead. Tom Bird was on trial not for how he ran his personal life, his lawyer said, but for the crime of murder, and "there's no evidence that a crime of any kind was committed." The testimony required twelve days. After that, the jury deliberated for six hours and found Tom Bird guilty of first-degree murder. He was sentenced to life in prison.

"Even a lot of people who thought he was guilty didn't think the trial proved it," a supporter of Bird's said not long ago. It is true, at least, that the prosecutor was not able to provide an eyewitness, as he had done in the criminal-solicitation case. It is also true that he went into the trial holding the advantage of Bird's conviction for plotting Martin Anderson's murder. Among people familiar with the case, it is taken for granted that without the earlier conviction Bird would never have been brought to trial for his wife's murder. Discussing the astonishing chain of events that transformed Tom Bird from a popular young minister to a lifer convicted of killing his wife, a lot of people in Emporia continue to say, "If only he had admitted the affair."

A MONTH after Bird's second conviction, Lorna Anderson Eldridge sat in the same courtroom—neatly dressed, composed, almost cheerful—and said, "I believe it was in June, 1983, Thomas Bird and I met with Darrel Carter at the Faith Lutheran Church. During that meeting we discussed various ways of murdering my husband, Martin Anderson." In a last-minute plea bargain, she had agreed to plead guilty to two counts of criminal solicitation to commit first-degree murder and to tell the authorities anything she knew about a case that had presumably already been decided—the death of Sandra Bird. In her plea, she said that Tom Bird had also been involved later in trying to hire a hit man through Danny Carter, and had, in fact, furnished the five

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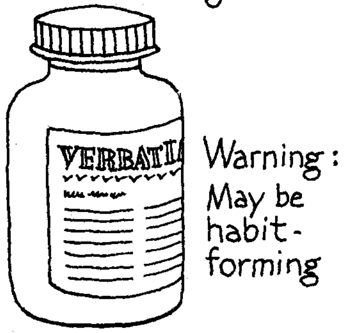

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thousand dollars. Lorna Eldridge's lawyer said she wanted to purge her soul. A month later, she was sentenced to a term of five and a half to eighteen years in state prison.

Her plea was a blow to those who had continued to believe in Tom Bird, but it did not significantly reduce their ranks. At one point, one of them said not long ago, Bird had told his supporters, "There are very few left. They are falling away. And sooner or later you, too, will be gone." As it turned out, the people who had stuck with Tom Bird even through the murder trial did not fall away just because Lorna Anderson stated in open court that what the prosecution said about Tom Bird was true. They figured that she might be lying because she thought a plea bargain was in her best interests, or that she might be lying simply because she liked to lie. They continue to believe that someday something—a large criminal operation like a drug ring, perhaps—will come to light to explain events that the state has explained with accusations against Tom Bird. At times, they sound like early Christians who manage to shake off constant challenges to their faith. "Questions come up," one of them has said. "And I stop and think. But I always work it out." Tom Bird, when asked by a recent visitor to the Kansas State Penitentiary about the loyalty of his supporters, also explained their support in religious terms—as the action of Christians who understand that we are all sinners and that it is not our role to judge others. "They've grown in their faith," he said.

It is possible that the challenges to their faith in Tom Bird are not at an end. It is not known yet precisely what, if anything, Lorna Anderson Eldridge had to tell the prosecutors about the death of Sandra Bird. So far, nobody has been charged with the murder of Martin Anderson. In Geary County, though, investigators believe that they have made considerable progress. Presumably acting on information provided by Lorna Anderson Eldridge, the Geary County Sheriff's Office drained several farm ponds this fall and eventually found the gun it believes was used in the killing. It is said that the gun belonged to Martin Anderson. Shortly after the sheriff began draining farm ponds, Tom Bird was taken to Junction City from prison to answer questions. Each step in the investigation in Geary County set off ripples of speculation in Lyon County. Will Tom Bird be charged with another murder? Had one of the murder schemes already uncovered by the authorities resulted in Anderson's death after all? Or could it be that little old Emporia had *three* hit men?

TO some extent, Lorna Anderson Eldridge's guilty plea meant that William Allen White's home town could get back to normal. Faith Lutheran Church, which had absorbed a fearful blow, has begun to recover. Nobody claims that it has regained the momentum of its early days, but the new pastor—another athletic and personable man with several children—believes that the church has come through its crisis into a period of consolidation. The Lord's Lambs preschool is back to its routine. So are the Optimist basketball games and the laboratory at Newman Hospital and the front page of the *Gazette*. Presumably, Mrs. Eldridge's guilty plea brought a great sense of relief to those residents of Emporia who had reason to look with some trepidation on the prospect of her coming to trial. There was now less danger that what the *Gazette* called "the most sordid case in Emporia's history" would extend to sworn testimony about the sexual escapades of prominent citizens.

One change in Emporia is that two families are no longer there. The adults are dead or imprisoned, the children living in other cities. (The Anderson children have been adopted by Randy Eldridge; the Bird children are living in Arkansas with Tom Bird's parents, who are in the midst of a custody suit brought by the family of Sandra Bird.) Also, there are some people who believe that what happened to the Birds and the Andersons has to have changed what Emporians think of their town and their neighbors. People who have long taken the guilt of Tom Bird and Lorna Anderson for granted are still left with questions about how they could have brought themselves to do such awful deeds. Was Lorna Anderson a temptress who merely used Tom Bird to get rid of her husband? Or did the death of Sandra Bird—perhaps caused by her husband in some fit of rage—lead inevitably to the death of Martin Anderson? If Tom Bird and Lorna Anderson were bound together, were they bound together by love or by guilty knowledge? Lately, there has been more talk in Emporia about the possibility that what happened can be explained through some sort of mental illness. In a 1984 story about the background of the Birds, Dana Mullin of the Topeka *Capital-Journal* reported that Tom Bird was once hospitalized with a severe heat stroke after a six-mile run in Arkansas and that such heat strokes have been known to cause brain damage. Putting that information together with some of the bizarre behavior attributed to Lorna Anderson even before her husband's death, some people in Emporia have theorized that perhaps Tom Bird and his secretary, who seemed so much like their neighbors, had mental difficulties that somehow meshed to result in deeds their neighbors consider unthinkable.

What was sordid about Emporia's most sordid case, of course, was not simply the crimes but the lives they revealed—lives full of hatred and maybe wife-beating and certainly casual, apparently joyless liaisons. (When Daniel Carter testified that his affair with Lorna Anderson had ended because she seemed to want more from him than he was willing to offer, the prosecutor asked what he had been willing to offer. "Nothing," Carter said.) Although the *Gazette* may have criticized rumors about a hundred-and-ten-man list as "a gross exaggeration," the prosecutors have never denied that a list, perhaps of more modest size, existed—assembled, it is assumed, in case the state of the Andersons' marriage became an issue. A jury had concluded that an Emporia minister beat his wife until she was unconscious or dead and threw her body off a bridge. A church secretary acknowledged involvement in plans to get rid of her husband, who was murdered virtually in front of their own children. What now seems remarkable about the outrageous rumors that gripped Emporia for so long is that so many of them turned out to be true.

—CALVIN TRILLIN

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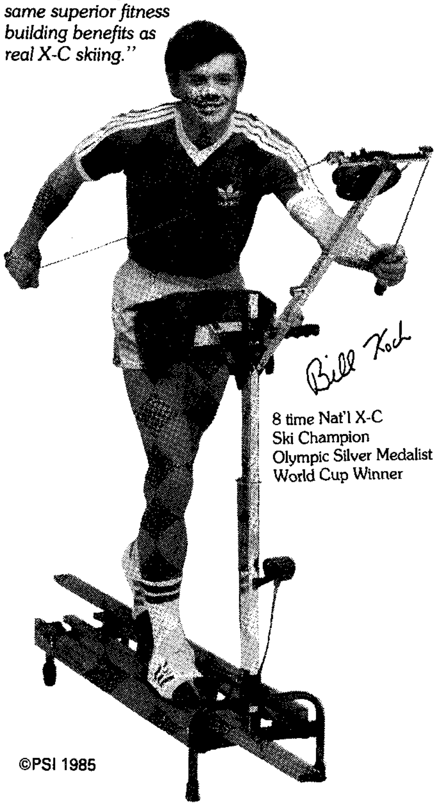

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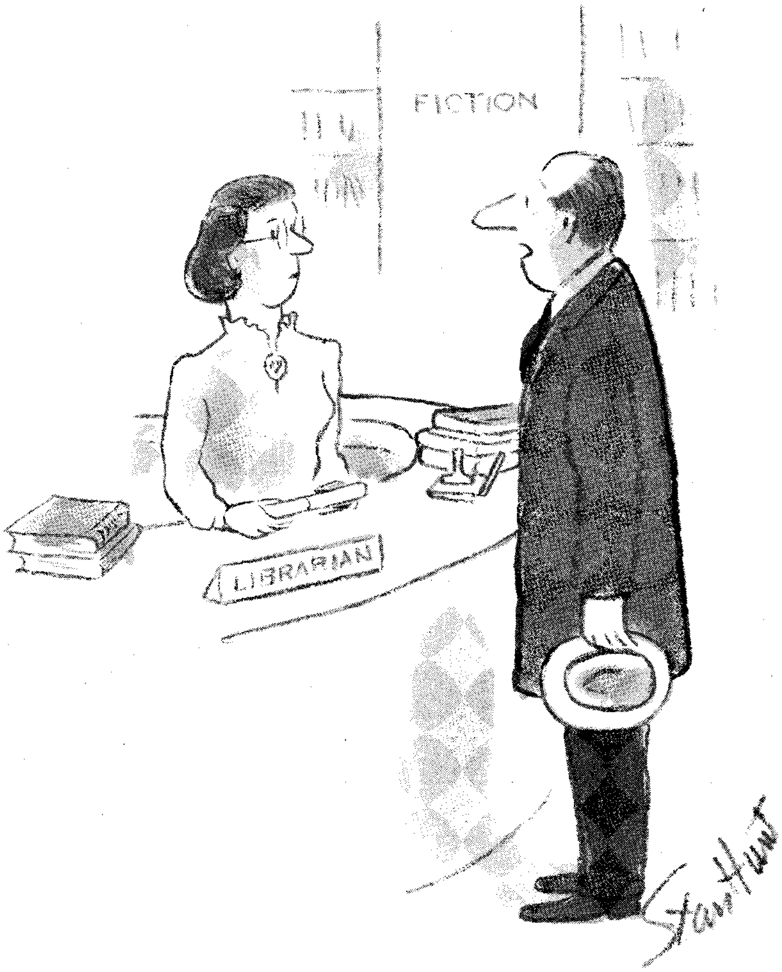
JAZZ

Joe Wilder

IF you know what the beautiful, elusive sixty-three-year-old trumpeter Joe Wilder looks like—he is short, dapper, and dark, and he has a heavy, round head, with lamplike eyes and a wide smile—you might catch a glimpse of him in the pit band of "42nd Street." Or you might find him in the band that does the "Miss America Pageant" every year in Atlantic City. Or you might see him in one of Peter Duchin's bands, or in Dick Hyman's quintet. Or—this is rare—you might find him in a jazz concert or accompanying a singer in a night club or at a festival. Failing all that, you could at least hear him by buying, on the Concord label, "Benny Carter: A Gentleman and His Music" and "Hangin' Out: Joe Newman & Joe Wilder"—the first jazz recordings he has been featured on in thirty years. Wilder was one of the earliest musicians to move easily between the world of straight music and the world of jazz, and he was certainly the first black musician to do so. He paved the way for Wynton Marsalis before Marsalis was born. He settled in New York late in 1947, and here is how he has divided his life since then:

"I joined Lucky Millinder at the Savoy Ballroom, then worked with Dizzy Gillespie for a short time. I went with Noble Sissle at the Diamond Horseshoe, and I got a call to do my first Broadway show. This was early in 1950. They were just beginning to use blacks in pit bands, and the show was 'Alive and Kicking,' with Jack Gilford and Carl Reiner. It ran six weeks, and I went back to Sissle and into 'Guys and Dolls.' Billy Kyle was on piano and Benny Morton on trombone. During the day, I attended the Manhattan School of Music, where I got a B.A. in 1953. I studied advanced technique with Joseph Alessi, who was the first trumpet of the NBC Symphony, and I studied orchestral repertoire with Bill Vacchiano, who was first trumpet with the Philharmonic. I played the First Brandenburg Concerto under Jonel Perlea, who had conducted at La Scala and was with the Met for a while. Later, I was first trumpet with the Manhattan Brass Quintet, and I soloed with the ABC Symphony. My great ambition was to be with the New York Philharmonic, but although I played with the orchestra several times, I never made it. In the early fifties, I'd done a couple of record dates with Billy Butterfield, who was working at ABC, and I guess he liked my playing, because he said he'd try and throw some studio work my way. He called in a couple of months, and I subbed for him on a radio show—this must have been in 1952—and Frank Vagnoni, who hired the musicians at ABC, told me he'd like to have me on call. In 1954, went with Count Basie for four or fiv months, but it wasn't much of a challenge—mostly blues in different tempos. Then I did Cole Porter's 'Sill Stockings.' They checked with Porte to see if he minded having a black musician in the band, and he told then if I could play his music properly i was fine with him. I did 'The Mos Happy Fella,' and meantime I wa working as a sub at ABC. In 1957, became a full-time staffer. I was witl ABC until all the staff bands were cu out, in 1974. I was doing 'The Dicl Cavett Show' with Bobby Rosengarden at the time. I kept studying. Sinc the studios have closed, I have don 'Lorelei,' with Carol Channing, an 'Shenandoah,' and I've been in '42n Street' for five years. I'm playin fourth trumpet, and that pleases me I'm not as strong as I used to be. can't endure that much steady blowing. I also made a lot of records during the ABC years. I recorded witl Basie and Leonard Feather and th pianist Hank Jones. I did an all-sta trumpet record on Savoy, and an ol ten-inch L.P. on Bethlehem with the alt saxophonist Pet Brown. And I mad my own records fo Savoy and Columbia. recorded with Benn Goodman, too, durin a State Departmen tour of Russia with hi band in 1962. In th late sixties, I recorde Alec Wilder's 'Sonat for Trumpet an Piano,' which h wrote for me in 1963.'

Joe Wilder's jaz improvisations clearl reflect his classica training. He has huge tone. It seems t spread as a solo unfolds, and it is equally generous in all registers. Jazz trumpeters often pay littl attention to tone their ideas, their emotions, and their stylisti leanings determin how they sound. Bu there are exceptions—among them Bill Butterfield, Bobb Hackett, and Charli Shavers—and Wilde has learned fron



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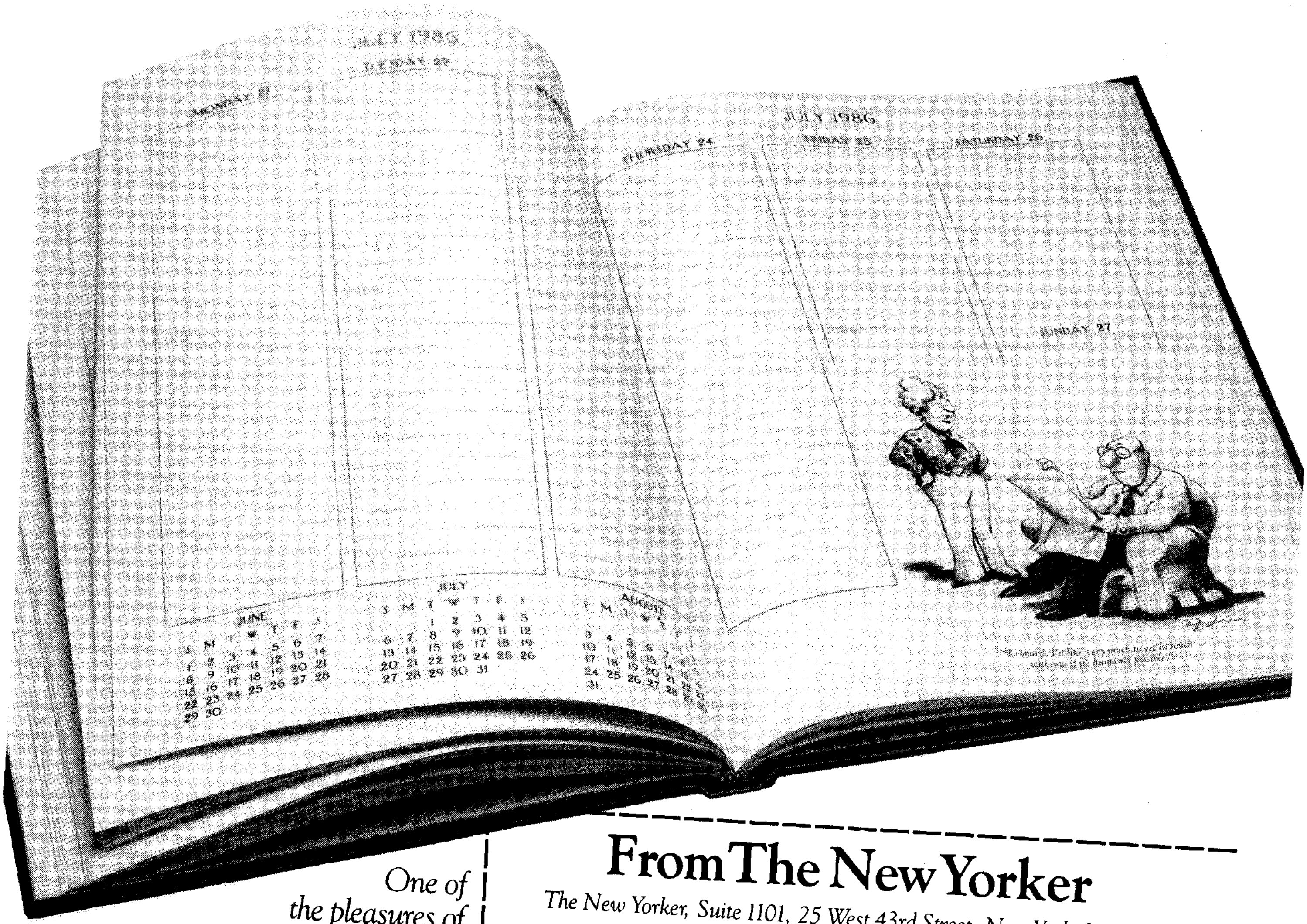
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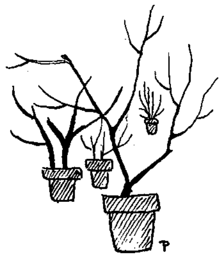
them. His solos are immaculately designed. They move on a series of single-note planes that are divided by daring multi-noted climbs or dives, by big intervals, and by silences. There is a staccato feel to the way he phrases—a meticulous pushing of notes before him. He does not share the fashion among contemporary jazz players for the arpeggio and the fifty-note phrase. He is highly selective about his notes, and he gives all of them equal attention. He particularly likes to play slow ballads, and he makes them into tonal excursions. His vibrato, generally smooth and tight, loosens, and he issues a river of sound guided languidly by the notes of the melody and by discreet bends and turns of his own. He makes the song gleam. His blues are sumptuous, too. He uses a lot of repeated riff-like phrases, and he applies a graceful fretwork of half-valved notes, tremolos, trills, and growls. He often takes up a plunger mute on slow blues, and where Cootie Williams got an abrasive urgency with his plunger mute, Wilder gets a stately, oracular sound. When he plays up-tempo standards, his spacious, carefully weighed style sometimes stiffens: stateliness has its own pace. But his enfolding tone never falters.

Wilder is a gracious man who talks quickly, in a deep, hog-calling voice, and he laughs every other sentence or so. He recently talked of his playing and of his early days:

“Playing concert music demands great discipline. You can’t be sloppy. You know what the repertoire will be for such-and-such a program, and you practice, then rehearse, and when the performance arrives you’re ready. The emotional satisfaction comes from playing what is written as beautifully as possible. You tell the composer’s story. When you improvise, you tell your own story. That is the great difference between the two forms. My jazz style stems largely from my concert background. Knowing something about composition helps, because you’re composing when you’re improvising. The melodic material determines to a great degree what I do. If it is simple material, I try and make it more ornate. If it is ornate, I try and simplify it. You try not to trample on a nice melody. You alter it here and there. Mistakes can swing you off into a wholly new direction, and often it is better than the one you were going in. I like to have the first two or three bars of a solo thought out, and sometimes what the soloist before me is doing determines that.



“My father worked both sides of the musical fence, too, and it was he who got me into music. I was born in Colwyn, Pennsylvania, which is on the outskirts of Philadelphia. We were one of six or seven black families in Colwyn, which had a lot of Pennsylvania Dutch. The biggest things in the town were the Fels-Naptha soap company and the Woolford Wood Tank Manufacturing Company. The air was generally full of the smell of the resin they used in the soap. My dad drove a truck for a stucco company, and when we moved to Paschall, next door to Colwyn, he drove a truck for a coal company. He also did odd jobs during the Depression. We generally ate, but he wasn’t always successful. He had started as a cornet player. Then he took up the tuba and, finally, the bass violin. He played with the Cornucopia Masonic band and with the Philadelphia Rapid Transit band. There were two Transit bands—black and white. I remember the white band marching down Broad Street, at New Year’s, with a full line of giant sousaphones coming at you like elephants. In the late thirties, he gave up truck driving and became a full-time musician. He worked in Philadelphia with Billy Kyle’s little band, with Mme. Keene’s band, and with Gertie Monk’s band. She was a piano player and a cousin to Thelonious Monk, whose uncle, incidentally, was the first black policeman in Philly. My dad was in Mercer Ellington’s first band in New York, in the forties, and somewhere along the line Duke Ellington wanted him. My dad was born Curtis Wilder, in North Carolina, in 1900, and he came to Colwyn when he was twelve. He pushed his age up and got into the Navy in the First War, and he was on the ship that brought James Reese Europe’s band back from France. And he was in the Second War for two and a half years. He’s taller than I am—about five-ten—and he weighs a hundred and seventy-five. He still lives in Philadelphia, and he’s eighty-five but he looks sixty-five. He was somewhat stern as a father, and I can remember some of the talks he had with me. I must have got a swelled head once, because he said, ‘You know, Joseph,

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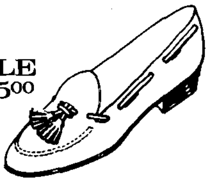

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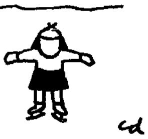
there are many boys who play the trumpet as well as you do, and there will always be people who will play as well. You will never be one hundred per cent perfect.' And he was a stickler for promptness: 'Joseph, if you work at all you must be on time. It is better to be an hour early than a minute late.' He also told me that I didn't need drinking or drugs to play well—that, in fact, they had the opposite effect. He was right, of course, but as a result I kept away from the users and missed getting to know people like Charlie Parker well, which I regret now.



“My mother died in 1975, just before her seventy-third birthday. She was born in Philadelphia. Augustine Olive Brown. She was short and stout. She was a very good, natural person, and very gregarious. She loved to sing, and she encouraged my elder brother and me in music. She'd pull us back and keep us from straying off the path, and if she had to she'd come down on us physically. We lived in a row house in an integrated area in Paschall. We were all poor, and we got along very well. The Willahans, who were Irish, were behind us, and the Andersons, who were Scandinavian, were next door. The Carusos and the Casertas, who were Italian, were nearby, and so were the Kochersspergers. Mr. Kochersperger was an engineer on the B. & O. When he was going to bring a train through on the tracks that crossed the foot of our street, he'd tell us to be there with our buckets and he'd throw coal off for us, which helped with the coal bills. Whenever I hear any sort of racial ranting, I think back to those people, and they calm me down. My youngest brother, Edward, was in the Korean War, and he wrote me and told me what a hard time the Southern whites were giving him. I wrote back and told him to think about the Willahans and the Andersons and the Casertas. It must have helped. When he was wounded, a Southern white went up on the hill where he was shot and brought him down. There were four sons in our family. Curtis, Jr., was the oldest. He was a bass player, and he was charismatic, like my mother. He died of cancer, in 1963, and he was my best buddy. Calvin came after me. He was in the European Theatre in the Second War, under General Mark Clark, and he's a rigger in the Navy Yard in Philadelphia.

“My father started me on the trumpet when I was eleven. I studied with him first, then with Fred D. Griffin, who had also taught my father. Griffin was a black cornettist on the same level as such famous white classical cornettists of the time as Del Staigers and Walter Smith. Griffin played in marching bands, and he played solos with piano accompaniment on WCAU when they had ten or fifteen minutes of empty air time. The lessons I had with him were mainly physical. I'd play a wrong note and he'd whack me hard on the knee and yell, 'That's a D, not a C!' I studied with him two or three years at fifty cents, then a dollar a throw, which was a lot during the Depression. I also picked up things from Walter Freese, a classical trombonist who was a friend of our neighbors the Elliots. He'd hear me practicing and tell me to come over. I went to Tilden Junior High School, and the musical director was Alberta Lewis. She exposed us to light classical music and to marches, and we played in churches as well as at school. There was a children's hour sponsored by Horn & Hardart on the radio every Sunday morning, but all the kids on it were white. A couple of Philadelphia businessmen named Sam Kessler and Eddie Lieberman, who owned the Parisian Tailors, started a Sunday-morning program featuring black kids, called 'The Parisian Tailors Kiddies' Hour.' I was a regular on it, and I'd play a solo on a popular song. I didn't know a thing about improvisation, so I played absolutely straight. My father would go over the number with me the week before. The programs were broadcast from the Lincoln Theatre, where all the big bands played. Part of their contract was to accompany us on the program, since it was Sunday and they had no shows. When Louis Armstrong brought in his big band, he gave me a pass, and said, 'Kid, you're going to be a good trumpet player. You come and listen to me every day this week.' Well, I went once, and that was it. Louis didn't sound like Del Staigers or Walter Smith, so I wasn't interested. When the Mills Blue Rhythm Band came through, a member of the reed section saw how tarnished my brass cornet was, and he polished it until it gleamed. His name was Crawford Wethington, and I've been looking for him ever since to thank him. I hear of him once in a while, but we always miss.

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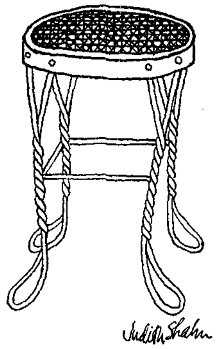
getting me into the Mastbaum Technical High School, which was practically a music school. I studied with Meyer Levine and Ross Wyre, and they made me aware of all music. Ross Wyre made me listen to movie music. There was a beautiful trumpet solo on the soundtrack of a Glenn Ford movie, and it turned out to be by Manny Klein, one of the great trumpet players of all time. And Wyre taught me that you are never discourteous to a fellow-musician, no matter what blunder he commits. I listened to the bands on the radio—particularly to Gus Arnheim, who was my father's favorite, and to the Mexican bands on the shortwave. My father would tell me to study Arnheim's trumpets and the way the trumpets in the Mexican bands were double- and triple-tonguing. He would ask me what key Arnheim was playing this or that number in, and I got the answer right so many times we discovered I had perfect pitch. Around this time, my father would take me to hear a local dance band whose first trumpet was a friend of his. He wanted me to learn to read dance-band arrangements. He told me to sit by the second trumpet and listen to what he and the first were doing and, if I felt comfortable, to play along in the third-trumpet part. I can remember arriving one night and overhearing his friend say to the second trumpet, 'Here comes Wilder with that blamed kid again.' I started listening to jazz, too, and I worked in small bands around Philadelphia. I heard Dizzy Gillespie, who was in Frank Fairfax's band, and I heard Charlie Shavers with John Kirby. I'd hear little things that Shavers did, and I'd say to myself, 'Now, can I do that?' And I'd work and work until I had it. Charlie Shavers was one of the great trumpet players. There are players who have a certain spark, a first-class, never-fail ignition system, and Charlie was one. Dizzy Gillespie is another, and so is Clark Terry, and so was Fats Navarro. And Doc Severinsen and Freddie Hubbard and Clifford Brown, who died so young, and Bill Coleman, who was so lyrical and right. On the classical side, the never-fail players are Johnny Ware, with the New York Philharmonic, Raymond Crisara, who's a professor of music at the University of Texas, and Adolph Herseth, the first trumpet of the Chicago Symphony. And now there's Wynton Marsalis, who is phenomenal.



"While I was still in high school, I joined a local band called the Harlem Dictators, and on summer vacation we played in a hotel in Annapolis. We imitated everybody. The John Kirby band would come in, and I first met Charlie Parker. It was 1939, and we called him Indian, because he was sort of round and stiff, like a cigar-store Indian. He was very serious and was always studying music. After I graduated from Mastbaum, I got a call to take over the first-trumpet chair in Les Hite's band. He was on the road, in Lansing, Michigan. I was nineteen and reluctant to go. My mother came to the bus station to see me off, and I almost died. I was in my seat in the bus with the window open, and she was on the platform talking in a loud voice—'Now, you behave yourself out there, Joseph. Don't get into any foolishness, don't do anything to embarrass your family,' and on and on—with everybody leaning over and listening. I had a rough time in the Hite band at first, because I could sight-read real well and there was some jealousy. I had taught myself on the train going back and forth between Mastbaum and my home, which was about an hour's ride. But we soon got along. Dizzy Gillespie had had his famous run-in with Cab Calloway, and he joined the band. Dizzy and Walter Williams were the other trumpet players, and all they did was tell jokes, and sometimes I got laughing so hard I couldn't play. Dizzy replaced a trumpeter named Forrest Powell. He could play growl trumpet almost as well as Cootie Williams, but there always seemed to be something wrong with his chops. If we had a gig by the water, he'd say he couldn't play because he had by-the-water chops. At morning rehearsals, he'd have early-morning chops. Late at night, he'd get late-in-the-evening chops. After a year or so, I went with Lionel Hampton's band. It had Dexter Gordon and Joe Newman and Ernie Royal and Illinois Jacquet and Milt Buckner, but I was disappointed. I was still naïve enough to expect a bandleader to lead. I got called up by my draft board in 1943, and I joined the Marines and went to Camp Lejeune. I was in Special Weapons for a while and then got into the post band. The singer Bobby

Troup—Captain Troup—was the band officer, and I became the assistant bandmaster. I came out in April of 1946, a technical sergeant.

"I went back with Hampton, but I left after three months, when I had a chance to go with Jimmie Lunceford. He was intelligent and a fine musician and somebody to admire. He kept the band deportment at a high level. Anybody who drank on the bandstand forfeited the night's pay, and the money went into a fund that paid for a party at the end of the month. Lunceford died on the road, of a heart attack, at the age of forty-five, and they tried to keep the band going, but it didn't work. I left in New York, and joined Sam Donahue, in Washington, D.C. I replaced Doc Severinsen, and I was the only black. It was the happiest band I was in, and when there were racial incidents I felt sorrier for the rest of the guys than I did for myself. Some of the incidents were ludicrous. Once, in a night club down South, one of the trumpet players asked the girl photographer in the club to take a picture of the trumpet section. She refused, because of me. Well, they finally persuaded her, but the prints were all out of focus. I stayed with Donahue several months, and went on the road with Herbie Fields. Then I came back to New York for good, and joined Lucky Millinder. He was named Lucius, but he was called Lucky because he gambled all the time. When he lost, we didn't get paid.

"I have been married twice. I met my second wife, Solveig Andersson, when I was with Count Basie, and we were married twenty-eight years ago. She is Swedish, and a lovely person. We have three girls. Elin is twenty-seven and with a radio station in New York. Solveig is twenty-five and at college in the city. And Inga-Kerstin is twenty-four and works on Wall Street. We moved into our apartment, up on Riverside Drive, when we were married, and I was the third black person there. But the building has gone down, and I might have to move out to Long Island. It's not what I want to do at all. It would be starting over again, and I'm very fond of New York City." —WHITNEY BALLIETT

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[*David M. Hayano in the Los Angeles Times*]

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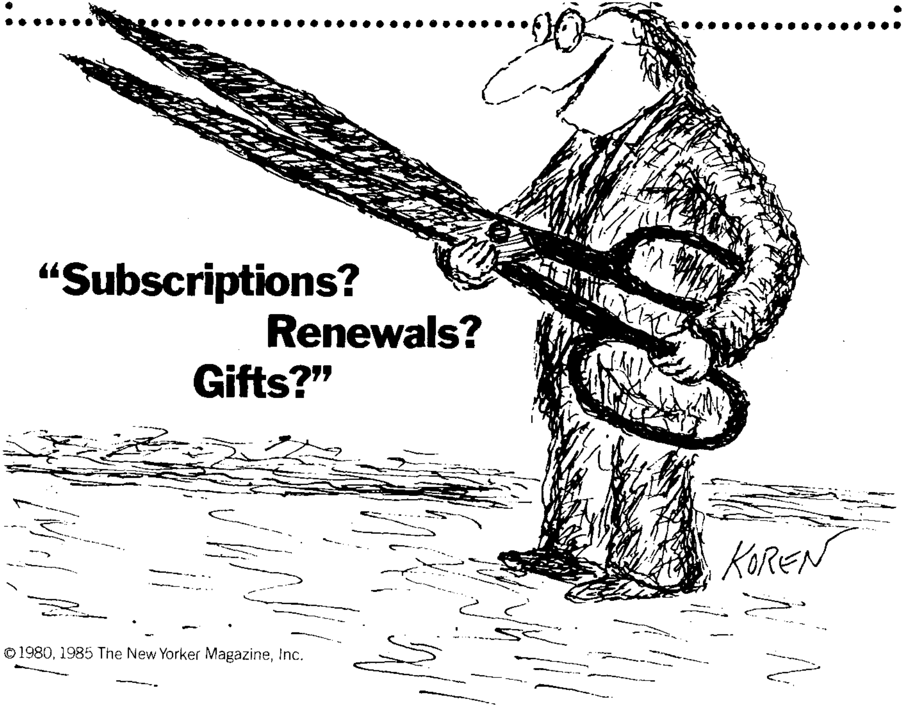
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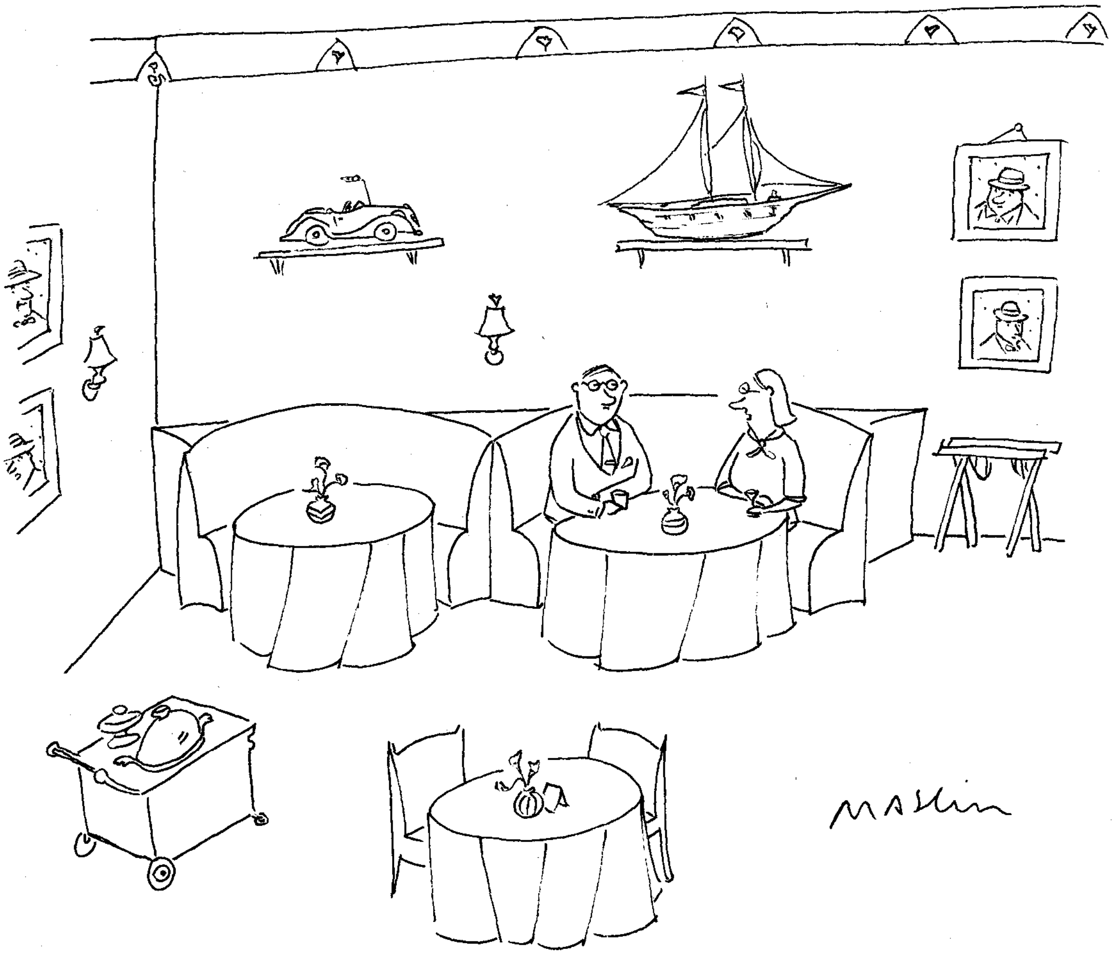
THE THEATRE

Fading Friendships

AT first glance, Michael Frayn's "Benefactors" (at the Brooks Atkinson) bears little resemblance to his celebrated farce "Noises Off," which enjoyed a long run here a season or two ago. "Noises Off" purports to depict the staging of an exceptionally ramshackle play by some exceptionally ramshackle people and is, at bottom, a study of the nature of playwriting and playacting. This study is carried out in a hilariously slapdash fashion; when we laugh, we do so in part because we are aware that, far from being slapdash, the play is a feat of superlatively precise timing. "Benefactors" is a serious comedy without a trace of farce, but it has an ingenuity of plotting that gives a pleasing surface sparkle to the play's essentially gloomy content. Frayn's mastery of his craft is a source of delight to us even as his "message" depresses our spirits. We are shown two married couples living as friends and neighbors in London over a period of ten or fifteen years; in the course of their passing from youth to early middle age, the relationship between the couples changes, along with their circumstances. The promise that life seemed to hold for them at the start of the play shrinks, until at the end a valorous resignation suffices to take the place of hope. Gertrude Stein wrote, "Before the flowers of friendship faded friendship faded."

In "Benefactors," more than friendship has been at stake and more than friendship fades; slipping in and out of the action of the play, each of the four characters speaks directly to the audience, offering his or her version of the events that have drawn them together and driven them apart. David, a rising young architect, is married to Jane, an anthropologist; much of their time is spent in the dining room–kitchen of their comfortable house, where they are joined more often than is convenient for them by their friends from across the street, Colin and Sheila. Colin is a journalist, and Sheila devotes herself to the bringing up of their sickly-sounding children. At the beginning of the period covered by the play, David has just received a marvellous commission—to design a housing project for the London County Council. Over the years, the design as he first envisioned it undergoes a series of unavoidable and yet ever more dismaying alterations. Meanwhile, Colin, a failure in his profession, has left Sheila and is living as a squatter in the slum that David's project is intended to replace. Colin becomes a spokesman for the occupants of the slum, who have no wish to be displaced, and, in doing so, threatens to destroy David. With his newfound power as a spokesman, Colin secures a job for Jane, and she finds herself reluctantly siding with Colin and opposing David. As for Sheila, snivelling and powerless as she appears to be, she goes to work for David and falls in love with him. Frayn weaves the threads of his characters' lives into a pattern that, even as it entertains us, casts a shadow bigger and darker than itself.



"It was twenty-six years ago tonight, at this very table, that you asked me to begin checking my loose change for Indian-head nickels."

The four actors who play David, Jane, Colin, and Sheila—Sam Waterston, Glenn Close, Simon Jones, and Mary Beth Hurt—are superb in the carrying out of their very different tasks, and not for the world would I apportion praise among them except in equal quarters. The agreeably scruffy setting is by Michael Annals, the costumes are by John Dunn, the lighting is by Martin Aronstein, and the direction is by Michael Blakemore.

ROBERT KLEIN is one of the funniest standup comedians alive, and I have reason to believe that he would be just as funny lying down or in a sumo crouch. He is playing a very limited engagement at the Circle in the Square; by my reckoning, you have, I fear, but a few days in which to enjoy there the fruits of his vehement elaborations on a hundred diverse topics, from being served kosher food on airlines to the method of self-protection that nature provides for deer when they are frightened by the approach of hunters: "They stand still." Mr. Klein free-associates with a velocity that if he had been a patient of Freud's would have caused the great man to fall on his knees and beg for mercy.

"JERRY'S GIRLS," at the St. James, is a relentlessly self-congratulatory non-show, consisting of an almost endless succession of Jerry Herman songs. In form and function, it amounts to an entry in *Who's Who* set to music appropriate to that publication. As a title, "Jerry's Girls" is distastefully patronizing; moreover, it serves to call attention to the fact that the three stars of the occasion—Dorothy Loudon, Chita Rivera, and Leslie Uggams—are not, to put it as kindly as possible, in their first youth, and ought to resent being billed in this fashion. The flimsy high-school-auditorium setting was designed by Hal Tiné, the costumes are by Florence Klotz, the lighting is by Tharon Musser, the choreography is by Wayne Cilento, and the direction is by Larry Alford.

A MUSICAL called "Wind in the Willows" lasted for four performances at the Nederlander before wisely giving up the ghost. It claimed to be based on the children's classic by Kenneth Grahame, but the connection was largely a matter of nomenclature; we were indeed in the presence of characters labelled Rat, Mole, Weasel, Stoat, Toad, and the like, but the actors playing these roles made little effort to be ratty, moley, weasely, stoaty, or toady. The music was by William Perry, the lyrics were by Roger McGough and Mr. Perry, and the book was by Jane Iredale. The scenery was by Sam Kirkpatrick, the costumes were by Freddy Wittop, the lighting was by Craig Miller, the choreography was by Margery Beddow, and the direction was by Tony Stevens.

—BRENDAN GILL

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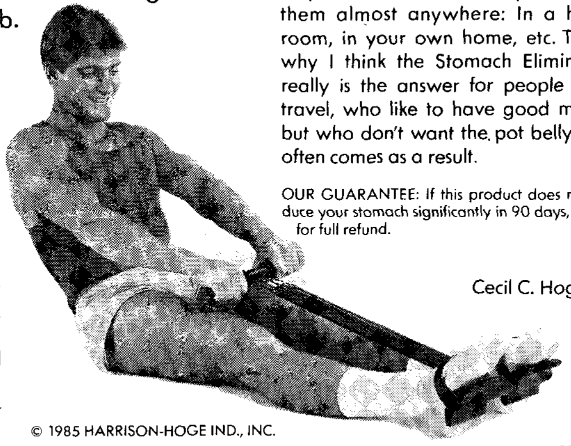

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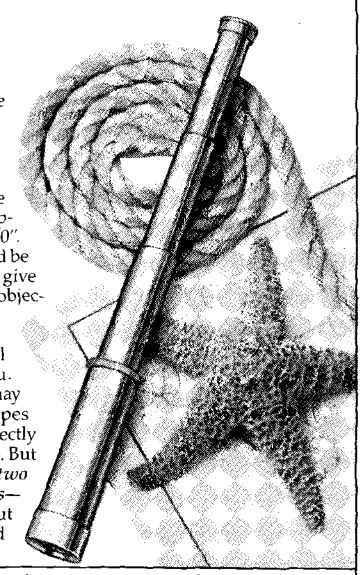


THE ART WORLD

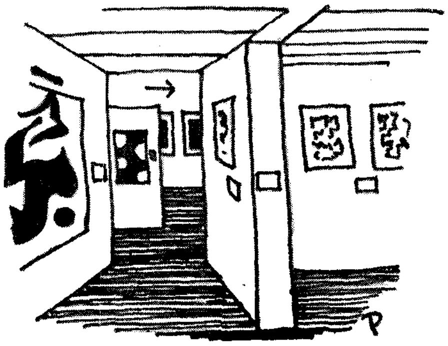
Jean Hélion

AT eighty-one, Jean Hélion is one of the two major living representatives of the classic prewar School of Paris. Like Balthus, who is the other, he has never conformed to fashion; and, perhaps for that reason, he has received inconsistent attention in New York. This is rather a pity, for Hélion worked here off and on for about five years in the late thirties and early forties, and few French painters have played so important a part in the history of the New York avant-garde. Nonetheless, even his most devoted American admirers have found it hard, down the decades, to keep track of his many successive interests and achievements.

Because Hélion has lived so long yet has shown only intermittently in this country, every generation of American viewers must practically discover him for itself. His style is constantly changing, so every generation has its own Hélion, and his work as a body remains permanently out of focus. As if to complicate matters, his images are often too dense with meaning to be emotionally grasped without a lengthy acquaintance. The masses of derelict objects he has painted in the past few decades—threadbare hats, eviscerated pumpkins, wilting plants—inevitably remind you of flux and decay, and his sketchy figures can often seem, like so many parvenus at a party, only memorandums for an impossible version of themselves. Yet the "difficulty" of his pictures lies not primarily in their subject but in their style. Though for many years his work has been representational, Hélion has frequently incorporated into his depictions of things the very qualms—embodied in peculiarities of color or line—aroused by the act of depiction. I know this sounds dauntingly subtle and up-to-date, but that, for better or worse, is part of the problem. Hélion's drift into a mannerism of execution put one artistic crowd off his work in the forties and attracted another in the sixties, yet the question remains whether this sort of mannerism, by now an accepted resource of art, is really at the center of his contribution. The undertow pulls hard, but it is not the surf. Looking today at his best pictures, you may well feel that they retain their interest because of their sheer sensual beauty: that whatever silt of stratagems lies embedded within them is only a residue of something else—something as simple as a passion for taking the act of painting in a free, personal way.

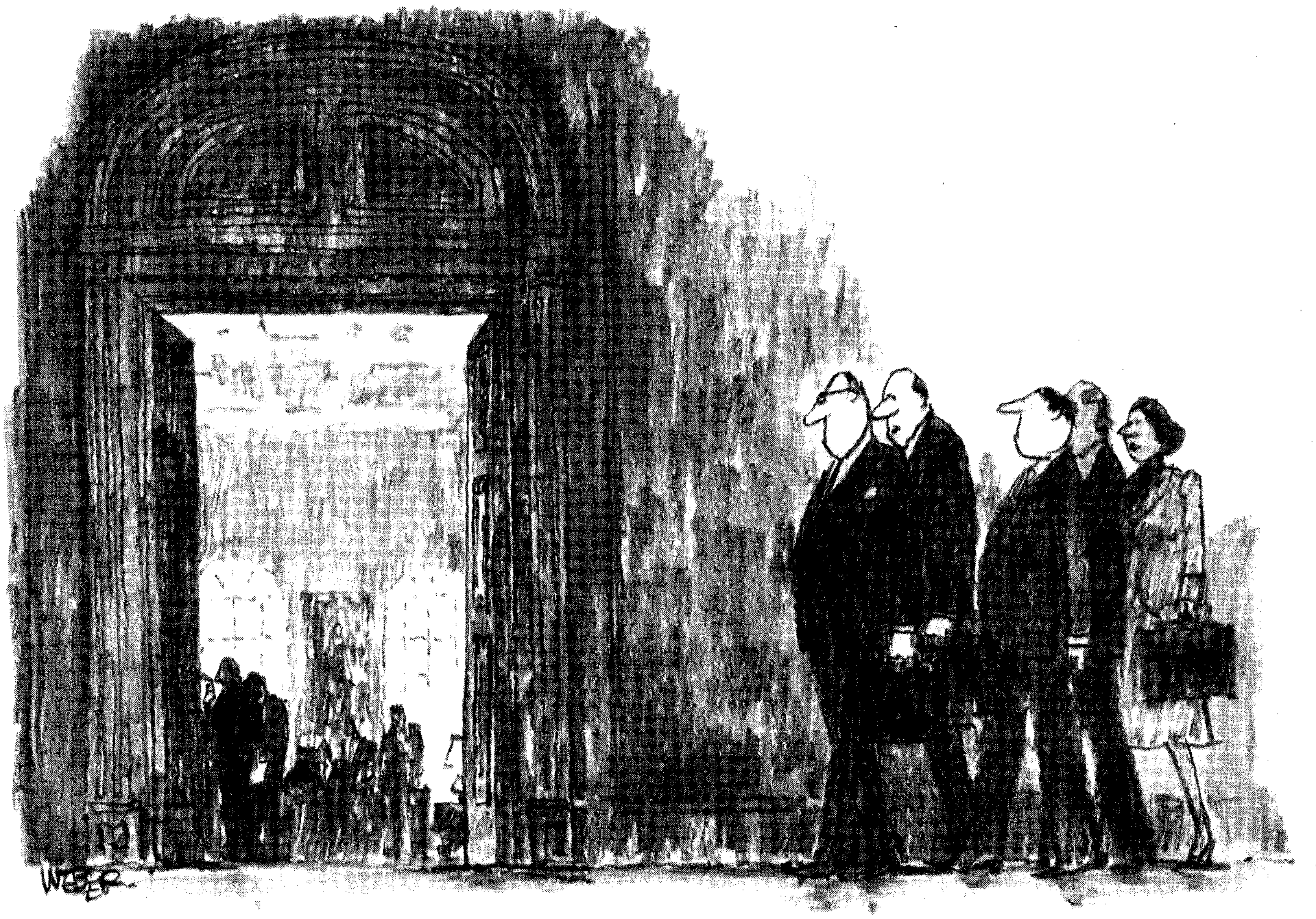
This passion has led Hélion to paint many kinds of pictures, from severe abstractions to highly realistic interiors. It's noteworthy that he speaks of them all with equal indulgence, probably because he senses that he cannot foster the strong unless he cares for the weak, but also, I suspect, out of loyalty to his vision of his work as an ensemble. Through the years, this vision has remained remarkably fixed, and this is one reason that a comprehensive exhibition is always the best way to see Hélion. Another is that his sensibility is steeped in memories of itself, charged with what a French critic has called "Proustian unease." Some of his pictures seem, in the oddest way, to depict two different moments at once, while others update or commemorate earlier statements. Notes for projects suddenly become projects; reworkings of forsaken themes change the perception of forty-year-old canvases. Some time ago, Hélion did a big picture of a reversible plow, and, scrutinizing this implement, you feel that it might well stand for that quality in his work which invites the backward glance.

Last winter, the Museum of Modern Art of the City of Paris offered a major retrospective of Hélion's paintings and drawings. The museum's exhibition space isn't ideal for a review of anyone's career—originally designed for the 1937 World's Fair, it's about as easy to find your way through as a sunken ship—and although the selection included almost two hundred pictures, Hélion's accomplishment was unevenly represented. The early, Mondrian-influenced abstractions were out in force, and the bizarre, sparkling figure compositions of the forties and the still-life intricacies of the fifties populated several big rooms. But many of the powerful, loosely brushed pictures of the past two decades—notably a pair of important triptychs depicting marketplaces—were absent, and the few recent canvases that were shown were poorly hung. Anyone already familiar with Hélion was left with the impression that his late paintings were still crying for an exhibition.



Whatever the shortcomings of the retrospective, it did serve to demonstrate the stylistic cohesion of Hélion's work. This is ironic, for his controversial shift from abstraction to representation during the war years left him a virtual outcast in the international avant-garde. The story of his exclusion is also the story of a signal failure of judgment, and it has been told and retold in studios and art magazines: how the artist, widely regarded in 1940 as the hope of French modernism, joined his country's Army and was captured by the Germans; how he daringly escaped and made his way to New York; and how, upon returning to Paris in 1946, he found himself branded by "advanced" critics and dealers as a traitor to the modernist cause. One can imagine his bewilderment, for his deepest stylistic impulses had never had much to do with whether or not he happened, at any given moment, to be painting recognizable objects. Almost from the beginning, for example, he had enlisted a stock of shapes similar to those found in dress patterns and architectural blueprints: some of his finest abstractions of the thirties suggest a neighborhood built by a tailor or a sportswear line designed by an architect. These shapes he carried over into his representational work, where he often attended to the music of his linear "phrases" even before indicating the identity of the objects in question. There is much, in fact, to suggest that Hélion was the first thoroughly modern artist for whom the degree of a picture's resemblance to nature implied nothing in particular about its value. And it is precisely this spirit of pragmatic independence that has set him at odds with one aesthetic doctrine after another.

"GENERALLY, I can't stand orthodoxies," he told me one afternoon last winter as we met at the entrance to his retrospective. Small, trim, and white-haired, he radiated a sort of puckish bonhomie. "Form has its own sort of wisdom, and it won't



"The important thing one needs to know about the Foreign Minister is that, by and large, he's full of baloney."

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put up with rules," he went on. "In my early abstract painting I tried to convey a certain harmony or balance, and when I turned to nature I sought the same thing. I've never renounced any of my work—only continued to build."

Hélion speaks in well-formed paragraphs, often scarcely moving his lips, and this rather ventriloquial delivery can sometimes make it seem as if his thoughts had simply aired themselves, without benefit of vocal apparatus. Companionable without being familiar, wary of false emotional pitch, he uses gestures only to mark a really important point. But if you search his expression for the fluent ocular pantomime that usually accompanies speech you'll be pulled up short: his eyes can scarcely be found behind a pair of enormously thick glasses. It's overwhelming how much you expect someone who has offered so many images for contemplation, in so imaginative a light, to *see;* yet in the past year or so Hélion has not seen well enough to paint. He is also obliged to walk with a cane, but as we entered the first room of the exhibition he tucked it under his arm. All at once, he seemed able to find his way forward, presumably orienting himself by the bigger shapes in his well-remembered abstractions.

"Of all orthodoxies, the only one I've ever found useful was that of Mondrian," he said. "In my early work, I took it as a reference point, for I shared his conviction that abstract art could yield great paintings—I mean paintings on a level with Poussin or Seurat. I showed those two to Mondrian"—he peered through his glasses toward a pair of small rectilinear compositions—"and he approved of them, though with certain reservations. He was then living in Paris in something like seclusion—quite a warm person, really, but also distant. He looked terribly ascetic and seldom said anything; he was trying to make his life like his painting, and it didn't work. In retrospect, I wonder if he didn't have a sort of foreknowledge that he would soon be dying; his painting was turning into a funerary monument to himself. I admired him unreservedly. I, too, was making abstractions. But he wanted to shut the world out, and I wanted to let it in."

As we moved slowly forward, examining Hélion's early work, I was struck by how many of his compositions played variations on the theme of near-symmetry. At length, I observed to him that he often seemed, in a manner of speaking, to be balancing visual equations.

"There is always this equipoise," he replied. "But that is not all there is. Each one of these compositions is also a sign, a meaningful gesture, like somebody waving. Mondrian didn't want anybody waving; I did. I showed him my 'Equilibrium,' of 1933—it's over there, I think—and he was utterly shocked. He stared at it, and he said, 'These curves, these diagonals—this is not abstraction, Hélion, this is naturalism.' Then he looked me full in the face and said to me—very kindly, for he was incapable of being unkind—'Hélion, you are a sinner.' "

The sinner smiled. It was cold even

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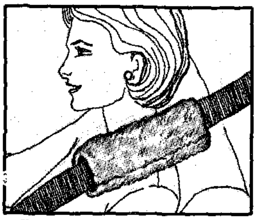

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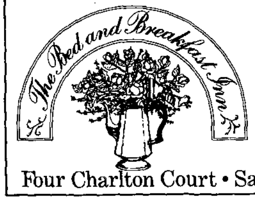
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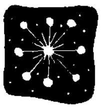
indoors that day, and, in his camel's-hair coat and Burberry scarf and porkpie hat, he looked a pretty jolly sort of delinquent. Yet there was, I reflected, a certain aptness to Mondrian's phrase. Artistic taste has an adamantine hardness, and won't descend to common, sociable assent. Rightly or wrongly, Hélion had offended this taste in Mondrian, for his abstractions, with their incipient care for bulk and weight, did indeed show symptoms of a figurative future.

We lingered for a while among the abstract paintings before passing on into the halls hung with Hélion's first major transgressions—his large figure groups of the forties. Meticulously painted in cool grays spiced by occasional hot tints, they showed people in an urban setting engaged in such everyday pursuits as smoking and reading newspapers; here and there a chap might be seen tipping his homburg or bowler. In these pictures Hélion had literally "continued to build," taking each figure as a sort of block or ion that might be structurally bonded with others. I could imagine him coolly asking himself how he could invent a stable composition with one standing and one sitting figure, or with two standing and one recumbent, or with one standing and one inverted, and so forth. The implicit question before us now was what meanings such structures had acquired.

"I started this sort of work before the war, but the war had a lot to do with how it turned out," he told me. "I'd been living for some years in the United States, a country that fascinated me—the sheer power of it, the free way of life. I got interested in big pictures and decided to let my art float. When the war came, I went home to fight, not because I was a patriot but because it seemed inevitable. I was a Frenchman; I didn't want to be sheltered from what was happening to my country, just as I didn't want to be sheltered from nature by abstract art. During the war, I made a great many drawings—until I was captured, near Orléans. After that, none. Absolutely none. It wasn't allowed. In the Army, I began to pay a lot of attention to the appearance of hats—indispensable hats for warmth against the bitter cold, all sorts of strange hats to indicate rank, and then, of course, there was the endless saluting, the bringing of the fingers to the hatbrim as a kind of wearisome parody or inversion of the civilian custom of tipping the hat. Only later," he added, "did I begin to incorporate these hats into my paintings." As he was saying all this, I recalled a passage from his war memoirs, "They Shall Not Have Me," in which he and a group of freezing P.O.W.s break into a magazine of French uniforms and discover a preposterously silly gold-braided kepi, like the kepi of some village postmaster of the nineties—an emblem of impotence. "One thing nobody did in the Army was to *tip* his hat," Hélion went on. "You certainly couldn't have done it as a prisoner of war; it would have landed you in very hot water. It was something I dreamed of as a symbol of peacetime, of freedom—just tipping my hat. Well, when I got out of Germany that was one of the first things I did, and that, too, is why I started painting my *salueurs*—my hat-tippers. They're simply saying hello to the world, you know, like this." He tipped his hat. "Hello! To nobody in particular. To the whole world."

Hélion's wry visual humor, a suppressed mirth that pokes out from the edges of things, has often been overlooked in favor of his intelligence, so I was surprised by its intensity and by its sly way of lurking inside form. The big-city brassiness of his imagery was heightened by its design elements, which seemed to be living the life of Riley: color planes loitered in unsavory places while their outlines horsed around or just gallivanted off. The general effect was somewhat similar to riotously out-of-register color separation. Another aspect of the comedy was a distinct oddness of incident or detail. The elaboration in these paintings didn't serve to make things more real-looking, or to explain structure, as we've come to expect of such elaboration in figurative art. It was more like factual evidence—like those burlesque scraps of information on a newspaper's city page which confirm something you always half knew about people. Hélion's urban world was purely invented, but it also looked a lot like some slummy Paris suburb of the forties, with its punks in off-the-peg suits and its air of a carnival eternally breaking up. Readers of French literature will recognize this as Queneau territory, and, in fact, Raymond Queneau worked just the same turf in a novel of 1933 called "Le Chiendent" ("Crabgrass"). The great French writer, well known in America for his "Zazie in the Métro," was, among other things, an ardent boulevardier.

and even used to write a column for the newspaper *L'Intransigeant* called "Do You Know Paris?" He peopled "Le Chiendent" with a papery, shadowy crew he seemed to have collected in bistros and bars. These characters send up the novel form from time to time by saying things like "For me this bistro is splendid and tragic" or "Sometimes a vulgar thing suddenly seems beautiful." Queneau and Hélion were good friends by the late thirties, and though one wouldn't want to force a comparison between their respective endeavors, Hélion's interest in the expressive potential of the banal was undoubtedly strengthened by Queneau's slangy, cleverly trite style.



Try as I might, I couldn't resolve Hélion's affection for vulgarity back into irony or condescension—as one might be able to do with the much later phenomenon of Pop Art, for example. He seemed to have sincerely prized vulgarity, as the medium in which most things actually happen, the oxygen of our moral lives; and it had also provided him with the perfect foil for a pictorial perfectionism that might have seemed arid on its own. A certain coarseness or vernacularity of gesture characterized his figures: here a louche type in a turned-down fedora emerged from an assignation, smoking a cigarette; there a pair of bland lovers nestled under an umbrella; in many images his *salueur*, a veritable signature item, doffed his hat at the sky. There was one personage, though, who didn't partake of this saucy, funny-papers appeal: he was a one-legged fellow on crutches standing in a crumbling doorway. Who was this crippled man, I wondered aloud. Was he simply the disabled war veteran that he appeared to be? I'd read in Hélion's war memoirs about his escape from imprisonment—his picking up German from chatty guards, his posing as a rabid Nazi on the westbound train to Brussels—and I sensed that the whole enterprise had become a sort of lived metaphor for him. Was it too easy an assignment of meaning to think that this crippled figure extended the parallel between Hélion's wartime escape and his quest for freedom as an artist? "The figure does look like a disabled veteran, but he isn't one," Hélion replied. "I got the idea from a young man I knew who had to have his leg removed in an operation. He was a very beautiful young man—the homosexual lover of a friend of mine—and then suddenly he had only one leg. But there was something beautiful, too, in the way he propped himself up on his crutches, like a tower supported by flying buttresses. He was a Gothic figure—Cathedral Man—and that was how I painted him.

"You mustn't read any contemporary notions into such things as the bread and cigarettes in my paintings," he went on. "Perhaps one has to have gone through the hunger of the war years to see, as I saw when I first returned to Paris and watched people proudly parading their baguettes through the streets, that bread is everywhere only because it is rare, and has all the beauty of a rare object—the shimmering surface, the subtle colors. It was also in those years that I realized that the everyday act of smoking is actually a sacred service, the ritual bringing of fire to the mouth, whereas to pick up a dead butt is a serious act of self-humiliation. This figure here, coming out of the woman's door smoking a cigarette, only *seems* banal; really he is walking out into the world with fire in his mouth, which is something extraordinary."

As I scrutinized the paintings, Hélion developed his notion that certain daily events are as meaningful as the classical myths given form by the Old Masters. The men with newspapers who fill his pictures are like so many figures in a tragic chorus, he explained, only instead of intoning social norms they silently peruse "the lie of the day" while bumping into one another; the baguette, zigzagged with lips formed by the slashes of the baker's knife, is the emblem of sexuality and the "bearer of wounds;" the lovers' umbrella is a sanctuary dome. I'd often heard people say that subject matter was important to Hélion only as a function of style, of personality, but as I listened to him talk I felt that this view was too eager to disengage his art from life. It was too genteel: it missed the voracity with which he'd devoured the pageant of the Paris streets. Still, there was no denying that his subject matter aided and abetted an expressly artificial manner; indeed, it was remarkable that a fondness for bizarre visual metaphors and a concern for abstract balance should conspire so efficiently. Often Hélion's work seemed both saturnalian and engineered; it had, I thought, something of ancient Rome to it. Like the old Roman muralists, he chose to impound his mythical personnel within a framework of strict architectural rectangles,

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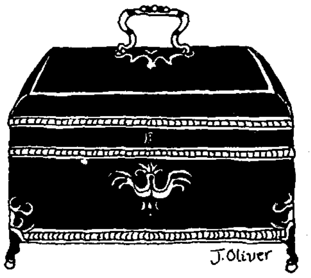
and his work of this period, as it hung in rows upon the walls, suggested the streets of an undestroyed Pompeii.

Continuing through the exhibition at a leisurely pace, we penetrated at length to the innermost core of the museum, which was developing a Piranesian complexity: at one point a gangway crawled along a wall while a show of Helmut Newton photographs incongruously intersected a group of Hélion's paintings. The artist by now seemed tired; several friends with whom he'd arrived were appearing in our vicinity with protective regularity. It would soon be rush hour, they hinted benevolently, and Hélion lived a good hour from Paris—at Bigeonnette, near Chartres. I felt a vague oppression, and not simply because a pleasant conversation was drawing to an end. Despite his failing eyesight, Hélion had relived, even reseen, his paintings: he obviously possessed them prodigiously in his mind's eye. Yet because he had once endowed them with the attributes of life they had also escaped him, as creatures do escape their creators, and gone out to join the world. How much, I asked myself, could I follow Hélion into the realm of symbolic correspondences he'd conjured up? Of course, I could follow him all the way; yet also not a step. What artist had ever really proved a reliable guide to the meanings generated by his work? And could anybody, in the end, decipher the riddle of these hat-doffing, newspaper-reading, cigarette-smoking city slickers? Hélion seemed to be overinterpreting himself, reading his paintings as if they were hieroglyphs; I'd never expected to hear an artist do this. But certain of his aesthetic reflections had matured under the threat of death, and perhaps he had reached for the objects about him as if they were anchors and portents. Sometimes, though, when one least expected it, he would revert to the abstract way of thinking. In one of his paintings, the "À Rebours," of 1947, he had juxtaposed the figures of a painter and an upside-down female model. The inversion fascinated me: it showed that his vocabulary had a place for the tumbled and the fallen. Yet when I asked him why he had inverted this nude he casually replied, "Because she becomes abstract, and balances the standing figure well that way; and because her body is so sensual when you see it upside down." I was momentarily taken aback, for the unsettling figure, with her rich tones and her tresses of soft black hair, seemed to be telling me something else: that she was laid out as if for an offering, and that in her offering, as in every voluptuous act, there was some element of catastrophic sacrifice. This was a fleeting and perhaps overpersonal intuition, but it was something that the painting was most assuredly suggesting to me at that moment; I didn't feel inclined to let it go.



I walked with Hélion and his friends out onto the Avenue du Président Wilson. As we shook hands, he invited me to come out in a day or two and have a look at his recent work, in the studio at Bigeonnette.

AFTER Hélion's departure, I returned to the museum to study his paintings of the fifties, which we'd barely had time to glance at. Dispersed for many years, they were first shown in a body by his dealer, Karl Flinker, in the summer of 1984. At that time, I had chanced into Flinker's gallery, in the Rue de Tournon, and had at once been fascinated by what I saw. These pictures are far more realistic than Hélion's other work, but it isn't their realism that makes them so good. It is, rather, I believe, their revelation of an exceptional readiness of empirical response to the solemn ugliness of everyday surroundings. There's a still-life feel to most of them, even though they aren't all technically still-lifes. Curiously, Hélion turns the genre to social ends. "My still-lifes," he says in one of his diaries, "are like theatre intermissions during which my objects usurp, in their own way and always comically, the players' roles. The people have all gone off to drink, or to make love or war, and the objects invade their space . . . It is really the people who are 'still.' " These pictures are rendered in a dry, explicit manner, rather like commercial illustrations, and the crowded surfaces threaten at any moment to take on a dull, actuarial density. At first, you might think that Hélion is indulging in a lot of humbugging illustrators' tricks, but soon you realize that he's simply bringing a fondness for the commonplace grit of execution into alignment with the crass visual evidence he feels compelled to set forth. For these pictures are testimony of a highly personal order. He looks out into his big, bleak, windowless studio in the Avenue de l'Observatoire and tries to make sense of a tableful of junk half-devoured by the encroaching gloom. Cigarette butts and holes in the wall vie as points of obsession; under the dirty skylight any stray model at once acquires owl eyes and a mustache of shadow.

Occasionally, the artist looks into a mirror and paints himself. He is well into middle age; he has had his first heart attack; no one in Paris will show his work. "Decidedly, all has been lost," says his diary for this period; yet he is surprised by how hungry he is. His paintings disclose a fascination with the humblest things in his purview: he almost wants to gobble up the beautiful greasy light on the floor and make it part of himself. Odd things obsess him: he does a whole nude in one breezy day and spends a month fiddling with her shadow. He feels silly, and his hunger grows. Then he begins a food still-life that turns into a love tryst. There are marguerites and a bottle of Rhône wine on the floor and the tea things and peaches and sardines have been hurriedly abandoned in the midst of mounting desire. A lacy chemise has thrown itself upon a pair of pants. The emerging image is unambiguously personal but not confessional or anecdotal. Sexuality is not the content but the form of the tale. Sex discloses itself as a kind of near-symmetry—the difference between men's and women's buttons—and the half-eaten food gangs up to ape the topology of seduction: the concavities and the convexities of it, the ins and the outs. In the foreground the pants open their big mouth and stick out a ragged white tongue of a pocket.

During his period of ostracism, only a few artists visited Hélion. Balthus came by loyally, as did Matta and Victor Brauner and Alberto Giacometti. One day, Giacometti introduced him to the poet Francis Ponge. Ponge, who soon became one of Hélion's closest friends, had written a book of prose poems called "Le Parti Pris des Choses" ("The Voice of Things"), in which he spoke of the "passion" of cigarettes and the "madness" of water and the pleasure of holding a door in one's arms. Like Hélion, he delighted in shells and shell-like structures, and often seemed overwhelmed by the world's provender of material incident. He was especially awed by vegetables, and meditated at length on the essence of vegetable time. Plants kept their past lives palpably about them, he observed with envy, and expressed themselves thriftily in blooms, without wasting evanescent gestures on the air. Engrossed in Ponge's poetry, Hélion began to paint flower and leaf arrangements cut out against various dark corners of his studio. In one poignant picture, five arum lilies reach imploringly up to a pair of the artist's old abstractions on the wall, as if to illustrate Ponge's notion that spring flowers "try to say *everything*;" in another, a bough of stunningly painted leaves droops to the floor. Through all these pictures, Hélion's feeling for the complementarity of blossoming and wilting, opening and closing, day and night, spring and autumn is enriched. From this point on, every one of his images reminds you of another, and the retrospection is invariably marked by the same sort of melancholy that accompanies beloved old airs rescored for new instruments.

HÉLION'S villa in Bigeonnette turned out to be a sprawling farmhouse with a roof of red Burgundy tiles overgrown with lichen and moss. On one side, obliquely behind a big hornbeam in the front garden, stood a gatekeeper's lodge, where the bigger paintings were kept; off the lodge was a painter's studio—a nice, old-fashioned one, with rows of tall windows on three sides.

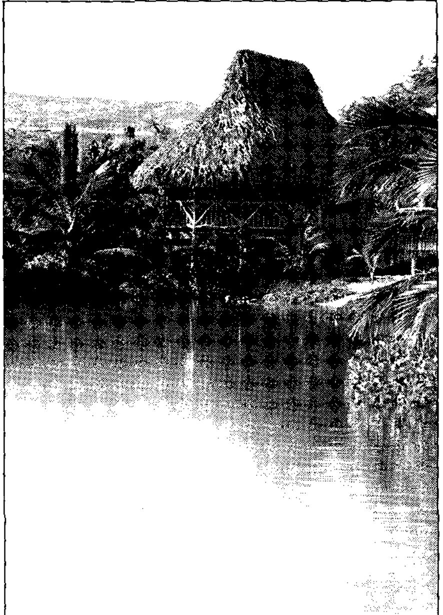
Hélion was in excellent spirits when I arrived. His wife, Jacqueline—whose warmth, charm, and reserve are not unlike his own—had made a tasty gigot with flageolets for lunch. And for dessert, though it was weeks after Christmas, the three of us had some of that Christmas cake called galette des rois, which Hélion greatly fancies. He was full of teasing paradoxes about painting and people, and as we trooped toward the studio through a high-ceilinged gray sitting room, past an ogee-shaped marble fireplace and along a row of deep-embrasured windows, I felt moved to ask him about the man with whom he has so much, and so little, in common.

"Balthus is a very strange case," he said. "There was something in his nature that refused from the very beginning to accept the reality of what was going on. He simply didn't want to be a part of it. Look at his color—it's often good, yet he didn't care to come to terms with the modern problem of composing in pure hues. The course Balthus chose wasn't an easy one, and he has been very brave about persevering in it. He wanted"—Hélion hesitated—"to get out of modern art. He wanted to get out, and he wanted to get in. And he succeeded."

As Jacqueline guided us through a darkish, twisty passage that led into the gatekeeper's lodge, I noticed a big set of Queneau's collected works sitting on a chest. I'd scarcely begun to formulate my question when Hélion replied, " 'Le Chiendent' is for me Queneau's greatest book, his fullest and richest. Everything's in there, and, yes, it influenced me enormously. You know, people have said a lot about my figures—how they incorporate into themselves the difficulties of realization—but they forget that that's what people are actually like. Queneau's people in 'Le Chiendent'—Narcense, Potice, and the others—talk about themselves as characters in a drama, yet this is what people do nowadays, especially in America. And Queneau had the ear to pick it up."

In the lodge and the studio were some fairly recent paintings that had been exhibited and some—including really good ones—that had not. Several others, he told me, were gone—at the show, or elsewhere. In order to arrive at a conception of Hélion's recent work, I had to reassemble all these pictures—the present and the absent—in my mind, and that, in some respects, is what I spent the next hour doing. I was convinced soon enough that he'd been shrewd to shift out of strict realism into these big, brushy things. I supposed that he had needed a phase of contraction to dwell upon the finer points of nature before expanding into a looser manner; the change, I speculated, might have had something to do with the ending of his unhappy marriage to Pegeen, the daughter of Peggy Guggenheim, and his eventual happy marriage to Jacqueline.

Hélion's long experience also seemed to have given him a remarkably elastic sense of what powers to employ: when to generalize, when to spell out, when to venture the stylish approximation. There was in some of the latest paintings a curious admixture of comic and half-misbegotten forms—partly the result of vision problems—which unexpectedly added to their interest. Fine examples of what has sometimes been called "old man's play," these pictures escaped all limits and confounded all rules. They



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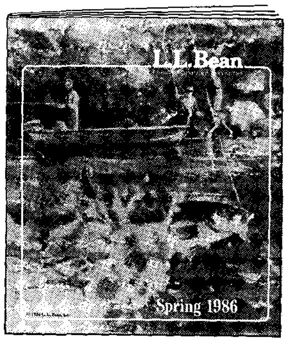

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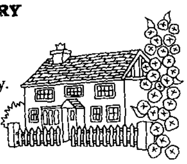

seemed to be trying, like Ponge's flowers, to say *everything*. What was most remarkable about them, I thought, was their freedom from any system of inner stylistic imitation or analogy: within the same painting, some lines were descriptive and others abstract; some objects threw normal-looking shadows and others impossible ones of hot, light pink; some colors were observed and some made up; some things seemed illuminated by the light of the mind and others by a Mazda bulb.

"Light is really only understanding," Hélion said. "Though I have hopes of getting a corneal transplant, my eyesight is very poor for the moment, and I must follow the inner light, the interior reverie. The dimmer my eyesight gets, the clearer grows the picture inside. It's almost too clear, really; I've ended up overconcentrating sometimes, and the picture hasn't been able to grow. For 'Free Fall,' which you may remember from the show, I had to mix up pots of color in advance, very carefully, and then brush the color over a big rough drawing. The painting's about a catastrophe—partly my own old age, partly the crazy things happening out in the world—but even if you paint a catastrophe you must do it with joy."

What he was saying about catastrophes reminded me of the beautiful upside-down girl in "À Rebours." I decided that before I left I ought to tell him about my reaction to the painting and to what he'd said about it in the museum. So I told him how mysteriously vulnerable that girl had seemed to me, and how coolly, to my sense, he'd described a figure so laden with overtones of ritual sacrifice.

"It was only after I finished that painting," he replied, "that I saw the upside-down angel in the Romanesque sculpture group at Souillac—the 'Sacrifice of Isaac'—which you probably had in mind while you were looking at my inverted nude. But I was hugely pleased when I saw it; I approved of the connection. You know, of course, that one puts things in a painting for reasons not decidedly clear. You turn left when you were counting on turning right; you use black when you were expecting to use white; you welcome unsuspected associations. And in the end," he added, as we stepped outside, "you must come to terms with what Giacometti used to call 'the sacred fatality': that it all would have been much better—so much better!—precisely the other way around."

—DAN HOFSTADTER

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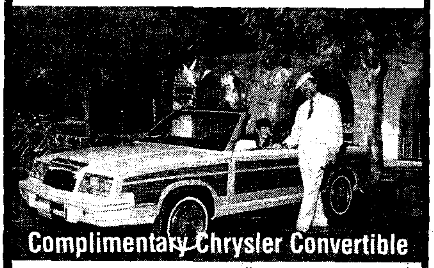

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MUSICAL EVENTS

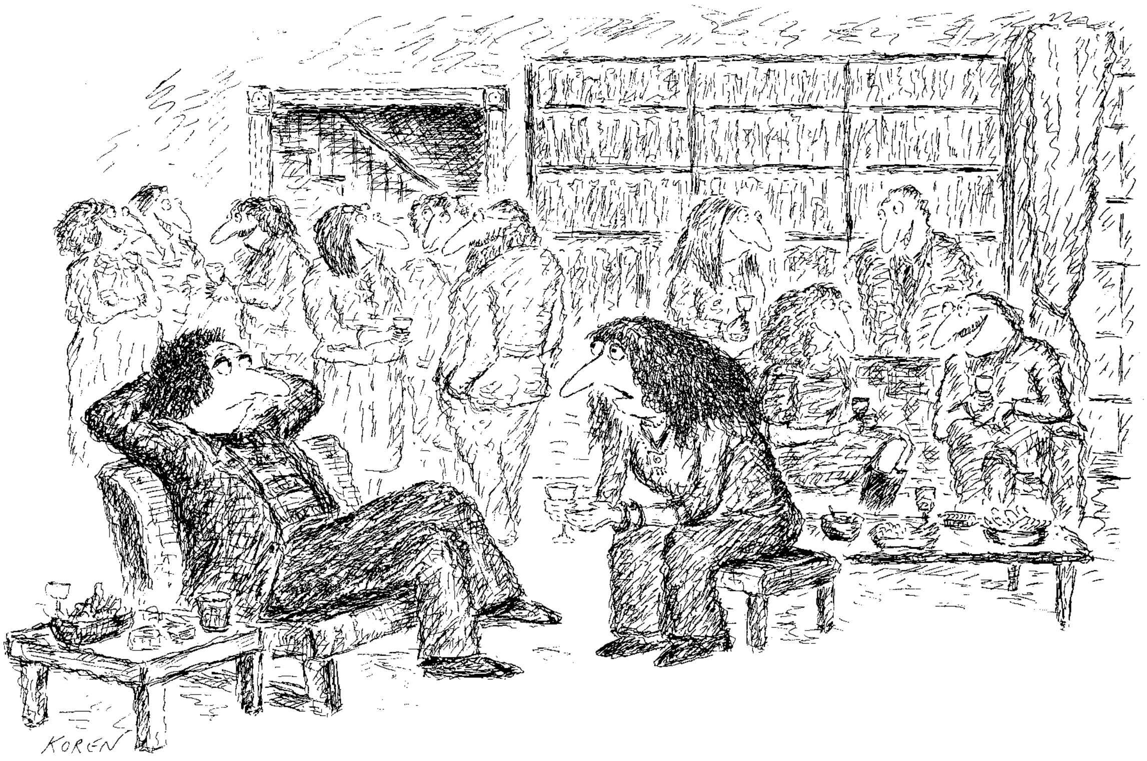
Flames

THERE were two performances of Schoenberg's monodrama "Erwartung" in Carnegie Hall ast year. Phyllis Bryn-Julson sang it n March with the Cincinnati Symhony, conducted by Michael Gielen; nja Silja sang it last month with the leveland Orchestra, conducted by hristoph von Dohnányi. The opera one of the marvels of our century, oured out in seventeen days of 1909 —the year that brought also the hree Piano Pieces, Opus 11, and the ive Orchestral Pieces—and still a ork that holds listeners intent on ach turn of its progress of thoughts, ears, and memories (as the heroine resses through a wood now dark, ow lit by shafts of moonlight, which also a psychological metaphor), of arvellous sounds from a very large rchestra handled with the utmost delacy, and of post-"Tristan" tonality aken to the brink of dissolution. Miss ilja and Mr. Dohnányi recorded Erwartung" four years ago (on Lonon, with the Vienna Philharmonic), ut she wasn't singing as well then as e sings now: twenty-five years of ushing the bright, clear soprano rough a wide variety of roles (the ueen of Night, Lady Macbeth, Firdiligi, Isolde, Zerbinetta, Brünnilde, Rosina, Turandot) with uninting dramatic conern for each of them emed to have taken toll; wildness and obble disturbed the ame of her singing. ut in the Carnegie Erwartung" that ame burned bright nd true. The voice as newly fresh, foussed, and disciplined. hatever Miss Silja uches she brings life, and this was marvellous perforance—accurate, ining, verbally incive. It made one eager hear the soprano gain in the theatre; er last Met engageent was in 1980. ater this year, the rogram book told us, e appears in Boston the heroine of Jaáček's "The Makropulos Affair" and at the Cleveland Orchestra's summer festival as the Merry Widow. Mr. Dohnányi's conducting was masterly, and the orchestra played with great beauty and expression.

The Met has been having a success with triple bills: Stravinsky's "Rite," "Nightingale," and "Oedipus," and now the "Parade" of works by Satie, Poulenc, and Ravel. Perhaps it should next put on a Schoenberg triple bill, of "Erwartung" (a neurotic tragedy), "Die Glückliche Hand" (an allegory of felicitous artistic creation), and "Von Heute auf Morgen" (a blithe marital comedy)—as "Expectation," "The Happy Touch," and "From One Day to the Next." James Levine's orchestra could do them justice.

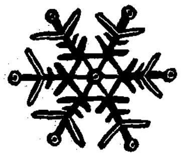
AT the Philharmonic last month, Leonard Bernstein conducted the third symphonies of three American composers: Roy Harris, William Schuman, and Aaron Copland. The works are about forty years old—the span that divides "Norma" from "The Magic Flute," "Pelléas" from "La Forza del Destino," Berlioz's "Symphonie Fantastique" from Haydn's late symphonies—and none of them seemed as "modern" as the seventy-five-year-old "Erwartung." Music history moves in no steady stream but, like an Elliott Carter composition, in many tempos at once. I found it hard to recapture responses I once had to each symphony—the Harris first met on the Koussevitzky recording, the Copland conducted by Adrian Boult and by Jascha Horenstein. We've lately been hearing many Copland works in less portentous veins; after them, the Third Symphony can seem a strained piece of construction, its opening movement suggesting dance paragraphs slowed down and overscored. Virgil Thomson found "something false" and unspontaneous about the piece. The composer himself (in a conversation reported on the cover of his CBS recording of the symphony) said, "Before the Third Symphony, my so-called grand-manner music was what might be termed lean-grand. The Symphony tends more toward the fat-grand side." It's become a classic. There have been five recordings so far, and apparently another is on the way: the Philharmonic concert was recorded live by Polygram. (The audience was invited to help itself to cough tablets from dispensers on the grand promenade and the second tier. There were still plenty of noisy feet scuffing or stamping on Fisher Hall's resonant wooden floor: the audience noise level there is higher than anywhere else I know.)

Mr. Bernstein's conducting of all three works was large and impas-



"I pick up on people's pain, Alexander. What's wrong?"

sioned. The orchestra glowed for him. Swiftly, he fanned the glow to a blaze. In fact, there were passages where I felt that he raised the temperature too soon—especially in the Schuman. The opening passacaglia soon reached such a peak of intensity that it could mount no further as the movement progressed. The week before, Mr. Bernstein and the Philharmonic did Mahler's Seventh Symphony, and it was a magnificent performance. The first movement seems to bring the modern world before us. (The work was composed in 1904-05.) In the two Nachtmusik movements, there was reticence, delicacy, and great tenderness. The scherzo was alarming in its contrasts of spectral dance and fierce sarcasm. The finale is a beastly racket in almost any performance, and there's nothing much to be done about it except to play the music—as Mr. Bernstein and the orchestra did—with wholehearted enthusiasm.



LAST June, David Del Tredici's "March to Tonality," composed for the Chicago Symphony, had its première: *ambiguous chordal progressions* discover a home base in D-flat major, proclaim it, and after any excursions inexorably return there. Michael Torke's "Bright Blue Music," which had its première at a New York Youth Symphony concert, conducted by David Alan Miller, in Carnegie Hall in November, is a *marche sur place*—twelve minutes of marking time with a good deal of energy and activity but no progressions. The work begins, stays, and ends in D major. Wittgenstein, the composer says in a program note, is responsible:

> Inspired by Wittgenstein's idea that meaning is not in words themselves but in the grammar of words used, I conceived of a parallel in musical terms: harmonies in themselves do not contain any meaning . . . Harmonic language is then, in a sense, inconsequential. *If the choice of harmony* is arbitrary, why not then use tonic and dominant chords—the simplest, most direct, and—for me—the most pleasurable?

E major was blue for Rimsky-Korsakov, as F-sharp major was for Scriabin. For Wagner, on the evidence of "Lohengrin," A major was blue. But D major, says Torke, "has been the color blue for me since I was five years old." (He is now twenty-four.) "Bright Blue Music" makes an effect very different from the jazzy minimalism of Torke's "Vanada," which was played at last year's I.S.C.M. Festival, in Amsterdam, or the rhythmic jitters of his "Ecstatic Orange," which the Brooklyn Philharmonic and Lukas Foss did last May. It's busily and fully written for a large orchestra—the pages of the score present a dense dance of notes—in 9/8, animato. What sound like scraps of waltz tune drift through the D-major glitter. The work is at once absurd and attractive. Torke casually jettisons centuries of harmonic endeavor; Gesualdo, Wagner, Schoenberg have lived in vain. A few chromatic notes intrude, but they are soon resolved. It's a happy piece. And observing someone exuberantly at play usually gives pleasure—for a while, at least.

"Bright Blue Music" was the latest in the Youth Symphony's series of First Music commissions, for large-orchestra works from young composers. Last season brought David Lang's "Flaming Youth," Aaron Kernis's "Mirror of Heat and Light," and Ronald Caltabiano's "Poplars." It's a valuable series. Composer and orchestra come together for a ten-week rehearsal period. Mr. Miller's orchestra, a hundred strong, with an average age of fifteen and a half, plays warmly and ably, and his programs are usually adventurous. "Bright Blue Music" was preceded by Dvořák's "Othello" overture and followed by Mendelssohn's "Reformation" Symphony. Mendelssohn was twenty when he wrote it; the contrast between his earnest, aspirant mastery and Torke's insouciant bravado was striking. The Youth Symphony's next Carnegie concert is on February 16th; the First Music piece to be played is Kamran Ince's "Infrared Only," and the program is completed by Charles Griffes's "Three Poems of Fiona McLeod" and Shostakovich's Tenth Symphony. Admission is free.

RICHARD STRAUSS's second opera, "Feuersnot," was given its New York première last month by the Manhattan School of Music—the first American production, it seems, since the American première, in Philadelphia in 1927, with Nelson Eddy in the cast. The title is untranslatable: "Fire-Dearth" has been suggested, but the word can also mean "conflagration" or "the crisis produced by a conflagration." Strauss wrote the piece as, he said, "a little revenge on my dear native city [Munich], which thirty years before had accorded no friendly welcome to the great Richard, an then accorded no more to the littl Richard." In 1895, his first oper "Guntram" (the short score of whic he closed with the inscription "De Gratia! Und dem heiligen Wagner" was dropped by the Munich Ope after a single performance. Discou aged from composing for the theat (although ever active as a conduct there), for five years he wrote to poems—"Till Eulenspiegel," "Al Sprach Zarathustra," "Don Quixote, and "Ein Heldenleben." In 1898, left the Munich Opera for the Berli Court Opera. In 1900, he embark on "Feuersnot." The librettist w Ernst von Wolzogen, of whose Übe brettl cabaret theatre Schoenberg w soon to become musical director.

The setting is medieval Munic The burghers are suspicious an unappreciative of Kunrad, a you wizard settled in their midst. It Midsummer Eve. Children are sin ing and playing. The high-spirit Kunrad kisses Diemut, the tow beauty, the mayor's daughter, full the lips, in public. Offended, she tak revenge: inviting Kunrad to join h on her balcony, she hoists him up t ward it in a basket but leaves hi suspended halfway, to be jeered at the populace. He invokes the arts his great master, Reichhart, and at stroke extinguishes all fire and light the city. He reaches the balcony an lit by a shaft of moonlight, lectures t awed townsfolk: once they drove aw the waggoner, the daring one ("*d Wagner*"), who wanted to put the life on wheels; now a successor h come to renew the strife ("*zu Strauss*"). (Themes from the "Ring "The Flying Dutchman," and "Gu tram" point the puns.) The girl chose has mocked his warm love in show of virtue; for virtue of that ki he has no use. And now, he conclud "only from a warm, young maide body" ("aus heiss-jung-frauliche Leibe") can Munich's fire be restore Diemut draws him into her roo There follows the lush Liebesszen which Beecham used to do as a co cert piece. At the moment of Kunr and Diemut's union, there is an i stant of silence; then orchestra, ligh and fires blaze forth again, and t people rejoice.

"Feuersnot" is an uneven work, b it contains much attractive and skillf music, blending tuneful, pretty co edy, especially in the children's song with soaring love music. It's wor seeing once or twice in one's life, ev ough its best passages the composer ettered elsewhere. I first encountered e opera in Munich, in 1958, in a roduction conducted by Rudolf empe. (It was on a double bill with Josephslegende;" the opera, in one t, lasts about ninety minutes.) The lanhattan presentation was strongest om an orchestral point of view. John rosby, a devoted Straussian, drew arm, beautiful playing from his ung, large orchestra. The staging, Lou Galterio, was extravagant and uttered. Instead of the single street ene before the town gate, there were ckety scaffolding constructions, by avid Sumner, in ceaseless motion, ith people clambering up and down d through them. The libretto sugsts a hint of grotesque exaggeration both architecture and costumes; ona Granata's costumes were a wild rnival gallimaufry. With so much stuming, so many people, and so uch movement packed onto the small age, the singers had little chance to act or to express—perhaps even to consider—what they were singing about. "Feuersnot" is already a challenging work for students to perform; this tastelessly overelaborated version of it would have taxed any professional company. The show was dramatically blunt. The words (those of the English translation, by the composer William Wallace, that Beecham used for the London première of the opera, in 1910) were largely inaudible. Lauren Wagner, the Diemut, deployed a bright but somewhat edgy and charmless soprano. Cheyne Davidson, the Kunrad, looked handsome and sang strongly in a bald, unimaginative way. The sense of the piece came across hardly at all. Strauss would have been better served by something simpler, wittier, more thoughtful and poetic, with detail in the individual performances. Onstage, it was an ambitious but tacky romp. There was poetry in the orchestra.

—Andrew Porter

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MOVING PICTURES

ecause you are a doctor with silver instruments
to administer the ethers
at put to sleep the living so their bodies can be opened,
u surprise me by looking lost among the leaf rot
and moon vine in a ravine near the Mississippi River,
u, a New Yorker, with a Nikon camera and telephoto lens
to draw things closer.
ou will show slides with a projector that lights the sky bluer
and things we can hardly know will look more possible
than they ought to.

hen my brothers and I were children out under the stars
in lawn chairs folded open
side the door of the panelled station wagon, we ate popcorn slowly,
atching men and women larger than the oak trees
beside the screen of the drive-in cinema,
hile the cicadas vibrated their timbals
through the double feature in a kind of fusion.

e grow up smaller than glamour—you and I, our dramas domestic
and boxed small enough for television,
avid and Ginger coming home from a party after arguing mildly
find the television had been struck by lightning,
its mechanism welded
they couldn't turn it off, and on the screen the people were lost
in snow that seemed to go on forever.

head of me, you raise your camera to take a picture
of a railway car that someone lives in,
its strip of windows trimmed in silver.
movies, trains race across continents, while people sleep in berths,
at speeds so great the wheels turn backward.
ou, who have come to me from a vast distance,
can hardly imagine that someone lives on the Southern Pacific,
in a passenger car, uncoupled.

—Susan Prospere

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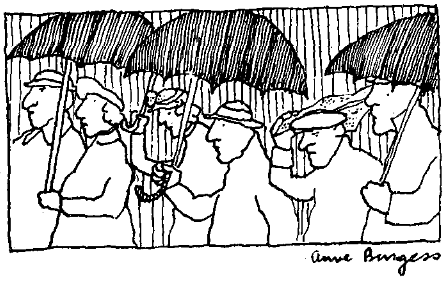
A REPORTER IN WASHINGTON

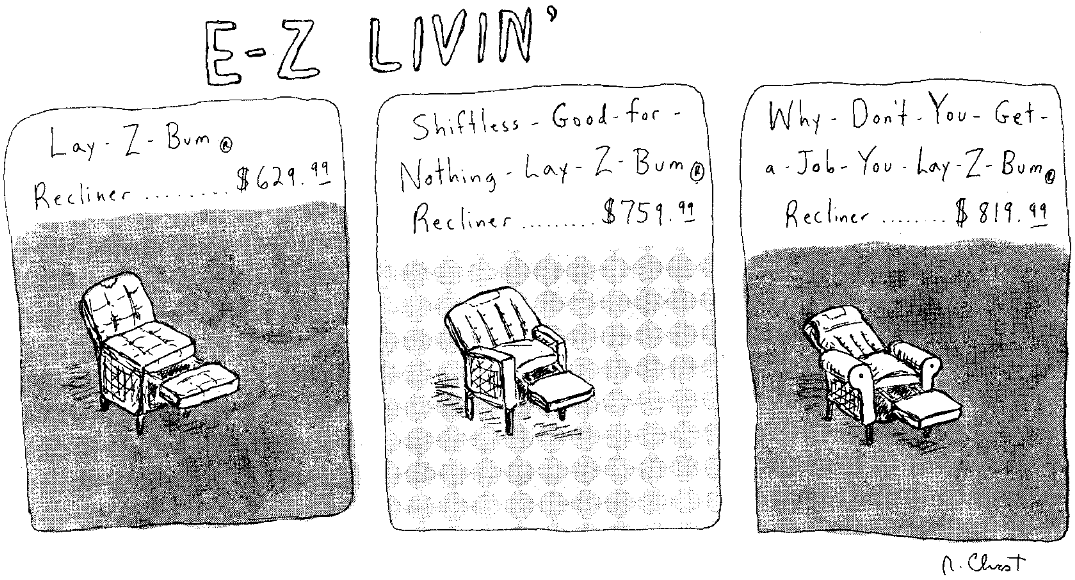
December 24

PRESIDENT REAGAN'S hairbreadth rescue of the tax-reform bill in the closing days of the congressional session was a sign of both his political strengths and weaknesses as the first year of his second term came to an end. Reagan was in a position he never should have been in: facing a humiliating defeat at the hands of his own party in the House of Representatives. He got there through a series of miscalculations on his part and on the part of his advisers, and by a certain ineptitude on the part of the new White House team. The ineptitude has fed resentments all year among House Republicans, who, being in the minority, tend toward paranoia and feeling affronted anyway, and who have been particularly tetchy of late. Moreover, very few of them were interested in tax reform at all, and used whatever excuses were at hand to kill it. The President's rescue of the bill—six days after the House voted not to take the bill up for consideration, stunning almost everyone, including people who should have been on the alert—involved the kind of high-stakes gamble the President sometimes takes. But it was essential if he was not to be seen as a very weakened political force. And it was hard to believe that if the President threw himself at the feet of the House Republicans—as he did when he travelled to Capitol Hill for a meeting with them on the day before the bill was brought back up—he could not get the support of the relatively small number of Republicans he needed to turn things around. That he succeeded—though not immediately or easily—testifies to the fact that members of Congress still see him as popular with the public, and were disinclined to humiliate him finally. Also, a number of Republicans realized that they had put the Party itself in the position of appearing to be against tax reform—and had handed the Democrats a good issue. But the episode shows that relations between the White House and Capitol Hill are very frayed, and that the President cannot count on his popularity to get whatever he wants. In many ways, in fact, the year was one long series of narrow escapes for Reagan: he got through the visit to the Bitburg cemetery, and the controversy over it died down; he evaded the hardest choices on what to do about the budget deficit; he finessed the issues of sanctions against South Africa and trade by doing just enough to stay ahead of the game. He barely salvaged the MX missile, and won aid to the Nicaraguan Contras only by changing the terms of the aid. He settled for a farm bill that cost far more, and did far less to change farm policy, than he had asked. And the summit meeting went well enough that he bought some time on arms control. He is facing rough going on the budget and other matters next year, and he does not appear to have the best of help. He'll need all his Houdini-like skills, and whatever public support he can muster.

To some extent, Reagan's difficulties are the natural ingredients of a second term. The term "lame duck" is used so loosely as to be meaningless. But even a popular President starting a second term does not have a clean slate: some issues, often the most difficult ones, have been left hanging; some resentments have already been built up; the President is a more familiar figure, and his strengths and weaknesses have been gauged. And the politicians on Capitol Hill are motivated by what they are always motivated by: their own instinct for survival. If they sense that a President is not only popular but has won the public over to his point of view on an issue—or could win it over if they defy him—they will try to go with him. If they feel that by going with him they are risking their own reëlection, they will seek the handiest exit. This is what caused Reagan so much trouble on the tax bill. The only difference in the second term is the knowledge that the President will not be at the top of the ticket again. This changes the calculation slightly—but not very much. Thus, that Reagan won forty-nine states in 1984 and enjoys high popularity, yet still has been having such a wobbly time of it on Capitol Hill, is noteworthy. One explanation is that in the campaign he set forth a future that would be painless—it would be white picket fences and "Morning in America"—and he therefore had no mandate for doing hard things. An other explanation is that Reagan's pri orities and policies don't much mes with those of even the members of h own party on Capitol Hill. In one wa and another, they have been trying t tell him this for a long time. On well-placed observer of Capitol Hi said to me recently, "This was a yea when Congress increasingly expresse frustration at Ronald Reagan's popu larity versus what they felt to be h substantive mistakenness." Thus, th Senate Republicans tried to push Rea gan into agreeing to raise some taxe and cut Social Security benefits in or der to help cut the deficit—but backe off when he refused. Thus, Reaga often had to eke out his victories wit great effort, and he often had t change the definition of victory. Some times, as in the cases of South Afric and trade, he had to change his pol cies. And thus Reagan nearly lost th tax bill—which he had called his mo important domestic priority in the ne term. It was not a priority at all fo most of the Republicans on Capit Hill.



The White House's sense of timin has often been off in this second term and a number of the President's alli complain that the second-term set aides has no sense of the big pictur and does not plan ahead. And it al often helps to get the President trouble. Reagan, who delegates to a extraordinary degree, is more depen dent upon his staff than many Pres dents have been. Reagan sees himse as dealing in large concepts and mov ing public opinion through h speeches, and he depends upon his sta to provide him with the options; if th options aren't wise, neither will h decisions be. And, increasingly, Don ald Regan, who took over as chief staff in February, runs a closed sho All power in the White House flov up to Regan, and from him to th President. Gradually, people with an independent standing have been force out. This was the case with Edwar Rollins, who for seven months th year served as the White House polit cal director. Rollins, who had directe Reagan's reëlection campaign, w forced upon Regan early this year b Senator Paul Laxalt, Republican Nevada, and a close friend of the Pre ident, and Frank Fahrenkopf, th chairman of the Republican Nation Committee—both of whom sense that Regan would need seasoned poli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ical advice. Regan simply forced Rollins out by freezing him out—by not including him in "the loop"—and Rollins packed up and left.

The departure of Robert McFarlane as national-security adviser, in early December, was in part caused by Regan's drive for dominance of the White House, and in part by the system by which the President governs. And it was also apparently in part caused by the damage the high position did to McFarane's personal life—not an uncommon phenomenon here. Reagan is attached to the idea of "Cabinet government," and McFarane was, among other things, worn down by the constant infighting among the Cabinet officers over policy and had no real power to referee the disputes or to move policy. And, for all his ostensible reserve, McFarlane is a very proud man, and not without his own ego—he took to making many appearances on the television talk hows. Not only had McFarlane and Regan never got along but McFarlane didn't quite fit in with the President's nner circle. McFarlane, in meetings with the President, as elsewhere, could be pedantic and ponderous; the President far prefers the joke-swapping and wift transactions of business at which Regan excels. When James Baker, the Secretary of the Treasury, with whom Regan switched jobs, was chief of taff, he essentially left McFarlane lone. When Regan insinuated himelf into McFarlane's foreign-policy erritory, this was the last straw. Regan included himself in meetings where he had no particular business being; at the summit, he raised questions with the President that other taff members found embarrassing, indicating, as they did, how little Regan knew about the subject. The public manifestations of Regan's drive for ontrol and publicity bespeak things eep in his nature. It was much noted here that at the summit, in the meetings with the Soviets, he placed himelf at the President's side, pushing McFarlane a seat away (Secretary of tate George Shultz was on the other ide)—an unusual place for a chief of taff to be during a summit meeting.

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What capped it all in the minds of many people here was Regan's draping himself over the center of a sofa to listen in on a conversation between the President and Mikhail Gorbachev—as it happens, according to others who were in the room, he did so just as photographers moved in to take pictures. (Similarly, when Reagan was hospitalized last summer, Regan was photographed sitting with the President and Vice-President George Bush. After the hospital episode, during which Regan decided who should see the President, and mostly chose himself, many people, including Mrs. Reagan, thought he had overreached. Regan let members of the press know that he was going to change his ways.) Regan can be a man of great charm when he chooses to be, but he also has a personality that many people find grating—particularly politicians on Capitol Hill, who feel that he treats them as an inferior breed. The politicians can be a demanding lot, but that is a given that a chief of staff must accept. During the President's hospitalization, the term "prime minister" arose in connection with Regan, and the term was bandied about on the House floor among Republicans as they handed the President his setback on tax reform. One motivation for that setback was simple revenge. A longtime Reagan activist says that Regan's management style is marked by two dicta: "Create no new power centers, and appoint second-level people to top-level jobs." Vice-Admiral John Poindexter, who had been McFarlane's deputy and was appointed to replace him, is by all accounts an intelligent man, but there are mixed views about his capacity for leadership—even if he is allowed to exercise any. Poindexter has been made aware that he owes his job to Regan and that it would not be wise to try to outflank him.

IN a sense, the President's preliminary defeat on the tax bill was what saved him in the end, since it spelled out the dimensions of his problem and gave him and his aides time to regroup. It also made his ultimate victory all the more dramatic. That the President's "barnstorming" the country for tax reform would yield so little result in terms of public support had not figured in the calculations of the President's tax-reform strategists, and this made their job more difficult. Moreover, they were dependent on Dan Rostenkowski, Democrat of Illinois and chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee, to produce a bill, not only because the House is controlled by the Democrats but also because a very high proportion of the Republicans in the House are opposed to tax reform—as are many Senate Republicans. (Reagan's mastery of the House in his first two years in office, through a coalition of Republicans and Southern Democrats, ended after the Republicans lost twenty-six seats in the 1982 elections.) The fact that Reagan, a conservative Republican, was for significant tax reform was what gave the idea a chance at all. From the outset, the Administration's strategy—led by Baker and his deputy, Richard Darman—had been to work with Rostenkowski to get a bill out of the Ways and Means Committee and then try to persuade enough Republi-

cans to go along to get it passed by the House (where tax laws are to originate). As it was, and with some effort, the bill agreed to by the Ways and Means Committee, in the early hours on November 23rd, won the support of five of the thirteen committee Republicans as well as of all twenty-three of the committee Democrats. Willis Gradison, of Ohio, one of the Ways and Means Republicans who supported the bill, says that the subsequent complaints on the part of House Republicans—and also some White House aides—that Baker didn't work with the committee Republicans is "a bum rap."

It was in the hours not long before the committee completed its work on the bill that the White House made a fateful—and nearly fatal—decision. In a meeting of a tired President—who had returned from the summit the night before—and top officials, the President at first agreed to an option presented by Baker, and the one Baker clearly favored (as did the White House director of congressional relations, M. B. Oglesby): the President would endorse the committee's bill, saying that while it was less than perfect it should be adopted, in order to keep the tax-reform process alive, and sent to the Senate, where it could be improved. (Given the Senate's history of distaste for tax reform, this was something of a joke, but it would do for the moment. And what was meant by "improve" was left opaque.) The bill approved by the committee essentially followed the outlines of the President's proposal. Like the President's proposal, it removed more than six million families of the working poor from the tax rolls, and it reduced the number of tax brackets and eliminated or scaled back a number of tax breaks. But it provided more tax relief for the middle class and added to the three tax brackets proposed by the President (fifteen, twenty-five, and *thirty-five* per cent) a fourth (thirty-eight per cent), so that the bill would not do as much for the very rich. It also gave fewer breaks to business and increased corporate taxes by a small amount (the President proposed lowering the top corporate rate from forty-six per cent to thirty-three per cent, and the committee lowered it to thirty-six per cent). And it raised the capital-gains tax, which the Administration had proposed be reduced. The committee was less generous to the oil-and-gas industry than the Administration had proposed (but more generous than Rostenkowski had proposed); and, bowing to certain pressures, it retained the full deductibility of state and local taxes (the Administration had proposed eliminating this deduction), it declined to tax fringe benefits in the form of health insurance (as the Administration had proposed), it retained most of the deductibility of business meals and entertainment expenses (the Administration had proposed cutting them back substantially), and it continued the deductibility of mortgages for second homes (which the Administration had proposed be curbed). The bill could not be mistaken for Snow White: Rostenkowski knows how to make deals with the best of them, and he paid prices large (deductibility of state and local taxes) and small (tax breaks fo specific convention center and parking garages of interest to specific members in order to get the bil through the committee Rostenkowski's concession came with a proviso: in exchange, the members ha to swear fealty to the bill a a whole. In what turne out to be a major sourc of partisan contention—though Republican objections were essentiall camouflage for other concerns—the committe raised the personal exemption for each family member to two thousand dollar for non-itemizers but, i effect, only fifteen hundre dollars for itemizers (o the theory that itemizers get othe breaks). Somehow, a number of Republicans and organizations of the religious right decided that giving a smaller exemption for those who are somewhat better off was not "pro-family."

According to the strategy initiall agreed upon at the White House, th President was to phone John Dunca Republican of Tennessee and th ranking Republican on the Ways an Means Committee, and tell him of h decision to endorse the committee bill, and was to send a letter to th committee Republicans. According t people familiar with these events, th Republicans on the committee wante Presidential "cover" for approving t bill, Rostenkowski wanted Republica votes so that he could describe the bi as having bipartisan support, an Treasury officials wanted as many R publican votes on the committee they could get so as to encourage oth Republicans to support the bill on t House floor. According to these sa people, Baker, having returned to t Treasury Department from the Wh House, learned three hours after t meeting that the decision had bee reversed. By this time, the Preside had retired to the East Wing. T reversal of strategy came at the inst gation of Regan and his top aid Dennis Thomas. Thomas had bee contacted by Representative Tre Lott, Republican of Mississippi, t House Minority Whip and an opp nent of the Ways and Means bill. T decision was made that an immedia Presidential endorsement of the committee's bill, even if qualified, mig anger House Republicans. Regan a

Thomas were also concerned about pposition to the bill by the Party's ight wing.

In recent days, a kind of holy war as broken out within the Administraion, with the Baker faction making it lear that it believes that the delay of a Presidential endorsement was what aused all the further trouble and the Regan faction making it clear that it elieves the trouble was caused by Baker's working with Rostenkowski. Thomas has explained that the reveral of plans was done in order to mollify House Republicans, but a Baker artisan said to me recently that in ight of subsequent events the Republians hardly seemed mollified. The Baker faction argues that during the welve days until the President, on Friday, December 6th, decided once gain to ask House Republicans, however tepidly, to vote for the Ways and Means bill if a Republican substitute was voted down—which was a foreone conclusion—Republicans and obbyists and financial contributors who were opposed to the bill (and they were numerous) had plenty of time to ir up trouble. And the belated decion to go back to the initial strategy eft the President's lieutenants little me to gather support for his position: ey had only a few days, whereas an ffort of this type in the past has somemes taken weeks, and involved a reat deal more of the President's time an was now available. Moreover, eagan did put the House Republicans an awkward position—by asking em to cast their votes for a bill he id he didn't approve of. And it was uring the period of Presidential vaciltion that—absent a clear Presidenal position—the Republican House adership's position against the bill ardened, to the point where the President was confronted, on his most imortant domestic bill, with the unaniious and, as it evolved, energetic opsition of his House leaders. Minory Leader Robert Michel, of Illinois, ad had trouble with the bill all along, ecause it removed investment incenves of importance to a major comany in Peoria, his district—Caterpilr Tractor. Michel is not one for king on the President head on, but hile the President was abstaining om taking a position on the bill the ouse Republicans, egged on by their ore hotheaded members, voted to inruct their leaders to work publicly d privately to defeat the Rostenkowi bill. And the third Republican ader, Dick Cheney, Republican of Wyoming and chairman of the House Republican Policy Committee, had made little secret of the fact that he opposed both the Administration's original bill and the Ways and Means version; a major problem for Cheney was that both versions of the bill would remove some tax breaks for the oil-and-gas industry, which is important in his state—of which he is the sole representative. Thus, Michel, who tends to be more of an accommodationist than the hotheads, who are growing in number, was caught in a power struggle among the House Republican leaders, and he had to follow his troops in order to continue to lead them.

THE President's initial defeat, on December 11th, came on the question of whether to adopt the rule that would govern the House's consideration of the tax-reform bill. All bills of any consequence receive such a rule —setting out the number of hours of debate that proponents and opponents of the legislation may have, and the nature and number of amendments that can be offered—and the rule must be adopted before the legislation itself can be considered. It is not unprecedented for the House to defeat a rule—often as a way of defeating the legislation itself without having to vote on it —and a rule for a tax bill had been voted down in 1983. It is as important to count to see if the rule will be adopted as it is to count votes for the legislation itself. But a number of people seemed to forget this—although the Republican leaders opposed to the bill and some of their lobbyist allies did not. The White House legislative-liaison office seems to have been led by the Republican leadership to believe that the rule would be adopted, and neither the White House nor the Treasury Department gave the matter much thought. Regan freely admitted later that he didn't think about the rule, and a Treasury official told me recently, "Frankly, we never focussed on the rule. In hindsight, it was a terrible mistake." Baker had been saying all along that the Democrats could expect to get forty Republican votes at the outside for the Ways and Means bill—and the Ways and Means staff seems to have had faith that these votes would be delivered. Baker was hoping to pick up votes as the debate went along—and the Democrats seem to have assumed that he could. The Democrats knew that they would have a majority of their own party for the

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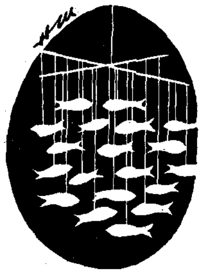
rule but that they would lose the votes, on both the rule and the bill, of members from districts where oil and gas, timber, and steel were important forces. They figured that they needed about forty Republican votes for the rule; as it turned out, they needed just under thirty—but only fourteen Republicans voted to support the President's position. On the day that the bill was brought up, the Treasury Department had only eight firm votes for the bill (and a long list of undecideds it planned to work on), and a Treasury aide pointed this out to a Ways and Means aide, asking him if he was confident about the rule. The Ways and Means aide said he was, and no one gave the matter much further thought. (The White House had a count of fourteen Republicans for the bill—but not the same fourteen Republicans who voted for the rule.) Though the Republican House leaders later portrayed the move to defeat the rule as spontaneous, it was not. They had been looking at defeating the rule as a way of defeating the legislation for days before the matter came before the House, and they worked with business opponents of the bill. So the President's most important domestic legislation was brought before the House on a wing and a prayer—and it was shot down.



Following this fairly stunning event, there was a great deal of maneuvering all around. A substantial number of Democrats argued that the Party was in the best of all possible positions—the Republicans had defeated tax reform, and the Democrats had been spared any liability for voting for the bill—and that the matter should be left there. Among these were members who worry a great deal about finding financial contributors for the Party. House Speaker Thomas P. O'Neill had been a strong supporter of Rostenkowski's efforts—largely in the belief that the Democrats should not leave themselves vulnerable to a charge by Reagan that they had killed tax reform. Rostenkowski shared this belief, and was also motivated by his own opportunity to make history—and, as a Chicago street politician who in earlier years had had a rough time of it as Ways and Means chairman and had been widely written off as a hack, to win respect (and perhaps a shot at a leadership position in the House). It was in fact Rostenkowski's street smarts, his earthy knowingness—plus his dogged determination—that enabled him to get a bill at all, against great odds. But O'Neill was less enthusiastic about bringing the bill back up than Rostenkowski was: he felt that the worst of all worlds would be for the bill to come back up and for the Democratic-controlled House to defeat it. So O'Neill raised the ante, saying he wouldn't bring the bill back up until he was guaranteed at least fifty Republican votes for both the rule and final passage of the bill, and his aides fended off Republican attempts to portray O'Neill as unwilling to take up the bill again.

When the President went to Capitol Hill late in the afternoon on Monday, December 16th, the White House and the Treasury Department had rounded up only thirty-eight Republican votes, and though there were some signs of progress during the meeting—especially as a result of Reagan's pledges to seek specific changes in the bill in the Senate—when he left there still were not enough votes. A ballot taken during the meeting indicated that there were now forty-eight votes for the bill, but when Baker and Oglesby and their associates received the ballots, in order to work from them—to confirm support and find further support—thirteen ballots were mysteriously missing. "We started thinking maybe there weren't forty-eight votes," a Treasury official says. So Baker and Oglesby and their associates, working out of offices of a now coöperative Michel, placing call after call, finally, after a couple of hours, obtained the fifty votes of House Republicans—give or take a few, depending on how badly their votes were needed. A number of Republican members informed Baker and the others that they were catching hell from their money-raisers back home for even considering voting for the bill. "A vote for tax reform is the toughest vote these people have to cast," an Administration official said to me recently. The Administration's success in getting the requisite number of votes left O'Neill with no choice but to bring up the bill again, which he did the next day.

ONE of the more highly developed arts in Washington is the art of rationalization; politicians are very creative at finding "reasons" they have
taken a certain position, or, as in thi
case, changed their position. A num
ber of Republicans were ready t
switch anyway, because when the
voted against the rule they had no
realized the consequences. Som
changed not so much out of concer
for what they had done to the Presi
dent as out of concern for what the
had done to themselves. When the bi
and its rule were presented to th
House the second time, some Republi
cans said that they could now suppo
the President's position because th
President was now really engaged i
the issue.

Jack Kemp, Republican of Ne
York and a sponsor of a tax-refor
bill that was somewhat different fro
the Administration's—it had sti
lower tax rates, but it also containe
exemptions for business, including th
oil industry—had been in a quandar
The House Republican Party was spl
over tax philosophy, as it has been f
some time, and the split is symbolic
the division within the Party as
whole—a division that Reagan h
been able to bridge and somewhat blu
The split has class connotations
well as economic ones. The alternati
bill written by the Ways and Mea
Republicans was only marginally di
ferent from the committee's bill: it w
more pro-business than the commi
tee's proposal, it set the top tax rate o
personal income at thirty-seven p
cent, and, like the committee's pr
posal, also did not contain the fu
two-thousand-dollar exemptio
Kemp's support in his presumed effo
to obtain the Republican Presidenti
nomination in 1988 is from the mo
populist, supply-side branch of t
Party. These Republican "populists
are not anti-business, but they are le
tied to the traditional Republican co
porate, boardroom constituency. Th
see individual taxpayers as savers a
investors and entrepreneurs, a
therefore believe that *marginal-ra*
reductions lead to more savings a
investment—supply-side economic
The Ways and Means Republica
represent the more traditional eleme
in the Party and are not impress
with supply-side economics. But ma
of the so-called populists turned out
be more concerned with the commi
tee's reduction of business breaks th
with its tax cuts for the lower a
middle classes—and they camouflag
their true concern by saying that t
bill was insufficiently "pro-growth"
well as insufficiently "pro-family."

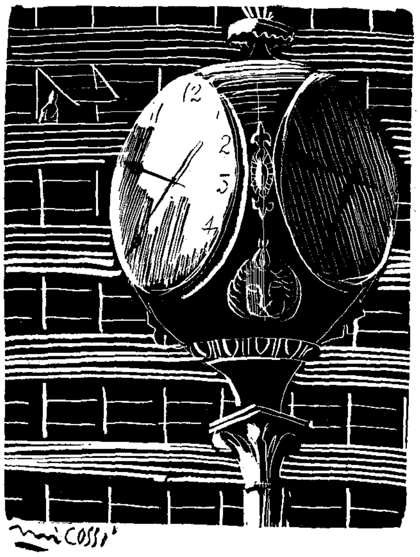
Kemp had joined those Republica

vho had voted down the first rule, and vas now in danger of being seen as oth anti-tax-reform and indecisive. The Administration very much vanted his support for the President's osition the second time around, figurng that a switch by Kemp would proide others with a rationale for witching. Kemp was provided with a ationale for switching by a letter from he President—negotiated over several ays by Kemp and Treasury officials —pledging that Reagan would veto a nal tax-reform bill that did not inlude certain changes in the Ways and Means bill. Letters in exchange for upport have become a familiar Reaan device, and this one, like some of s predecessors, was more watery than t first appearance. The letter pledged o seek a two-thousand-dollar exempion for everyone, but it hedged on his, and it contained vaguely worded ledges to seek more "tax incentives" or industries dependent on capital inestment and to seek enactment dates hat would not disrupt business planing in the coming year (this would ave been an obvious subject of considration anyway, since final enactment f a bill, if it happens, is some time ff), and a minimum tax on individuls and corporations (such a tax was lready included in the Ways and Means bill). The only pledge on vhich the President left himself no out —and this was at Kemp's insistence— vas one that the top rate on personal ncome should be no higher than hirty-five per cent.

A letter like the one sent to Kemp vas then sent to all House Republicans —to give them a rationale for switchng, too. Kemp had, after all, been an uthor of the original supply-side tax uts, enacted in 1981, and here was an pportunity to cut tax rates drastically nce again. If the thirty-five-per-cent ate held as the top rate, the top income-tax rate would have been halved uring Reagan's Presidency. Thus, in alling for tax reform, Reagan was nce again reducing tax rates—which vas consistent with his overarching oal of reducing the role of government. Kemp's speech on the House oor when the bill was brought back p was considered quite helpful by the Administration: citing Reagan's ledges, and making them sound more olid than they were, Kemp, who had ought certain protections for business om the Administration, said, "Is the Republican Party going to be a party f low tax rates on capital and labor nd on entrepreneurs and on working people, or are we going to be the party of special-interest tax breaks for some and tax credits for business and confusion for the taxpayer?"

By late Tuesday night, the odd coalition of O'Neill, Rostenkowski, and Reagan had prevailed, and the Ways and Means bill was adopted. Now the bill goes to the Senate, to be received by decidedly unenthusiastic Republicans, who had had their hopes raised that the House would spare them.

THE tax bill will land in the Senate amid the most excruciating effort yet to find ways to reduce the deficit. Now that the Gramm-Rudman proposal has been signed into law—with its requirement that the deficit be reduced in large installments over the next five years, to achieve a balanced budget by fiscal 1991—it is likely to dominate events in Congress, and between Congress and the President. No sooner will Congress return in January than it will be faced with having to reduce the current fiscal year's budget further, and shortly after that will be presented with a new budget that will contain dire, and politically unacceptable, cuts. Under Gramm-Rudman, if Congress and the President cannot agree on how to reduce the deficit by the required amount there will be an automatic across-the-board "sequestration" (a dreadful term that will be much with us) of funds by the President. A number of programs are exempted from sequestration—these include Social Security and some programs for the poor and some veterans' benefits—and others, such as health programs, are protected from deep cuts. So the burden of the cuts will fall on something less than one-third of the budget—half on defense and half on domestic programs. The domestic programs involve everything from Amtrak to biomedical research—with, under the terms of Gramm-Rudman, no judgment as to their relative value. The Administration managed to wangle some limited flexibility in cutting defense funds in the first sequestration, if it comes to pass—but not nearly as much as it sought.



There was no stopping Gramm-Rudman once it got rolling—few were willing to vote against a balanced budget, and so what many members of Congress feel is one of the most irrational pieces of legislation, especially in view of its sweeping impact, to be passed by Congress is now on the books. All attempts to adjust the bill to take into account the state of the economy came up short, and there is some question of its constitutionality. The law came about not only out of political fear but also out of frustration: this Congress spent much of the year wrestling with the budget and grew so weary of the thing that the majority of the members were willing to take a leap into the unknown. When rational processes no longer seemed to work, members knowingly reached for the irrational. For some of the bill's supporters, it was a way of further reducing government; for others, it was a way to try to get the President to agree to a tax increase and reduce his defense increase (which was vulnerable anyway). But nobody knows how, or whether, the new law will work. The theory behind Gramm-Rudman is that the final step—sequestration—is so horrendous that everyone will try hard to avoid it, and will compromise on how to reduce the deficit by the required amounts. That this will be the result is not at all clear—and some people seriously doubt that it will be. One effect Gramm-Rudman is already having is that members are even less inclined to reduce the budget through the regular procedures—so as to establish a higher "baseline" from which the programs will be cut by a sequestration—and thus its immediate effect has already been to raise spending levels above what they might have been.

THE year refused to end quietly. Congress was held in session much later than planned, and it still had big legislation on hand—not all of which it finished. The biggest failure was its inability to agree on what is called a reconciliation bill—a bill that makes statutory changes in laws al-

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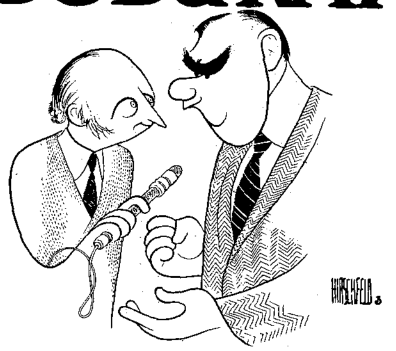

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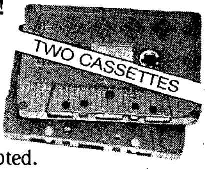

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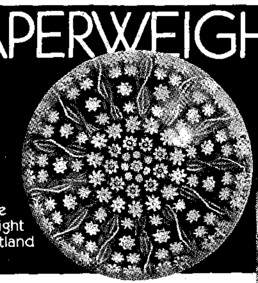

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ready on the books to conform with the budget Congress has adopted. This failure, which was largely due to disagreements between Senate Republicans and the White House, essentially because of White House inflexibility, left the Senate Republicans and the White House at the end of the year in the same position as they had started out—at odds. Failure to pass the reconciliation bill meant a loss of fifty billion dollars in savings over three years. Thus, the whole budget effort, which lasted all year, was largely for naught. The deficit will end up about where it began—around two hundred billion dollars. And Congress got in an increasingly bad mood—as it does whenever it stays in until close to Christmas. Finally, there was nothing to do but adjourn, which it did on Friday, December 20th. (Many members had already simply taken off.)

And, just as things were beginning to quiet down, there came the bolt from the blue, on December 19th, that Edward Kennedy was taking himself out of the 1988 Presidential race. Kennedy had never formally been in it, of course, but he had hinted broadly that he was thinking of making the race and had begun to set up an elaborate campaign mechanism. Many people took these actions by Kennedy as signs that he definitely planned to run, but he was simply getting in position in case he decided to do so. He had learned, through his losing challenge of President Carter in 1980, that he couldn't do it the other way around—decide to run and then get organized. Many people who know Kennedy well felt that he really had not decided about running, and most expected that he would not make a decision until sometime next year—and believed it was quite possible that he would not run. He would have had to give up his Senate seat; gossip about his personal life would have dogged him; and he would have lost much of his freedom—political and personal—once his candidacy was serious. Even the idea that Kennedy was running had caused an increase in his hate mail. But his complaint upon his formal withdrawal from consideration that his speeches and votes were constantly being scrutinized in terms of his Presidential ambitions was a bit disingenuous. Of course they were—that's how it works—and some of them were made with a possible Presidential candidacy in mind. There may be other factors, but the odds are that Kennedy decided not to run for a fairly simple reason: he didn't want to. He didn't want t spend perhaps the next three year having his every move scrutinized, an he happens to enjoy being a senator—platform from which he can continu to pursue certain causes, with les grief.

A PENTAGON report on recommended responses to alleged Soviet violations of arms-control treatie has been sent to the White House bu has not yet been made public. As it ha been reliably described to me, some c the recommendations would constitut United States violations of the SALT I treaty: that the President not dismantl two submarines next spring when new Trident submarine is launche and that some single-warhead Minuteman missiles be replaced by three warhead missiles. It also recommenc that more money be spent on decoys t accompany missile warheads, on th ground that the Soviet Union might b building up its anti-ballistic-missil systems. (Many think the Sovie would make a similar response to ou "Star Wars" program.) An Administration official says that the Pentago civilian officials wanted to recommen even stronger action but were resiste by the military services, which aren keen on spending money on new programs when funding for the progran already under way is coming unde new constraints. The White Hous announced this week that the polic will remain of continuing to observ the SALT II treaty, which was scheduled to expire December 31st—bu there is still the proviso that th United States will make "proportionate" responses to Soviet violations.

WASHINGTON has now fairly emptied out for the holidays, an most people here are now going abo doing what normal people do. Th Reagans will go to California aft Christmas. Everyone needs a breathe

—ELIZABETH DRE

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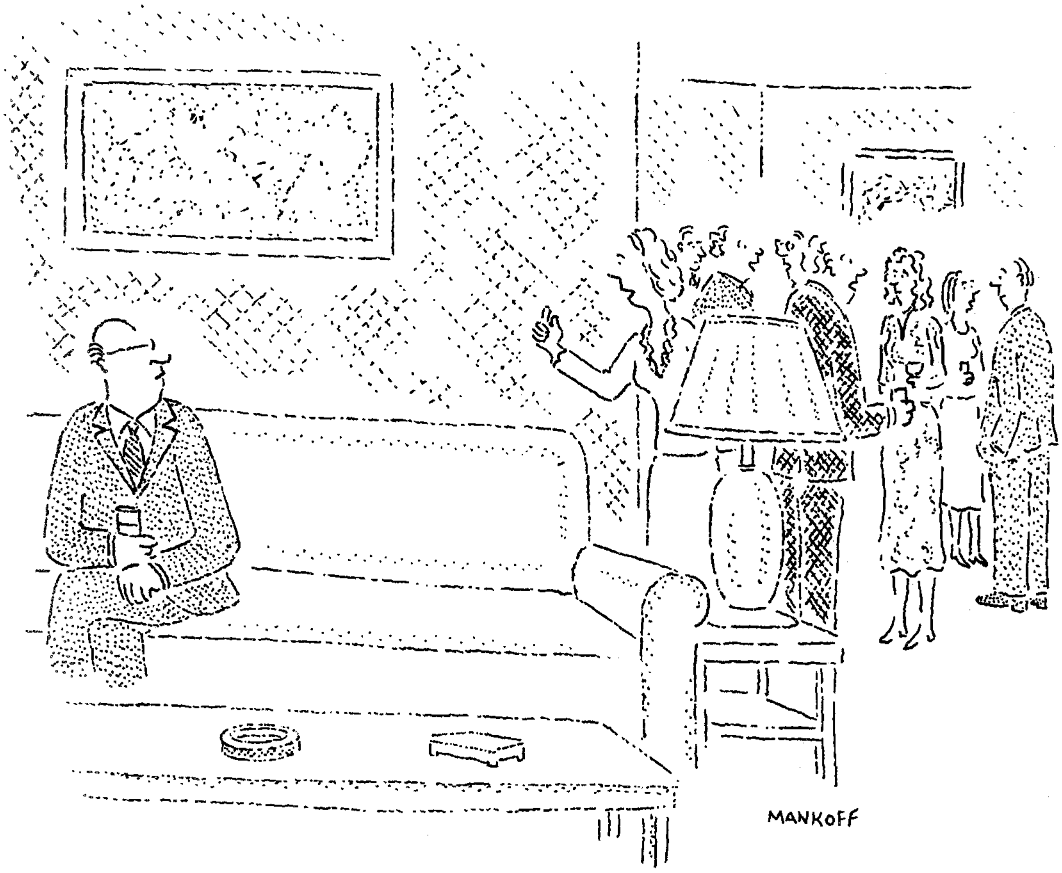
BOOKS

Dutchmen and Turks

THE chance of birth gives a writer his language; if the language is a small one, like Dutch, which is spoken by scarcely twenty million people and sits squeezed between its big brothers English and German, the writer must be more than merely good to receive international attention. Though the Dutch are a busily literary people, the modern writer in their language whom Americans know best is the fourteen-year-old diarist Anne Frank. Harry Muisch was born in 1927 and is, we are assured flatly by his jacket-flap biographer, "Holland's most important postwar writer;" but he has waited until now to be published in the United States. His début, a short novel called "The Assault" (translated from the Dutch by Claire Nicolas White; Panheon; $13.95), is a brilliant one. A kind of detective story emanating from a violent incident in the Second World War, the novel combines the fascinaion of its swift, skillfully unfolded plot with that of a study in the psychology of repressed memory. Its hero, Anton Steenwijk, is twelve years old when, in January of 1945 (Holland, we may need to be remindd, continued to be ocupied by the Germans until their surrender, in May), a collaborationist Dutch policeman is shot on the street where Anon lives in Haarlem with his parents and his older brother Peter. The body alls in front of their neighbors' house, but these neighbors, mindful of the German tactics of reprisal, uickly move the body so it ies in front of the Steenwijks', and before it can be moved again the Steenwijks are taken prisoner and their home is burned down. The house was one of four in an isolated row on a quay, surrounded by acant lots; the qualities and secrets of all four sets of inhabitants figure in the udden events of that nightmarish night, which Anton, soon safely moved o Amsterdam in the care of his uncle, tries to forget. He attends the *Gymnasium* and medical school and becomes—fittingly enough—an anesthesiologist; he marries twice, has two children, and acquires no fewer than four homes. But the postwar decades fitfully bring him reminders of "the assault" and cast new lights on that night's confusion; not until a day in November of 1981, when all Amsterdam is demonstrating against nuclear arms, does Anton, now gray-haired and about to be a grandfather, at last come, through a chance encounter, to understand exactly what happened on the quay in 1945, when he was twelve.

Mr. Mulisch is identified in reference works as an "absurdist;" but there is nothing absurd about this economically and thoughtfully worked-out novel except, perhaps, the wartime reality that serves as its premise. The surreal abruptness with which fateful events develop is stunningly rendered. The family are sitting quietly in their cold, blacked-out house at seven-thirty in the evening: Anton is reading about the time capsule buried at the New York World's Fair; Peter is translating from the Greek; the father, a court clerk and amateur classicist, is helping him; the mother is unravelling a sweater and soothing a toothache with a clove. Shortly before the eight-o'clock curfew, they sit down to a board game, and while they are rolling dice six shots ring out. The tame little details of this last moment of domestic peace—the dice, the clove—reverberate throughout Anton's life, awakening the trauma. About ten years later, for instance, he becomes sick, "overcome by a sense of something dreadful," while attending a performance of Chekhov, "during a scene where a man sat at a table with bowed head while a woman outside on a terrace shouted at someone." He has repressed the memory, but a parallel configuration on a terrace was impressed upon him in the jagged, out-of-control sequence of images that followed the shots:

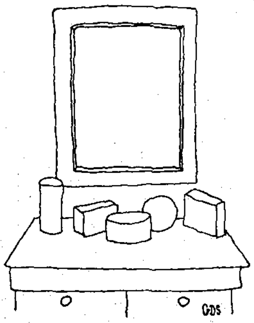
> Anton saw and heard everything, but somehow he was no longer quite there. One part of him was already somewhere else, or nowhere at all. He was undernourished, and stiff now with cold, but that wasn't all. This moment—his father cut out in black against the snow, his mother outside on the terrace under the starlight —became eternal, detached itself from all



"Come with me. I've found someone who'll talk square footage with you."

> that had come before and all that would follow. It became part of him and began its journey through the rest of his life.

A quality seems evoked, of disconnection and eternity, that is present in all experience but noticeable only in crisis. As the night tumbles on, and the Germans arrive to exact their cruel and random vengeance, and the child is thrust here and there in the dishevelled machine of wartime administration, a remarkably rounded impression of occupied Holland accumulates. The German rule is harsh, but the soldiers are only human, and themselves rather desperate, as defeat closes in; the Ortskommandant of Haarlem, turning fatherly, confides to Anton, "The world is a *Jammertal*, a valley of tears. Everywhere it is the same. My house in Linz was bombed also. Everything kaput. *Kinder* dead." For an hour, Anton is placed in an utterly dark cell with a wounded female prisoner who strokes his face, leaving traces of blood. Next morning, a kindly sergeant called Schulz feeds the boy and dresses him in cut-down Army clothes and is fatally strafed while escorting him to Amsterdam. On this trip, the texture of war dawns upon the child, torn from the stringent haven of his freezing, darkened house:



> On the left the overhead wiring of the electric train and the trolley hung to the ground in graceful curves. Here and there the rails stood upright like the horns of a snail. Sometimes even the poles were lying down. On all sides, the hard frozen ground. They drove slowly. It was impossible to hold a conversation because of the racket inside the cabin. Everything was made of dirty, rattling steel, which somehow told him more about the War than he had ever understood before. Fire and this steel—that was the War.

Of course, we have been through this war many times, in newspapers and newsreels and novels and movies whose clichés have preëmpted the fading reality. The author is put to the trouble of proclaiming cliché the truth: "The German was about forty years old and actually had that lean, hardened face with the horizontal scar beneath the left cheekbone—a type no longer used except by directors of comedies or grade B movies. Today only babyish Himmler faces are still artistically acceptable; but then it was not an artistic matter, then he really did look like a fanatical Nazi, and it wasn't funny." From "Hogan's Heroes" to "Gravity's Rainbow," art has transformed the Second World War into something we too readily understand. As the Napoleonic convulsions gave the nineteenth century its epic, the Second World War, in its European theatre, has supplied our central saga, our one eruption and defeat of unambiguous evil, and it measures the extremes of human possibility for us. Its black-and-white imagery—blackout, bursts of light, rubble and gritty faces, curved helmets and sweeping searchlights—and its costumes and accents haunt films down to "Star Wars" and its spinoffs; even the galaxies must be cleansed of the swastika, over and over.

Also, we have seen, in postwar movies beyond counting (Italian, German, Russian, Polish), the claustrophobic intensity and insane destructiveness of war yield to the weirdly tranquillized terrain of peace, which the contrast somehow reveals to be another kind of absurdity—self-seeking, petty, quickly jaded, and self-despising. War's chasms of heroism and pain make other human behavior seem shallow, even phantasmal. "All the rest," the author of "The Assault" tells us, "is a postscript—the cloud of ash that rises from the volcano, circles around the earth, and continues to rain down on all its continents for years." Anton looks upon children raised in freedom and plenty, upon young men and women never asked to kill and be killed in the service of Dutch resistance, with something like incredulousness. He cannot take the politics of postwar Europe and its protests seriously: "Everyone knew that atom bombs were produced as deterrents not to be used, but to safeguard the peace. If such paradoxical weapons were abandoned, then the chances of conventional warfare would increase and eventually lead to the use of atom bombs anyway." He moves through the anti-nuclear march "as if each step raised clouds of ashes." His personal focus is upon anesthesia and order; he is a crossword-puzzle addict, and lets others accidentally fill in for him the puzzle of the four houses on the quay, where one neighbor's reclusiveness and another's pet reptiles turn out to be crucial clues to the shape imposed, in one white-hot night of forging, upon his own life. With the cool passion of a scientist, Mr. Mulisch scrapes rust from the forties' steely hel and gives violence its anatomy. Ma more of his work come into English.

ON the other side of Europe Turkish is spoken by forty-fiv million people; Yashar Kemal, another jacket flap assures us, "is internationally acclaimed as Turkey's leading contemporary writer." Opposit the title page of "The Sea-Crosse Fisherman" (translated from th Turkish by Thilda Kemal, the author's wife; Braziller; $16.95), te other titles in English are listed, o which "Memed, My Hawk," ma strike a memory chord for bookis Americans. Mr. Kemal's present offering comes garlanded with picturesque praise: A. B. Mojtabai calls hi "a storyteller in the old style, and very grand and spacious style that is; the London *Times* circumspectly asserts that "the richness of writing an breadth of canvas have caused Kema to be compared with Hardy and Tolstoy;" and John Berger claims, "H writes fearlessly, like a hero." Like hero, however, who, in the manner o an old-fashioned British explorer, ha only the foggiest idea of where he going and takes few provisions sav his bravery. One wants to like "Th Sea-Crossed Fisherman," for its exoti milieu and for its flavor of headlong open-air narrative. It begins with gust of wind: "The rough-hewn doo was kicked wide open, letting in dusty blast from the mad south win that was churning up the sea that da and Zeynel appeared on the threshol a gun in his hand. He hesitated, b only for a moment. Then, with slo deliberate aim, he pointed the gun Ihsan and fired shot after shot. Th men in the coffee-house froze in the seats."

A tall fisherman called Selim stan up, takes the gun from Zeynel, an repeatedly slaps him. We are off to th roaring start of nearly three hundre pages tracing the intertwined destini of Zeynel, who is to become a crimin legendary throughout Istanbul, an Selim, who is "sea-crossed" by his lov for, first, a blond nurse from his yout and, second, a friendly dolphin fro his mature days fishing in the Sea o Marmara. The author seems to have good idea for the framing and elevation of his material: the mythmakin capacity of gossip—teahouse gossip refracted upward into newspaper accounts, which inflame the frightene and harried Zeynel into a nation menace, a tabloid bogeyman. Th

Greek chorus seems reborn in some of the novel's pages of communal rumor, as it spirals and spins its own reality. And some of the novel's descriptive excursions, whether of the shifting colors seen from a boat at sea or of the congested modern Golden Horn, are worthy of a canvas by Delacroix or a diatribe by Céline, complete with Céine's mannerism of triple periods:

> The Golden Horn, a noisome, nauseatng dark well, yellow, red, mauve, the many crude colours of the neon signs stirred by its swell . . . The Golden Horn, hat deep well surrounded by huge ugly buildings and sooty factories, spewing rust rom their chimneys and roofs and walls, taining the water with sulphur-yellow ust, a filthy sewer filled with empty cans and rubbish and horse carcasses, dead dogs and gulls and wild boars and thousands of cats, stinking . . . A viscid, turbid mass, opaque, teeming with maggots . . . A trange musty creature, the Golden Horn, a relic from another age, battered, agonizing, rotting away, yet still restess . . . Lengthening, undulating, weaving nto each other, the neon lights danced over this dark fathomless well.

The trouble is, the well remains athomless; the events pile up but don't add up. Zeynel's adventures, as he becomes involved with a street urchin called Dursun Kemal, and Selim's, as he nurses the mad idea of assassinating a magnate and land developer called Halim Bey Veziroğlu, diverge rather han converge, and the narrative becomes delirious and disconnected, like cards of randomly shot film hastily pliced in a smoke-filled cutting room, or like one of those spoofs cooked up by a cocktail-sipping committee of Long Island writers, each contributing a separate chapter. Where Mr. Mulisch's story keeps cinching tighter around its opening incident of vioence, rendering it ever more intelligible, Mr. Kemal's expands so that hings make less and less sense. Is Zeynel a vicious, addled tough or a poor lad we are supposed to pity? His erratic actions permit no empathy. By he time, more than halfway through he novel, the reason emerges for his hooting of Ihsan—Ihsan, a gangster, murdered the owner of a copper-colored eagle that had supernatural significance for the boy—we are numbed by the intervening plethora of slaugher and impulsive behavior. Fisher Seim's relations with the evil Veziroğlu are inscrutable: Veziroğlu has some and Selim wants and has planted olive rees upon; Selim goes intending to gun him down, and Veziroğlu abruptly gives him the land; Selim no longer cares about the land but wants some other land; he buys this land with some ill-gotten gains and builds a lavish house, which he then totally neglects, still wanting, out of some belatedly acquired revolutionary instincts, to kill Veziroğlu, who by now has become indistinguishable from Aristotle Onassis ("They are both of Anatolian stock, these two, Halim Bey Veziroğlu and Onassis. Both playing mischief with the world"). Guns flicker in and out of this verbal turmoil like mystical signs, and murder seems to be the only outcome that not only the characters but the author can think of. Violence is recurrent, rhythmic, and unreal; all intentions and consequences are alike mired in a bloody glue, a paralysis of coagulated rage. By the time Zeynel and Selim have their final encounter, whatever personalities and psychologies were originally constructed for them have been quite dissolved in the pervasive paranoia.

Reading "The Sea-Crossed Fisherman" leaves one with the conclusion that either Turkey is unfit for human habitation or, more likely, Mr. Kemal's notion of a novel is quite different from our own. Any sense of distinct human psyches moving in a tightening pattern is overwhelmed by the narrator's indiscriminate appetite for the marvellous and for rhetoric of a wild-eyed kind. "Stop, Fisher Selim, stop! The crowd is closing in, trampling over the black-clad men, pressing them like grapes. Furiously, the people crush and pound. And suddenly they draw back and there is not a trace of the black-clad men. Only a few scattered, broken machine-guns . . ." What has happened, in a circumstantial way? Nothing. The prose has entertained a vision. The prose remembers its novelistic duty to show, to make us see and feel the texture of things, only now and then, as when Zeynel, eluding a police hunt dreamlike in its inefficiency, patronizes a *çöp kebap* vender. And what is a *çöp kebap*? The prose tells us, and something of present-day, real-life Istanbul springs into being:

> "Right away," the vendor said, pleased. He was a very old man with a short white beard, a long sallow face, shrivelled pouches under his eyes and a knife scar on his forehead. His wide shoulders were hunched, giving him a lopsided gait. Sprinkling the tiny little cubes of skewered lamb with salt and pepper, he laid them over the embers which he fanned with a piece of cardboard adorned with the picture of a naked woman. In a moment the odour of burning fat spread through the square and thick fumes smoked greenly in the neon lighting. Dextrously the man slipped the meat cubes off the sixteen skewers into a bread loaf and added half a tomato and a sprig of parsley. "Here you are, sir," he said.

—JOHN UPDIKE

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

SHOOTING STARS, by Nicholas Coleridge (Heinemann/David & Charles; $16.95). A mature, disturbing first novel—part thriller, part belated exposé—set in London. At the center of the story is a young bachelor banker, named Ben, in the coils of a conventional young woman whose proto-wifely ways make him nostalgic for the unconventional girlfriend of his wild-oats days, a heroin addict then and—half a dozen boyfriends later—now. Before long (for reasons that the dust jacket's synopsis spells out all too well) Ben is obliged to parry a detective's pointed questions, and proves incapable, as usual, of telling the whole truth. Then he tries playing detective himself; the result, as the title suggests, is disastrous. In a note at the end, the author (whose weekly column in the *Standard* won him the title of Young Journalist of the Year in 1983) traces the history of heroin use in Britain since 1975, and of Fleet Street's occasional efforts to turn it into good copy.

A TIME TO CHOOSE, by Janine Boissard, translated from the French by Mary Feeney (Little, Brown; $15.95). "A translation of 'Moi, Pauline!,' " the copyright page says. American readers of Pauline's previous two narratives—"A Matter of Feeling" and "Christmas Lessons"—will know not to be put off by the insipid greeting-card title and greeting-card photograph on the American edition's dust jacket. Pauline, the third of four contrary French daughters, has been old for her age ever since she fell in love, in "A Matter of Feeling," with her best friend's uncle, when she was seventeen. Now nineteen, she falls in love with a well-known writer who is old enough to agree with her father that he is too old for her. When he receives a phone call from the magazine *Moi,* however, he agrees to an interview, and the trouble begins. It would be easy enough to make Pauline a laughable naïve. Instead, again, Janine Boissard teaches her a thing or two in a surprisingly serious plot, and, again, she calls in Pauline's precocious kid sister, the Pest, for comic relief.

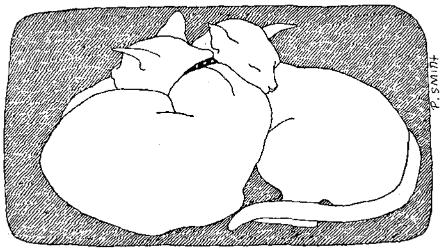
GENERAL

Images of Man and Death, by Philippe Ariès, translated from the French by Janet Lloyd (Harvard; $35). Ashes to ashes, by way of about twenty centuries of hopes and fears. Mr. Ariès covered much the same ground in "The Hour of Our Death" (1980), but this time his survey is explicitly cinematic: the images "could make, as it were, an imaginary, continuous film of a series of historical cultures." The text, in an awkwardly faithful translation from ornate French, is a commentary on illustrations ranging from the Appian Way to Ingmar Bergman's "Cries and Whispers." Both pictorial and verbal efforts at immortality—portraits and epitaphs, photographs and samplers—are included. An expanding middle class secularizes Christian iconography, conjuring up seductive skeletons and disguising cemeteries as parks. At first, Mr. Ariès's examination of artifacts, à la Claude Lévi-Strauss and Michel Foucault, seems scientific, but now and then he implies an alarmingly biomorphic vision of cultural evolution. "The four arms," he reports, referring to early medieval crosses, "appear to have had some difficulty in disengaging themselves from the circular mass that contained them. Around the sixteenth century, however, they managed to do so."

My Discovery of America, by Farley Mowat (Atlantic Monthly Press; $12.95). In April of 1985, when the author was about to leave his native Canada for California, to lecture and begin a tour to promote his book "Sea of Slaughter," he was stopped at the Toronto airport and told by a United States immigration officer that he would not be permitted to enter this country. On asking why, Mr. Mowat, who is one of the most distinguished of living Canadian writers, was told that departmental rules forbade giving out that information. (There were hints that his political opinions were involved in the exclusion order.) Within a matter of days, such a mountain of protest had been created in influential quarters in the United States and Canada that the Immigration and Naturalization Service was forced to give in, to the extent of allowing Mowat one month in the States. He disdained the offer, and stayed home. In this explosive and often funny tract, he gives the details of his runaround at the hands of the United States authorities, and of what he learned about the workings of the McCarran-Walter Act—a law that, he tells us, the playwright Arthur Miller has characterized as "garbage" left over from the McCarthy era. A salutary little book. Illustrations.

The Imperial Way, by Paul Theroux, with photographs by Steve McCurry (Houghton Mifflin; $19.95). The train trip described in this picture book—a repetition of one taken ten years ago, which the author told of in "The Great Railway Bazaar"—began in the Pakistan city of Peshawar, close to the Afghan border, and continued across the northern tip of India to the Bay of Bengal and the Bangladesh port of Chittagong. The best way to see India, Mr. Theroux believes, is from a railway car, and perhaps the best way to understand modern India is through familiarity with its hundred-and-thirty-year-old system of railways. They make the country work. "It is an old-fashioned solution," he says, "but India has old-fashioned problems." There are only thirty pages of text, but Mr. Theroux is an informative and colorful writer, and Mr. McCurry's photographs of the steam locomotives, the stations, the bridges, and the people seen along the way fill out the narrative of a journey that many of us would perhaps rather read about than make.

From One to Zero, by Georges Ifrah, translated from the French by Lowell Bair (Viking; $35). Mr. Ifrah, who was born in Morocco, has taught mathematics in France for many years. This wonderfu book is the result of a student's question: "How did numbers start?' While no one can say who had th first numerical thought, there ar notched bones—presumably counting devices—that go back mor than twenty thousand years. Wha Mr. Ifrah does is to trace the evolution of numbers from culture to culture. At the end of the book, ther is an extraordinary set of figure showing how each number evolved Our system began, it seems, on th Indian subcontinent and move through China and Arabia int Europe. Before the development c the Hindu-Arabic system, number were used not really for reckonin but merely for recording the result of operations performed with analo computers such as the abacus. It i of course, all but impossible to multiply two Roman numerals. We tak our mathematical manipulations fo granted, and one of the merits c this book is to show just what precious gift they are.



Robert Capa, by Richard Whela (Knopf; $19.95). A solid biograph of the Hungarian-born photojournalist (1913-54), who covered fiv of the twentieth century's mos savage wars and gained the reputation of being the greatest war photographer of them all. Capa wa born Endre Ernö Friedmann, i Budapest, and from early boyhoo he was a restless and errant spiri He never stayed long in one plac and he formed no enduring attachments in his life, although his pleasing manner and good will brough him a multitude of friends. His fir pictures of the Spanish Civil Wa made his name; from then on, i China, throughout the Secon World War, in Israel, and i French Indo-China—where hi seemingly charmed life ended whe he stepped on a mine—the name became legend, embellished somewh by his own journalistic invention which toyed with the truth an usually improved on it. This boo by an art historian with a special interest in photography, recapture the appearance of excitemen glamour, and dash which Capa wa able to bring to his life, even thoug the reality was often more sombr for one thing, he never made quit enough money. Photographs.

Robert Capa: Photographs, edite by Cornell Capa and Richar Whelan (Knopf; $35). These pho

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tographs—two hundred and sixty-two of them—start with Capa's first essay into photojournalism, in 1932, and end with the photograph he took minutes before his death. Some were made in peacetime, but most have to do with war, and they include Capa's most famous—like the shot of a Spanish Loyalist flinging an arm out at the moment a fatal bullet strikes him. Although Capa became noted as a daring and often reckless combat photographer, he seemed not much interested in the machinery of war; what caught his camera's eye was the people who made war and who suffered its rigors and griefs. Such pictures—of played-out infantrymen shivering in Spanish caves, of refugees trudging the torn-up roads of Europe and the Far East, of white-faced little children wildly searching the skies over their cities for enemy bombers—are the most gripping, and show us the humanity of a man who was more than a graphic recorder of bloody events.

MYSTERY AND CRIME

THE WINNING STREAK, by Arnold Grisman (St. Martin's; $15.95). Mr. Grisman here continues the current vogue for one-name heroes with Goldberg, long ago a college-football star, long ago an O.S.S. operative, more recently a Secret Service agent, and now—in Las Vegas—a gambler who cannot lose. We meet him as he wins a hundred and forty-five thousand dollars at craps, and a night with a beautiful young woman. Then the woman disappears. Goldberg's winning streak goes on—eighteen thousand at poker in Gardena, California, eight hundred thousand at a private club in San Francisco—but all the while there is that elusive woman, and a pack of enemies doping him, shooting him, trying to remove him from his chase. There is a climax involving a panel truck that crashes and spews a hundred million dollars along the Atlantic City Expressway, and there is an endless streak of merriment.

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[*Rita Reif in the Times*]

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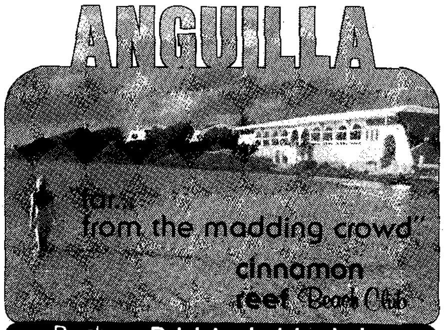

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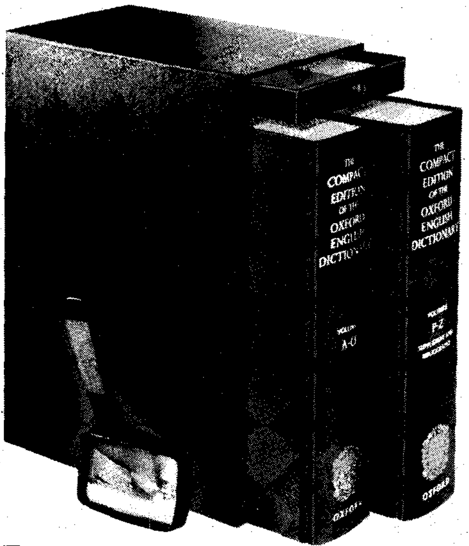
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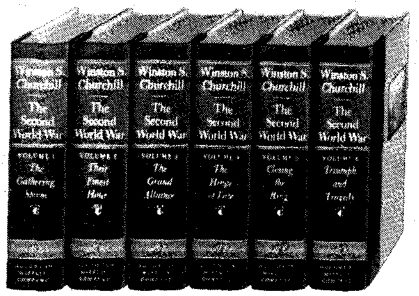
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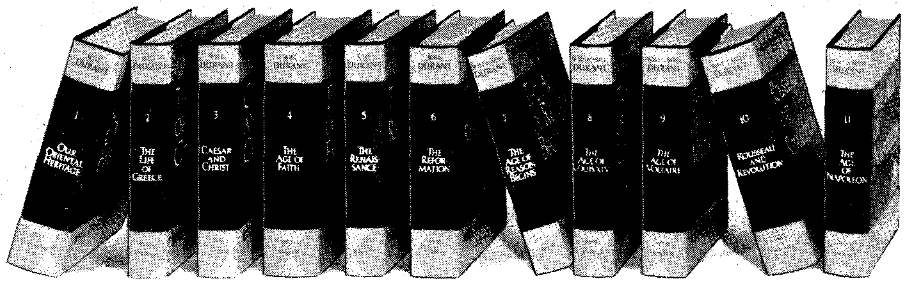
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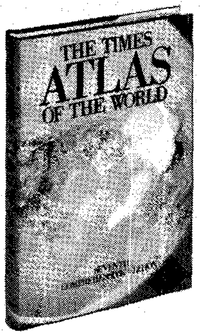
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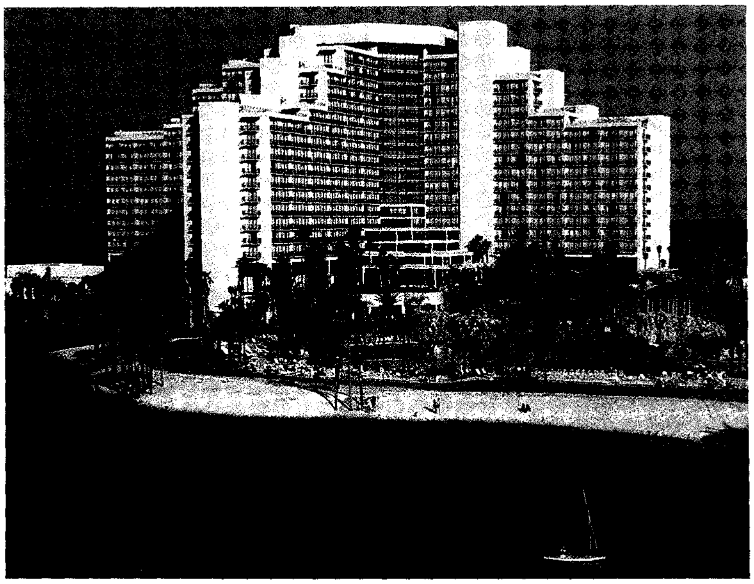

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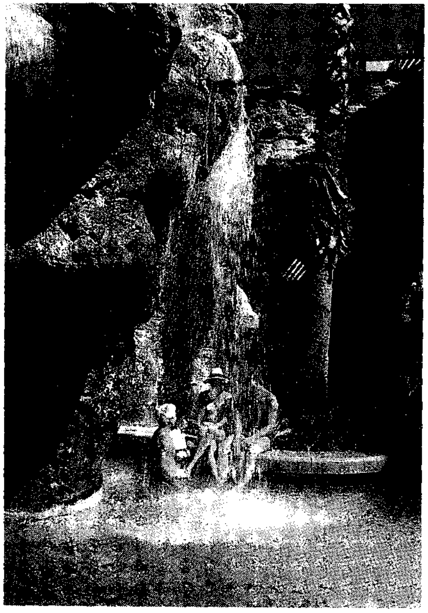

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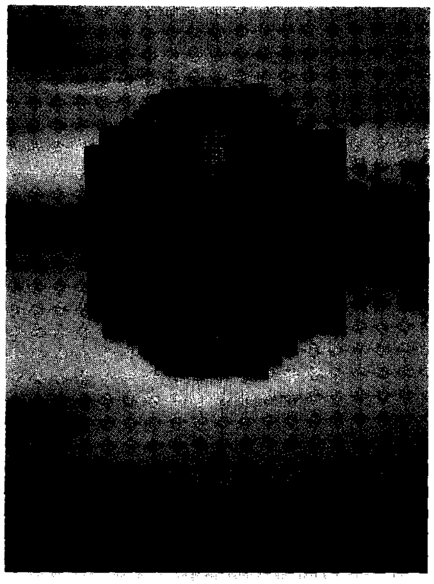

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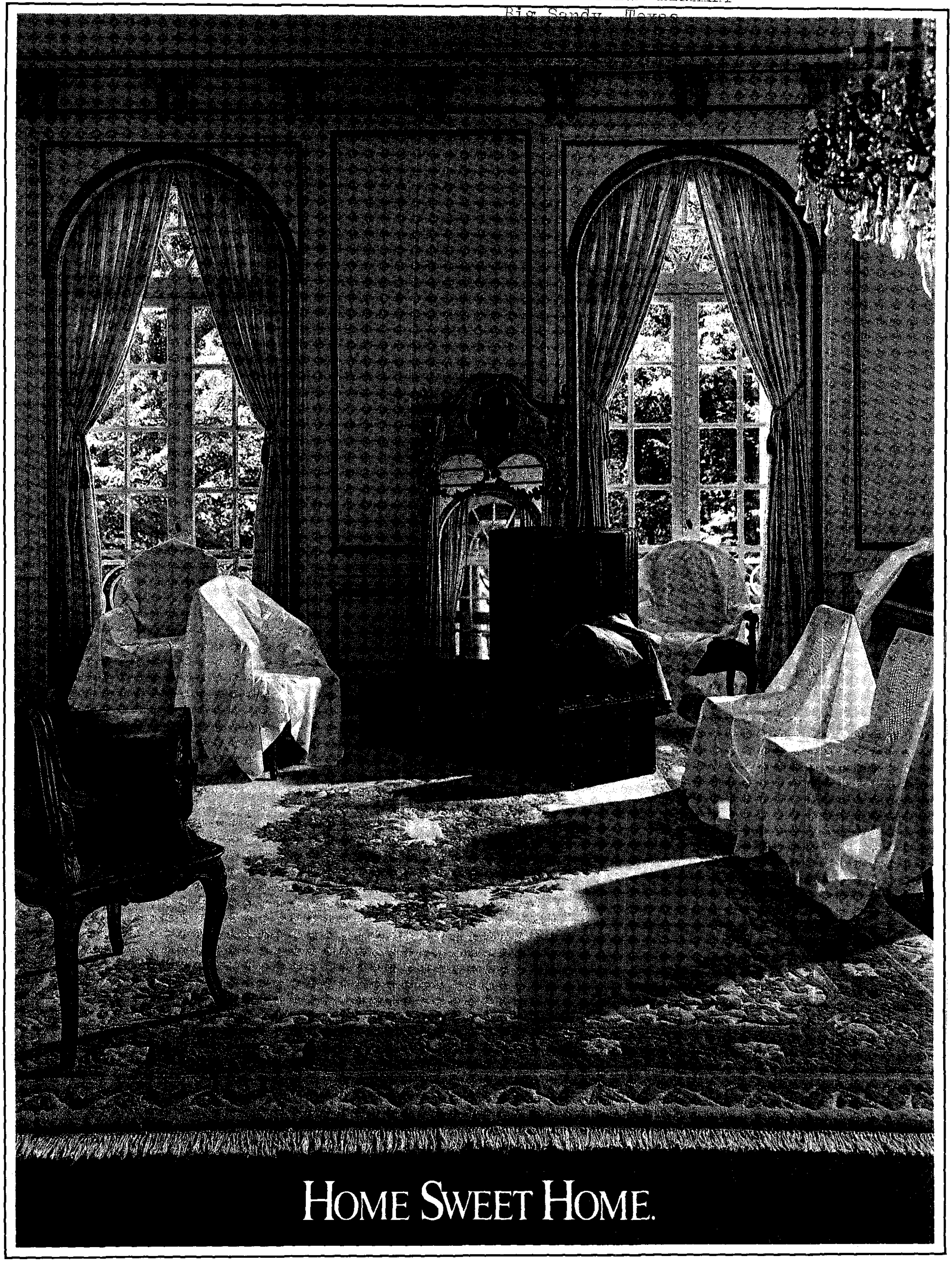

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